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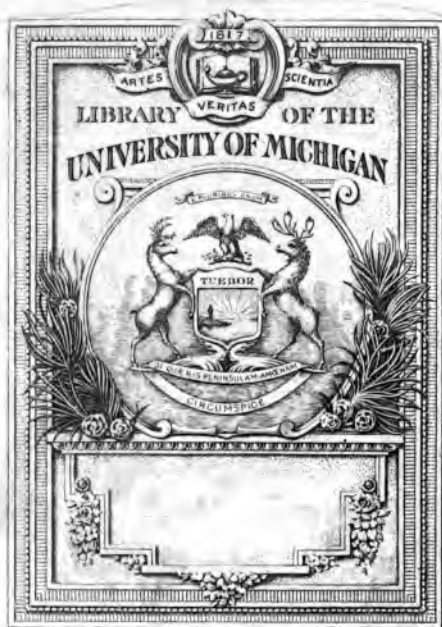
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P525 A

1895



LETTERS FROM  
SIR CHARLES GRANDISON

VOL. I





*J. B. Charlton, 2nd, 1890*

LETTERS FROM  
SIR CHARLES GRANDISON

*127255*

SELECTED

WITH A BIOGRAPHICAL INTRODUCTION  
AND CONNECTING NOTES

BY

GEORGE SAINTSBURY

*WITH ILLUSTRATIONS BY*

*CHRIS. HAMMOND*

IN TWO VOLUMES

VOL. I

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1895

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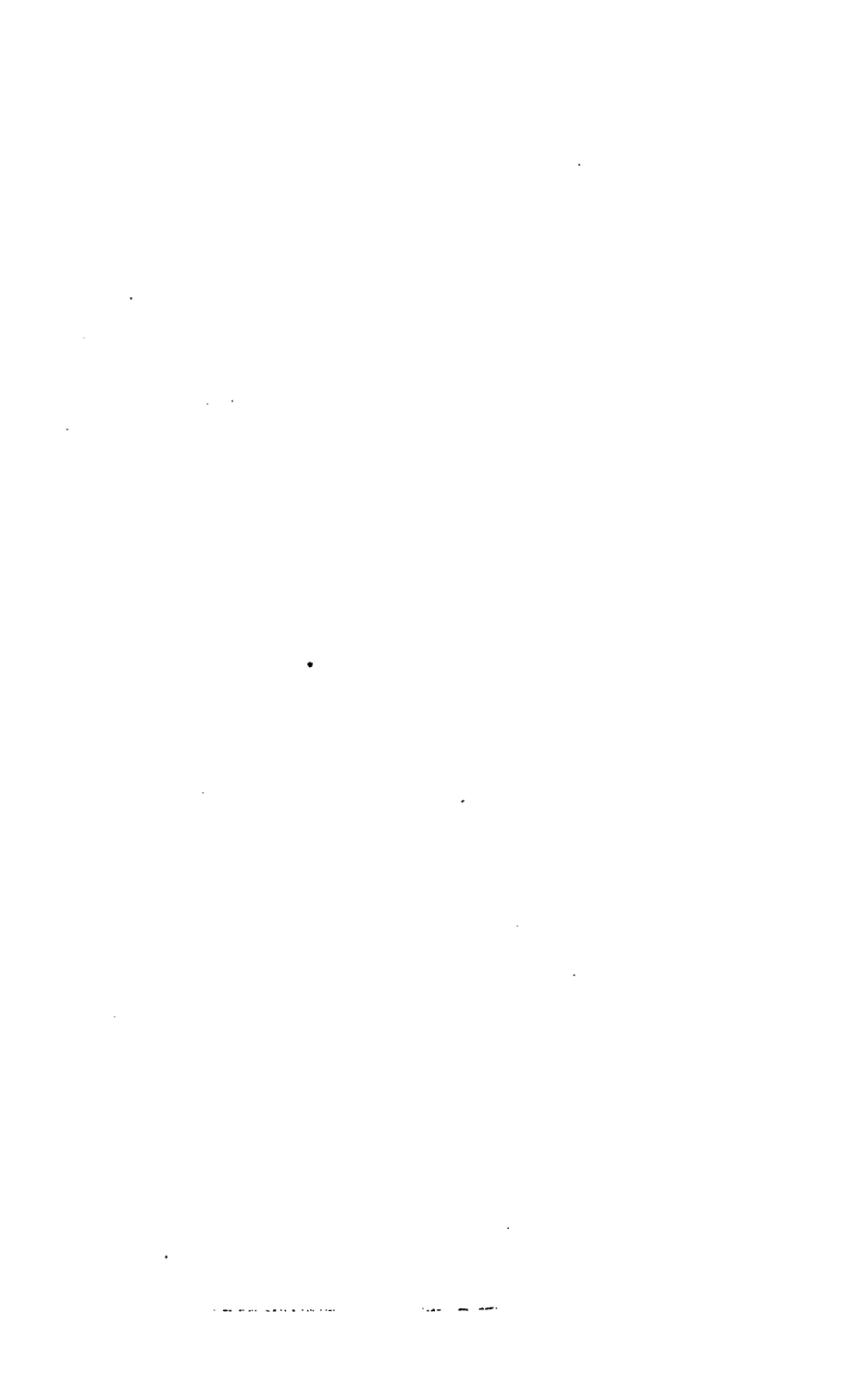
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## INTRODUCTION

A WHIMSICAL student of literature, with some time at his disposal and a little ingenuity, might draw up a very curious and a by no means valueless collection of critical estimates of the greater writers by putting together, and rigidly limiting his materials to, the provisos, admissions and qualifications which have been made by their admirers and their decriers respectively. Except when these qualifications are made, as they sometimes are, for rhetorical effect, they usually contain the most genuine and unadulterated expressions of the critic's real mind, being as it were wrung and pressed from him by the simple force of truth, by a consciousness that he has exceeded in one way or another, and must make amends. They are like that "doctor-wine" (as it used familiarly to be called in the old days of exceedingly complicated and not always legitimate fabrication of port) which was formerly kept for the purpose of fortifying, purifying, and dignifying the mixture of baser vintages and ingredients; and like the said doctor-wine they would be a very agreeable possession, if they could be obtained pure by themselves.

In few cases would such a separation and presentation of the reserves and admissions of admirers and decriers respectively be more interesting than in the case of Richardson. ✓ Except his early female devotees in England, and his somewhat uncritical male adorers later, especially in France, he has had few thick and thin defenders, and he has scarcely had any thick and thin adversaries. Even his great and good-natured tormentor, Fielding, paid him an implied

compliment in the nature of the torment he administered, and derived from him something more than the mere form of his parody. Since his own day there have been many who have been unable, and some who have more or less frankly confessed that they were unable, to read him ; few who have actually read him have failed to find subjects for admiration, though they might also find some for condemnation or ridicule. Just as Lady Mary, while very truly saying that he knew nothing about the speech or the manners of the persons of quality he undertook to represent, confessed that she herself cried her eyes out over *Clarissa*, so even his most recent critics, while condemning his "vulgar morality" and his enormous length, have recognised the extraordinary subtlety of his analysis, and the propriety (in relation to the whole) of the very parts of his books which in themselves are open to most criticism.

It will follow from what has been said that Richardson is a tempting and almost a legitimate subject for criticism by antithesis ; and it is to be regretted that Macaulay, the great master of that sort of criticism, and a strong Richardsonian in his way, never regularly set himself to this exercise. Richardson is a novelist of whom one of his stoutest defenders to the universal knowledge allowed that if you read him for the story you would hang yourself ; and yet he is one in whose work, at least in *Clarissa*, every circumstance, even the smallest, is minutely adjusted to the story itself. He is an anxious and nervous moralist whose morals have been accused, not without truth, of being at this time vulgar and at that dangerously inflaming. He is a painter of minutest detail, whose strokes are nevertheless taken not so much from the life—they are indeed sometimes not taken from the life at all—as from a sort of imaginative reconstitution of human motives and actions. He is a sentimentalist palpitating with feeling, and constantly meddling with what his own time called "the tender passion," who

nevertheless fails altogether in depicting romantic affection, who seems almost to have made up his mind that such affection does not, and quite to have made up his mind that it should not exist. Even his style has been the subject of irreconcilable judgments, some seeing in it no merit at all, while others have regarded it as almost preternaturally fitted to its subject, the highest praise that style can claim.

The life of Richardson has never been elaborately told since Mrs. Barbauld gave it (with huge but partial selections from his correspondence) in six volumes a hundred years ago. Stacks of unpublished letters still exist, for the man was always writing; but the enormous loquacity which has daunted latter-day readers even of his published work, seems to have daunted the rarer but more desperate valour of writers also. In fact, however, there were next to no events in Richardson's life: and almost everything that is noteworthy in it may be found in Scott's Prefactory Memoir and in Mr. Austin Dobson's sketch, "Richardson at Home," in the second series of his *Eighteenth Century Vignettes*. The author of *Sir Charles Grandison* was born in Derbyshire in the year 1689, the son of a fairly well-to-do joiner, whose wife had some pretensions to gentility. He was educated, for some time at any rate, at Charterhouse, but the most important part of his education seems to have been the curious practice of writing love-letters for the girls of his acquaintance. This occupation, which would have led to disastrous results in the case of a Rousseau or a Restif de la Bretonne, does not seem to have had any bad effect on Richardson's respectable British morals. But it is commonly and not improbably credited with having supplied to him that singular knowledge of women's ways which he afterwards showed; and perhaps it may have also communicated to him something of the want of manliness which accompanied this expertness in gynæcology. He seems to have chosen the trade of printer, by which he afterwards secured an easy competence, of his own accord, and was

apprenticed to a London practitioner of the craft, named John Wilde, in 1706. Here he did, as his various biographers have not failed to note, everything that an industrious apprentice ought to do. He served his time, he worked as a journeyman for about as much longer, and he married his master's daughter (a damsel with the curious Christian name of Allington), setting up for himself in the year 1719, at Salisbury Court, Fleet Street, which has since raised itself to the dignity of Salisbury Square.

Here for twenty years he built up a considerable business, the printing of the journals of the House of Commons being his most important single transaction; and about ten years after his start in business he indulged himself in a "tradesman's box," as the disdainful phrase of the time had it, at North End, Fulham. This abode, then called Selby House, has since been very generally known, under the name of The Grange, as the home and studio of Sir Edward Burne-Jones. And as it would appear that Richardson to the day of his death fully observed the great maxim of his age and condition, "Keep your shop, and your shop will keep you," as he lived at North End from 1730 to 1754 (that is to say, from ten years before the appearance of *Pamela* to some months after the completion of *Sir Charles Grandison*), it is practically certain that the same walls and perhaps even the same trees that saw the composition of *Love among the Ruins* and *The Briar Rose*, also saw that of *Clarissa*.

Although Richardson was always writing letters, and did not disdain such adjuncts of his business as the compilation of indices and advertisements, it does not appear that he independently aspired to that particular "something in the printing line" (as a Cambridgeshire yokel once ingeniously defined it), the trade of authorship. His letter-writing faculties, however, were well known; and two noted booksellers, Rivington and Osborne, who were his personal friends and probably his business connections, suggested that he should compose

a sort of *infra*-polite letter-writer to supply unlearned and ignorant folk with models. Richardson, who was nothing if not moral in intention, and who was most unintentionally a person of genius, began this, and it turned to *Pamela*, which appeared in the early winter of 1740, and went through four editions between November and May, an extraordinary popularity for the time. It was praised as much as read, and as the original form stopped at Pamela's marriage, it received the traditional honour of spurious continuations, which induced Richardson to write one of his own, completing the book as it now stands.

How it very shortly received a greater honour still, that of serving as the stimulant to *Joseph Andrews*, at first a mere parody, then something infinitely better, most people know, and few perhaps are ignorant that Richardson did not exactly act up to the principles of the virtue of which he talked so much on the occasion. Dryden's famous couplet was not here justified, for if Richardson was "the injured" he never forgave, and Fielding, who had "done the wrong," not only in all probability never thought much more of it, but made the handsomest amends by a liberal eulogy of *Clarissa* in his *Jacobite's Journal*. But Richardson was too thoroughly feminine to forgive, except, like Princess Rowena, "as a Christian."

Even before *Pamela* Richardson had replaced the scrip-turient serving-maids of his early years by a little circle of ladies, and a few men, who worshipped him, wrote him letters, heard him read his novels, and expostulated or wept when the course of those novels was not to their taste. It is a piquant fact that of this *cénacle*, Sarah Fielding, Henry's sister, and herself a novelist, was a faithful member, and that it included the Miss Colliers, daughters of Arthur Collier, the idealist, one of whom, Margaret, accompanied the author of *Tom Jones* on his last voyage to Lisbon. It also included Miss Mulso (afterwards famous as Mrs. Chapone), Astræa and Minerva, the beautifully named daughters of Aaron Hill,

an ineffectual bard, but a good and sensible man, with divers others. The most famous of these is Lady Bradshaigh of Haigh Hall in Lancashire, who opened her correspondence with Richardson as an *Inconnue*, and would not for a long time take the mask off.

It was probably his growing acquaintance with ladies that prompted Richardson to imp his wings for a higher as well as a longer flight in *Clarissa*, which for some reason best known to themselves people will persist in calling *Clarissa Harlowe*. This appeared in 1748, and at once increased Richardson's popularity in England, and made him far more popular in France than he was at home. A somewhat shorter time elapsed before his third and last book, that from which the present volume is extracted, made its appearance in 1753-54. Shortly afterwards Richardson moved from North End to Parson's Green, but he always retained his house in Salisbury Court, and died there in 1761, of apoplexy. His health had never been good, and he complains that he had aggravated his weakness by excessive application both to his regular business and his literary employments; but a man who reaches the age of seventy-two, without, so far as is known, any serious or disabling ailment, need hardly complain. He was buried in St. Bride's, Fleet Street. The only other biographical details which need be given are that his first wife having died in 1731, he married a second, the sister of a bookseller; that he had large families by both, and though most of his children died early, was survived by four daughters; that he became master of the Stationers' Company in 1754, and King's printer in 1760.

It has been said that from the very first Richardson had no reason to complain of his popularity at home; and abroad no English writer, with the exceptions of Scott and Byron, has ever attained in his own lifetime anything at all approaching his fame. In the advertisement prefixed to the fourth edition of *Sir Charles Grandison*, published a few

months after its author's death, we are informed how "Diderot (*sic*), one of the present most celebrated French authors," has praised Richardson as a master of the art of painting the passions, and how "the famous Rousseau of Geneva, writing to Monsieur d'Alembert," declared that there never was anything like the novels. "Diderot," moreover, was, though the advertisement writer knew it not, on the point of giving a still more flaming testimonial to Richardson in the shape of a formal *Éloge*, which was published in Suard's *Journal Étranger*, and may be found in the fifth volume of Assézat's edition of Diderot's works. It is impossible for enthusiastic and almost dithyrambic criticism to go higher. Not only has the English novelist put into action everything that Montaigne, Charron, La Rochefoucauld, and Nicole have put into maxims, but he has made the whole of this dead morality alive. Diderot, in reading him, has caught himself crying out, like children at their first play, "Oh, don't listen to him! don't go there, or you are lost." He has felt at the end of the reading like a man at the end of a day's benevolence. Richardson is no mere romancer of unfamiliar adventures, he is a perfect realist (not, of course, that Diderot uses this word). He has made Diderot indifferent to his duties, to family affairs, to everything but *Clarissa* and *Sir Charles*. Diderot would sell all his other possessions to help a friend or educate his children, but not Richardson's books. They shall stay on the same shelf with Moses, Homer, Sophocles, and doubtless Nicodemus and Polyphemus also. The more beautiful one's soul, the more exquisite and the purer one's taste, the more one loves nature, the more one knows truth, the higher does one rate Richardson. The complaint of lengthiness enrages Diderot; the profusion of detail can only be disgusting to a frivolous and satiated person. But all he can say in fifteen large pages of rapture is not enough. If one soul more "sensible" than his reads the lines, he gets it to blot them, for the genius of Richardson has stifled

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his own. The novelist's phantoms keep wandering in his imagination : when he would write he hears the complaints of Clementina ; the shade of Clarissa appears to him ; Grandison walks in state before him ; Lovelace troubles him so that the pen drops from his fingers. While he is conversing with the gentler shades, Emily, Charlotte, Pamela, his dear Miss Howe, the years which should be years of work, the hours in which to harvest laurels pass by, and he approaches the termination of his own career without doing anything to give him also a title to the attention of posterity.

*Voilà qui s'appelle louer.* If this is the tone which novelists think that their critics should take, I do not in the least wonder that few express cordial satisfaction at most critical remarks. But though Diderot is amiably conspicuous for the warmth of his praises when he does praise, it is fair to say that the general tone of Frenchmen, and for the matter of that of Germans and others as well, was little different. It is scarcely a generation, if so much, since admiration for Richardson was almost up to the same height in France ; and while I was writing this essay I learnt the curious fact that within the last few months a considerable parcel (amounting to some scores) of the early editions of the novels had been sent over from Paris for sale in London. The very copy of *Grandison* which I have used in the preparation of this volume was one of these, and as it dates from 1762 it may not improbably have been one of those which Diderot's readers procured in answer to his fervent appeal to them to study the originals, and not be content with the then abridged translation by the Abbé Prévost, the author of *Manon Lescaut*.

✓ We were not quite so lyrical in England, but we did not stint Richardson of our cold insular praise. Perhaps we do not nowadays attach quite so much importance as did the author of the advertisement above quoted to the testimony of the Right Honourable Lord Lyttleton to Sir Charles

Grandison, that he is a "pattern of every private virtue, and equal to any public duty;" and we may not agree with Mr. Warton that the madness of Clementina is more interesting than the madness of Lear. But "Mr. Johnson, author of the *Rambler*" (to which periodical, by the way, Richardson contributed his solitary published exercise in literature outside of the three novels), still retains at least some of his authority; and Mr. Johnson, author of the *Rambler*, thought *Clarissa* the first book in the world for knowledge of the human heart. Mr. Pope had praised *Pamela*; he did not live to see the others. Fielding, a generous rival and a very competent critic, thought that "few writers had shown such simplicity, such deep penetration into nature, such power to raise and alarm the passions." These (for Swift's faculties, though not his life, had gone before *Pamela* appeared) were the three greatest of Richardson's contemporaries in English literature, and there is no need to go below them. As for the general public it has been said how they bought *Pamela*. They simply devoured *Clarissa*, and of *Sir Charles Grandison* itself they consumed, besides Irish-printed copies (as to which there is a warm and pathetic complaint against Faulkner, the arch-buccaneer and claret-drinker, affixed by Richardson to the book), three large editions before the author died.<sup>1</sup>

It is a consequence almost inevitable, and therefore almost invariable, of such immediate popularity that it falls off somewhat later; and it would be idle to pretend that Richardson is an exception. The rise of Romanticism and the decay of Sensibility both worked against him about a generation after his death. The critics of the beginning of this century, though respectful, are not enthusiastic, and sometimes might almost be called unfavourable. Every one knows Coleridge's severe

<sup>1</sup> The *furor*, however, was not universal; see the interesting passage in the *Diary* of Madame d'Arblay, where the Duchess of Portland, looking on the first appearance of the books, complains of the "heavy decision" that she and others found in Richardson.

contrast between the close hot atmosphere of Richardson and the breezy freshness of Fielding ; but the context of this judgment, in which a positively depraving influence is charged against *Pamela* and *Clarissa*, though not against *Grandison*, is less frequently quoted. Scott, though generally eulogistic, is somewhat reserved, and his criticism, while acknowledging Richardson's "sense, truth, and genius," has an odd air of being constantly on the point of dropping into disapproval or satire, and then suddenly pulling itself up with "This will never do. Such a respectable man." Hazlitt has a page of the finest and least commonplace criticism ever written in English on the general character of Richardson's genius and on his "matter-of-fact imagination," but he then goes off into fresh exemplifications of the various array of antinomies, the perpetual "but ——" which has been noted as distinguishing most of Hazlitt's critical opinions. And his admiration of the "regality," the "magnificence," the "nobility" of Lovelace must, I fear, be handed over as a prey to those who say that Hazlitt with all his genius did not understand what a gentleman was. Admiration for Lovelace "speaks" a man rather fatally. To continue the genealogy, Thackeray has said very little of Richardson, and has allowed him no place as an English humourist. In our own day Mr. Leslie Stephen has not merely edited him but devoted to him the attention of his great knowledge of the eighteenth century, and his balanced appreciation, while we have since had interesting essays from younger critics, especially those of Mr. Traill and Mrs. Lang, the first characterised by its author's usual union of force and *finesse*, while the second is not only excellent in itself but invaluable, as giving a lady's opinion of the "ladies' novelist" of other days.

If it be demanded that the present editor should give his own critical opinion of this curious and almost unique writer in a few words, it may best be stated as follows. We may be proud of Richardson, and justly proud, for the very rea-

that he ranks among the extremely few writers (they may be counted on the fingers of one hand almost, certainly of two) who have achieved the extraordinary honour of popularity, both immediate and lasting, in countries other than their own. We should not without him understand even so fully as we do (and that is not anywhere near to absolute fulness) the century which immediately preceded our own, and which by the mere fact of that immediate precedence is stranger to us than renaissance or mediæval, perhaps even than classical times. We owe him much wonderful, if slightly artificial—slightly lamplit and lamp-smelling—analysis and description of motive and conduct, some altogether admirable scenes, a few perfectly drawn if not quite vivified characters, a wonderful profusion of outward detail, an exhibition of the art of evolving story and personage from the inner consciousness, to which there is hardly a parallel in point of minute finish. He ranks with Dickens and Balzac and George Eliot among those who, by a strange combination of imaginative fertility and hard labour, have spun whole universes out of themselves, though he cannot pretend to rank with Dickens and Balzac in the dæmonic faculty with which these have communicated a semblance, even where they have failed to give the reality, of actual existence. But he does not rank with those who, like Fielding in his own day, and Thackeray in ours, in the highest degree, like his other contemporaries of the great quartette, Sterne and Smollett, in a somewhat lower, have added actual friends, actual people that we know and live, with as we read of them, to the fictitious population of the world of spirits. Even Pamela, even Anna Howe, even Charlotte Grandison is not quite flesh and blood to-day; few others of his women, none, I think, of his men, are flesh and blood at all.

To pass from critical opinions to the books themselves, must be observed to Richardson's credit, that though the facts which may be urged against them are more or less

uniform, their merits are remarkably different. Of late years there has been something of a dead set against *Pamela*, of which the second part is sometimes quoted as the extreme instance of its author's dulness and prolixity, while even the first is charged with a not wholly wholesome morality. It is certain that the troubles of "Mrs. B.," with that singular "trial at bar" in which she indulges, are drawn at great length; and it is also not deniable that Pamela in her ante-nuptial adventures exhibits much more of a keen and business-like eye to the necessity of "holding the sweetmeat high," as the French say—of not letting what she has to sell go to the purchaser's hands without good and lawful consideration satisfactorily paid—than of maidenly reserve or of sheer passion. But I have always thought that, not to mention the indefinable freshness which always belongs to the first book in which an author shows his genius, *Pamela* displays, if not equal craftsmanship with the later works, quite as much knowledge of the human heart in general as that which is so much boasted in them, and a much more direct and unquestionable knowledge of the particular subject. It must never be forgotten that of the upper and middle class whom he handled later, Richardson knew nothing, save the channel of his late and complimentary friendships with a few ladies and gentlemen. Pamela was of the very type and condition which he knew, in which he had himself been brought up, in which he had lived for fifty years. She had live models and ancestresses in the very girls for whom he had as a boy written love-letters; she was of no very different rank or manners from those of his own wife. He knew her not merely by the intuition of genius, but by two-thirds of a lifetime of association and experience. Moreover the business-like view of morality here taken was the view of the whole English middle class, if not of the whole English nation in his time. We find it in Defoe, we find it in the sermons, we find it in the essays of the day.

again *Pamela* (which, I have no doubt, though the point has been much disputed, owed its existence partly to Marivaux's *Marianne*) is, at least to me, a distinctly amusing book. The people who want to be harrowed may dislike and despise it, as much as the people who want, if I may coin a word, to be "heroicked;" but the eternal romantic motive—the chase, the quest—is represented in a very lively manner; its incidents and vicissitudes are not related (granting Richardson's method at all) too longwindedly; and if at the close both hunter and hunted win, why, only those who demand the interest of the bull-fight or the gladiatorial show in a novel have any excuse for grumbling.

It would, however, be the merest critical freak to deny that *Clarissa* deserves the position which it has generally held as Richardson's masterpiece. We may or may not share the admiration of the heroine as a feminine type which was common in the last century, and which seems likely to endure, as at least a pious opinion, into the next. It was admitted even then that there is a certain want of frankness and honest candour about her. Her very purity, desperately as she defends it, and unsullied as it remains, according to the verdict of the higher court of honour, lacks the fearless majesty of the most exalted types of that virtue. It has not the "sunclad power" that inspires the glorious allegories of St. Catharine on the Wheel, of St. Margaret and the Dragon, of Una in the Forest. *Clarissa's* symbol is rather the relation of the bird and the snake; her note the timidity which hankers and lingers even while it shrinks. The suggestion that she might have terminated her troubles and her dangers at any minute, by a visit to the nearest magistrate, has been thought brutal, but it comes from Sir Walter Scott.

So too it is impossible to share the attitude of mind which used to, and still sometimes does, regard *Love-ice* as the very *beau-ideal* of a wicked but brilliant

gentleman. Moral and other detestation of his actual conduct need not have anything to do with a disgusted contempt for him. Remarkable as it may seem that any particular value should be attached to the gaining by force or fraud of a conquest where the whole glory of the conqueror, if not his whole satisfaction, depends on his conquering the will and inclination of his adversary, it is not ✓ deniable that English gentlemen from about 1660 to about 1800 did plume themselves on these very sorry victories. And the delineation of so prominent, if also so despicable an historic type, is well within the novelist's province. But it is impossible to take *Lovelace* for such a fine gentleman as *Richardson*, and as some of *Richardson's* chief adorers thought him. He is not indeed such a savage as young *Mr. Pickle*, his chief companion in this amiable part; and the artistic sense which made *Richardson* refuse as sternly to let him off his penalty as to let *Clarissa* off the uttermost farthing of her atonement, has invested him with the half-stupid, half-real attraction of the "bad end." But, I repeat, he is not really a fine gentleman at all, though he is what many generations of the British snob have taken for one. He has sharpness and insolence to do duty for wit, prodigality to masquerade as generosity, courage enough of a kind, a fair show of ability and energy, a perfect selfishness, and a firm determination to have his own way. But he is the slave of convention even in his vices, where surely, if anywhere, a man might allow himself to be original; he has absolutely no "great" quality except courage; his friend *Belford*, if he had any spirit, would have kicked him for his impertinence to himself; and the most appropriate instrument for his punishment would have been, not *Colonel Morden's* rapier, but the cudgel in the hands of three or four stout footmen, used till the gallant was a disfigured cripple. But of the greatness of the book as distinguished from that of its hero, there is no question, and nothing but its merciless length (it

the longest of the three, and contains, I should think, something like a million words) can prevent it from being read and re-read. On its scheme, of which more presently, in relation to an actual subject, and with its author's ideas and powers, it is difficult to see how it could have been improved, while the scheme itself would infallibly have wrecked and sunk beyond redemption or recovery any fictitious craft that had not genius on board to buoy at once and guide it.

*Sir Charles Grandison* stands by general consent midway between *Pamela* and *Clarissa*. But some critics, including Scott and Mrs. Lang, put it below both; and there may perhaps be a few who, allowing it less central and architectonic genius than *Clarissa*, would give it the preference even over that book in respect of variety of interest, pleasantness of atmosphere, and profusion of incident and character. The hero indeed has had very little quarter from anybody since his own day, and he was very far from universally popular in that. In the endeavour to make a perfect contrast to Lovelace, Richardson, carrying with him something like the same mistaken notions of the essence of a gentleman which he showed in his bad hero, experienced in the change the well-known additional difficulties which Balzac, while pleading that he had himself overcome them, acknowledged to exist in the portraiture of a special good character. And he aggravated these still further by the attempt to create a perfectly faultless monster—he was actually tempted to call the book *The Good Man*—to allow him no redeeming vice, to represent his very enemies as converted by a kind of magic into blind worshippers, when Sir Charles addresses to them a long-winded letter, or speaks to them a condescending word. The consequence naturally is that posterity almost unanimously, and contemporaries to some extent, have agreed not to adore Sir Charles's virtues, and to impute to him not a few very decided faults. Attention has recently been drawn by Mr. Leigh to his eavesdropping arrangements in the interview



with Clementina ; and a severe moralist might say that the insufferable spiritual pride and condescension which mark his whole behaviour are, on Christian principles at any rate, quite as sinful as the violence of Sir Hargrave Pollexfen, or the treacherous immorality of the Mercedes, the Bagenhalls, and the Grevilles.

Another charge which has been brought against the book turns on the enormous proportions given to the episode, or underplot, or development, or whatever it may be called, of which the Lady Clementina is the heroine. Contemporaries, it is true, liked this Italian part, and it is so intimately connected with Richardson's very scheme of writing that a few words may fitly be said on that matter before we go further.

Diderot, in his uncompromising defence of our novelist, "makes no more bones," if I may be pardoned such a vernacular expression, of the charge of length than of any other accusation. And he takes the characteristically bold line of saying, "When you have an interesting affair of any kind on hand yourself, do you not expend infinite time and talk on it? why should not Richardson do so?" I do not remember that Richardson himself in his not unfrequent references to the subject ever took such an audacious line as this, but I do think that he went upon one not dissimilar. In the very first volume of *Grandison*, for instance, the dinner-party at Lady Betty Williams's occupies six letters, and I should think 20,000 words. Now, if we take 5000 words an hour, which is a fair lecture-allowance, and is rather excessive for broken conversation, this must have filled up the whole available time. Of many other scenes of all the novels, especially of this and of *Clarissa*, as much may be said, and it probably supplies the true explanation of the whole matter, especially if the mania of the eighteenth century for letter-writing be taken into consideration. This is nowadays almost inconceivable. Benjamin Constant, for instance, and Madame de Charrière, living in the same house and seeing each other

constantly, used to write each other long letters from their beds before they got up in the morning.

It is evident that this scheme of novel-writing would lead practically to the history of a lifetime taking the time of a life to read it. Mediæval and Chinese plays, going on for days or weeks, would be nothing to modern novels; and if it had ever been adopted on any large scale, novel-writing would soon have been made a punishable offence, with damage instead of benefit of clergy. But in those few examples which really surmount the difficulty, there is no doubt a subtle enjoyment to be obtained (after the vagrant modern attention has once been forced to its work) from the contemplation of the manner in which the fabric grows, built up by stroke on stroke, like the coral reef even more than the pyramid, and containing nothing that can be called superfluous, however numerous or innumerable the parts.

Richardson's Preface to *Sir Charles Grandison* (though it is open to the common and obvious objection that the motives and objects which a man attributes to himself when he looks back on his work are never exactly those which influenced him during the performance of it) is still of considerable importance. One would gather from it that the heroes rather than the heroines were what he had looked at, and that it seemed to his friends and himself that, after depicting a libertine—but a reclaimable, and on the whole well-principled libertine—in "Mr. B.," with Pamela for a reforming, rewarding, and rewarded instrument; after giving in Lovelace the awful example of hardened licentiousness with its victim in Clarissa, his friends had thought and he had agreed with them that "a man of true honour" should now be brought on the stage.<sup>1</sup> It

<sup>1</sup> It may be worth while to point out that Richardson's range of hero was curiously limited. In this present book, for instance, Sir Hargrave is but a bolder double of Greville, and Mr. Fowler a shyer double of Orme. It never seems to occur to him to try Harriet with something between villainy or eccentricity on one side, perfection on another, and nullity on a third.

must, however, be noted as curious that in this account he says nothing of the feminine protagonist or protagonists, as he had said in the two others. We are left to ourselves to find out whether Harriet or Clementina is the heroine, as well as to discover the precise moral which the fortune or misfortune of each is to point, as Pamela's misfortune pointed that of "virtue rewarded," and Clarissa's fate that of the need of distrusting "men void of principle." Indeed, the "women" of the *dramatis personæ* are referred to no farther than in the rather frivolous compliment that they are "young ladies of polite education and of lively spirits," the last part of which proposition, by the way, can hardly be predicated of poor Clementina. The concluding paragraphs which, while claiming "a nobler view than that of mere entertainment," only express the hope of enlivening, as well as instructing, and the excuse for "the bulk of a collection of this kind," are also by no means to be neglected. And the pleas that as "many as could be spared have been omitted," and that there is not "after Sir Charles has been introduced" one letter inserted, but what tends to illustrate the principal design, are positively pathetic. Only one wickedly thinks of Hazlitt's still more wicked assertion, that "he had heard" that *Sir Charles Grandison* was intended to be in *twenty-eight* volumes.

A book composed on such principles is naturally at once almost impossible to present to modern readers as a whole, and very difficult to compress or abridge. *Sir Charles Grandison* in its entirety would fill at least four or five times as much space as this book. The only person I know who has read it more than once or twice adds, "but not the Italian parts;" and the Italian parts comprise not much less than half the book. Almost the whole of one of the original seven volumes is taken up by a huge retrospective "History of the Grandison family," which may have been very interesting to Harriet Byron, but which is almost certainly superfluous to the modern reader. When, therefore, I wa

consulted as to the means of presenting it once more, I felt at once the impossibility of a textual reproduction with any kind of embellishment, and the unsuitableness of an abridgment in the ordinary sense—that is to say, an attempt to compress the narrative. On the other hand, the arrangement in letters, whatever disadvantages it may have, has at least this advantage for the selector, that a letter is *ex hypothesi* a complete thing in itself. To present it without its immediate forerunner and successor is not necessarily (whatever it may be accidentally and occasionally) more of an outrage or a violence than to present a separate poem from a book of poems, or a separate essay from a book of essays.<sup>1</sup>

It so happens, too, that *Sir Charles Grandison* lends itself better than *Clarissa* to such a process. The *Enfances Grandison*, as the old French epic poets would have called it, can be omitted, just as they could be presented separately, with very little inconvenience to the reader; and as a matter of fact, I should imagine that most readers nowadays would either skip them or skim them very rapidly. The retrospective portion, at least of “the Italian part,” can undergo similar treatment with little more disadvantage. It is doubtful whether Lady Grandison’s enumerations in full of the splendours and decencies of her kingdom at Grandison Hall, when she comes into it, is at all necessary to the enjoyment of the book. The episode of the calf-courtship of the Welsh squire Fowler, and the rather artificial sentimentalities by which his uncle, Sir Rowland Meredith, obtains a daughter for himself (all the characters are exceedingly fond of these factitious relationships), instead of a wife for his nephew, is no great loss. Even the presentation of the doubts and jealousies of Harriet, the religious rather than passionate agonies of

<sup>1</sup> Since the plan was carried out I have been reminded by reading Edward FitzGerald’s letters again, and have been encouraged by the reminder, that he suggested a revival of Richardson on almost exactly the same principles.

Clementina, the refreshing but rather exaggerated sprightlinesses and archnesses of Miss Grandison (later Lady G.), the somewhat lachrymose and tame-animal adoration of "the poor Emily" Jervois, for her guardian and his bride, and the humours or affairs of the Selbys, the Shirleys, the Grevilles, the Beauchamps, and the rest, lose little by being presented in sample, rather in bulk. Indeed, the most attractive of them by far, the freaks of Charlotte Grandison, when *not* presented in bulk, may possibly save that young lady from the cruel sentence of Lady Mary Wortley Montagu on them as a whole, to the effect that it would be a very good thing if Miss Charlotte had been laid across some one's knees, and in the sight of the divine Harriet, whipped. The other divine one, Clementina, is likely in an opposite way to receive no damage by a partial exhibition; and "Lady Olivia," "Lady Laurana," "Lady Sforza," the General, the Bishop, and the rest will probably be liked much better as halves than as wholes to-day. Most of all will Sir Charles himself gain by a presentation, which, while keeping the most remarkable exhibitions of his various prowesses, dispenses the reader from having them thrust upon him with the unceasing iteration and at the tremendous length of the original.

It so happens, too, that the story, so far as there is a story (and there is rather more than in *Pamela*, and much more than in *Clarissa*), admits of its most important incidents and strongest points being stated pretty fairly in brief compass; nor should it be difficult to comprehend with a slight general argument here, and with summaries of the omitted letters placed between the batches as bridges to carry the reader over. With such an argument and with a very few general remarks this Introduction may be fitly closed.

Harriet Byron, a Northamptonshire heiress of moderate fortune, but of surpassing beauty in the English type, has been left an orphan early, and has been brought up by her

grandmother, Mrs. Shirley, and her uncle and aunt, Mr. and Mrs. Selby, being also watched over by a lawyer-squire, Mr. Deane. She has country lovers in plenty, the chief being Mr. Greville, a sort of Lovelace of lesser gifts, Mr. Fenwick, a minor Greville, and Mr. Orme, a shrinking but worthy person. At the opening of the story, however, she goes to London to pay a visit to some cousins of the name of Reeves, and there, mainly at the house of Lady Betty Williams, abundant victims fall at her feet. The chief of these are Sir Hargrave Pollexfen, a libertine baronet, and the above-mentioned Mr. Fowler. Such amiable weaknesses as Sir Rowland's are not in Sir Hargrave's way: having failed by fair means he tries foul, and carries the lady off after the fashion fully detailed in the text. His efforts are foiled by Sir Charles Grandison, between whose sisters and Harriet an intimate friendship is at once struck up. And Sir Charles is no less successful in baffling Sir Hargrave's vengeance than in thwarting his other evil designs, and attracting the wonder and admiration alike of his rival and of that rival's cronies, a set of profligates, of whom the chief are Mr. Bagenhall, a country gentleman, and Mr. Merceda, a Portuguese Jew. Meanwhile, a certain Countess Dowager of D. (these initials are an irritating trick of the author's) hears great reports of Harriet, and desires to obtain her for her son, the Earl of D. These negotiations, thought as it would seem to be necessary in order to serve as a counterpoise to the opposite pre-engagements of Sir Charles on his side, never come to anything, though they re-appear frequently, and as they form one of the duller parts of the book, the letters which refer to them will be usually omitted from the following selections.

Miss Byron, having been formally invited to stay at the Grandisons' house at Colnebrook, receives there, and recounts to her Northamptonshire cousins, an elaborate history of the Grandison family in the last generation, where it was represented by an angelic mother and a rather volatile father. It

is next discovered that Miss Charlotte Grandison has allowed herself to be drawn into an imprudent engagement with a certain Captain Anderson, an adventurer, from whom her brother frees her. This and other proofs of his excellence (his goodness to a city family, the Danbys, and the mixture of boldness and adroitness whereby he liberates his ward, Emily Jervois, from the persecutions of her degraded mother), are converting Miss Byron's gratitude into love, when the apparently impending happiness of everybody is interrupted by a summons to Sir Charles to go over to Bologna. This summons to Bologna is at once recognised as of evil omen: but it is not till after some minor passages (relating to Miss Jervois and other personages) that the full and direful meaning of it is revealed to Harriet, first in an interview with Sir Charles himself, and then in a vast series of letters from his confidential chaplain, Dr. Bartlett. It comes to this—that Sir Charles, during his travels in Italy, has become acquainted (by his usual method of rescuing one of the sons from assassination) with a noble Bolognese family, named Porretta, and that a daughter of that family, Clementina, has engaged his affections, the match being only prevented by the religious difficulty. The summons to Bologna is occasioned by the persistent bad health of Jeronymo della Porretta, the son whom Sir Charles rescued, and who has never recovered from his wounds, and by the mental alienation of Clementina, due to love, the unkind treatment of the relations to whom she has been entrusted, and other causes.

By this time the book is about half over, and the further development of the story may be safely left to the excerpts and connecting analyses. It turns (putting aside a sort of comic underplot in the behaviour of Charlotte Grandison to her husband, Lord "G.," and some minor episodes) on the questions—first, whether the affection of Sir Charles and Clementina will get the better of their religious scruples; secondly, when this is settled, whether Harriet will accept

Clementina's leavings (but there is not much doubt of that); and thirdly, what will be the upshot of a sort of afterplot in which Clementina, tormented by her parents to make another match, flies to England, with of course harrowing results to Harriet's feelings, but with a final permission from her parents to her to take the veil if she pleases, the end of all being a horrific though repentant deathbed of Sir Hargrave Pollexfen, and the leaving of Sir Charles and his lady in bowers of decent bliss. It may perhaps be added that the *dramatis personæ*, who are regularly arranged, and only include the more important figures, extend to fifty characters, that the "contents" of the book extend in some modern editions to eighteen large octavo pages in double column, and that the running index, which takes their place in the earlier ones, fills a large part of the last volume.

The drawback of such a condition of things needs no dwelling upon. It can only be hoped that the following selection, while it certainly does away with that impossible prolixity which has made the book a byword and practically unread for the greater part of this century, will not have the effect of scrappiness; and that while it gives the most interesting passages of the original, it will not too greatly interfere with their comprehension. No one can be more sensible than the present editor of the drawbacks which wait upon abridgments, selections, and all their kind. But there comes a time when, with all but the very greatest works which have been originally executed on a large scale, it is a case for presentation in some shortened form or for lasting exclusion from the knowledge of generations of readers. It would be a pity that Richardson should be condemned to the latter, and there is always a hope, however faint, that the former may supply some readers with a not insufficient cognition of him, and may even send a few to the original for fuller knowledge. I too have often clamoured for the "whole." I too know that the part can never take the place of the whole.



But how many readers will undertake on their honour and conscience, that if some score or so of volumes like the present (for that is about what it comes to for the three novels) were proposed to them, they would buy and read the score or so?

GEORGE SAINTSBURY.

## AUTHOR'S PREFACE

THE Editor of the following Letters takes leave to observe that he has now, in this publication, completed the plan that was the object of his wishes, rather than of his hopes, to accomplish.

The first collection which he published, intituled *Pamela*, exhibited the beauty and superiority of virtue in an innocent and unpolished mind, with the reward which often, even in this life, a protecting Providence bestows on goodness. A young woman of low degree, relating to her honest parents the severe trials she met with from a master who ought to have been the protector, not the assailer of her honour, shows the character of a libertine in its truly contemptible light. This libertine, however, from the foundation of good principles laid in his early years by an excellent mother; by his passion for a virtuous young woman; and by her amiable example and unwearied patience, when she became his wife, is, after a length of time, perfectly reclaimed.

The second collection, published under the title of *Clarissa*, displayed a more melancholy scene. A young lady of higher fortune, and born to happier hopes, is seen involved in such variety of deep distresses as lead her to an untimely death; affording a warning to parents against forcing the inclinations of their children in the most important article of their lives, and to children against hoping too far from the fairest assurances of a man void of principle. The heroine, however, as a truly *Christian heroine*, proves superior to her trials; and her heart, always excellent, refined and exalted by every

one of them, rejoices in the approach of a happy eternity. Her cruel destroyer appears wretched and disappointed, even in the boasted success of his vile machinations: but still (buoyed up with self-conceit and vain presumption) he goes on, after every short fit of imperfect, yet terrifying conviction, hardening himself more and more; till, unreclaimed by the most affecting warnings and repeated admonitions, he perishes miserably in the bloom of life, and sinks into the grave oppressed with guilt, remorse, and horror. His letters, it is hoped, afford many useful lessons to the gay part of mankind against that misuse of wit and youth, of rank and fortune, and of every outward accomplishment, which turns them into a curse to the miserable possessor, as well as to all around him.

Here the Editor apprehended he should be obliged to stop, by reason of his precarious state of health, and a variety of avocations which claimed his first attention; but it was insisted on by several of his friends, who were well assured he had the materials in his power, that he should produce into public view the character and actions of a man of *true honour*.

He has been enabled to obey these his friends, and to complete his first design; and now, therefore, presents to the public in *Sir Charles Grandison* the example of a man acting uniformly well through a variety of trying scenes, because all his actions are regulated by one steady principle; a man of religion and virtue; of liveliness and spirit; accomplished and agreeable; happy in himself, and a blessing to others.

From what has been premised, it may be supposed that the present collection is not published ultimately, nor even principally, any more than the other two, for the sake of entertainment only. A much nobler end is in view. Yet it is hoped the variety of characters and conversations necessarily introduced into so large a correspondence as

these volumes contain, will enliven as well as instruct: the rather, as the principal correspondents are young ladies of polite education and of lively spirits.

The nature of familiar letters, written, as it were, to the *moment*, while the heart is agitated by hopes and fears, on events undecided, must plead an excuse for the bulk of a collection of this kind. (Mere facts and characters might be comprised in a much smaller compass;) but would they be equally interesting? It happens, fortunately, that an account of the juvenile years of the principal person is narratively given in some of the letters. As many, however, as could be spared have been omitted. There is not one episode in the whole, nor, after Sir Charles Grandison is introduced, one letter inserted but what tends to illustrate the principal design. Those which precede his introduction will not, it is hoped, be judged unnecessary on the whole, as they tend to make the reader acquainted with persons, the history of most of whom is closely interwoven with that of Sir Charles.



## NAMES OF THE PRINCIPAL PERSONS.

### MEN.

George Selby, Esq.  
 John Greville, Esq.  
 Richard Fenwick, Esq.  
 Robert Orme, Esq.  
 Archibald Reeves, Esq.  
 Sir Rowland Meredith, Knt.  
 James Fowler, Esq.  
 Sir Hargrave Pollexfen, Bart.  
 The Earl of L., *a Scottish nobleman.*  
 Thomas Deane, Esq.  
 Sir CHARLES GRANDISON, Bart.  
 James Bagenhall, Esq.  
 Mr. Solomon Merceda.  
 John Jordan, Esq.  
 Sir Harry Beauchamp, Bart.  
 Edward Beauchamp, Esq., *his son.*  
 Everard Grandison, Esq.  
 The Rev. Dr. Bartlett.  
 Lord W., *uncle to Sir Charles Grandison.*  
 Lord G., *son of the Earl of G.*

### WOMEN.

Miss Harriet Byron.  
 Mrs. Shirley, *her grandmother, by the mother's side.*  
 Mrs. Selby, *sister to Miss Byron's father, and wife of Mr. Selby.*  
 Miss Lucy } *Selby, nieces to Mr.*  
 Miss Nancy } *Selby.*  
 Miss Orme, *sister of Mr. Orme.*  
 Mrs. Reeves, *wife of Mr. Reeves, cousin of Miss Byron.*  
 Lady Betty Williams.  
 The Countess of L., *wife of Lord L., eldest sister of Sir Charles Grandison.*  
 Miss Grandison, *younger sister of Sir Charles.*  
 Mrs. Eleanor Grandison, *aunt to Sir Charles.*  
 Miss Emily Jervois, *his ward.*  
 Lady Mansfield.  
 Lady Beauchamp.  
 The Countess Dowager of D.  
 Mrs. Hortensia Beaumont.

### ITALIANS.

<p>Marchese della Porretta, <i>the father.</i>          Marchese della Porretta, <i>his eldest son.</i>          The Bishop of Nocera, <i>his second son.</i>          Signor Jeronymo della Porretta, <i>third son.</i>          Conte della Porretta, <i>their uncle.</i>          Count of Belvedere.          Father Marescotti.</p>	<p>Marchesa della Porretta.          Signora Clementina, <i>her daughter.</i>          Signora Juliana Sforza, <i>sister to the Marchese della Porretta.</i>          Signora Laurana, <i>her daughter.</i>          Signora Olivia.          Camilla, <i>Lady Clementina's governess.</i>          Laura, <i>her maid.</i></p>
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# LETTERS FROM SIR CHARLES GRANDISON

## LETTER I [i]

MISS LUCY SELBY TO MISS HARRIET BYRON

ASHBY-CANONS, *January 10.*

YOUR resolution to accompany Mrs. Reeves to London has greatly alarmed your three lovers, and two of them at least will let you know that it has. Such a lovely girl as my Harriet must expect to be more accountable for her steps than one less excellent and less attractive.

Mr. Greville, in his usual resolute way, threatens to follow you to London; and there, he says, he will watch the motions of every man who approaches you; and, if he find reason for it, will *early* let such man know *his* pretensions, and the danger he may run into, if he pretend to be his competitor. But let me not do him injustice; though he talks of a rival thus harshly, he speaks of you more highly than man ever spoke of woman. Angel and goddess are phrases you have been used to from him; and though spoken in his humorous way, yet I am sure he most sincerely admires you.

Mr. Fenwick, in a less determined manner, declares that he will follow you to town, if you stay there above *one* fortnight.



The gentle Orme sighs his apprehensions, and wishes you would change your purpose. Though hopeless, he says, it is some pleasure to him that he can think himself in the same county with you ; and much more that he can tread in your footsteps to and from church every Sunday, and behold you there. He wonders how your grandmamma, your aunt, your uncle can spare you. Your cousin Reeves's surely, he says, are very happy in their influences over us all.

Each of the gentlemen is afraid that by increasing the number of your admirers you will increase his difficulties : but what is that to them, I asked, when they already know that you are not inclined to favour any of the three ?

If you hold your resolution, and my cousin Reeves's their time of setting out, pray let me know, and I will attend you at my uncle Selby's, to wish you a good journey, much pleasure in town, and a return with a safe and sound heart. My sister, who, poor dear girl, continues extremely weak and low, will spare me for a purpose so indispensable. I will not have you come to us. I know it would grieve you to see her in the way she is in. You too much take to heart the infirmities of your friends which you cannot cure ; and as your grandmamma lives upon your smiles, and you rejoice all your friends by your cheerfulness, it would be cruel to make you sad.

Mr. Greville has just left us. He dropt in upon us as we were going to dinner. My grandmother Selby, you know, is always pleased with his rattling. She prevailed on him to alight, and sit down with us. All his talk was of you. He repeated his former *threatenings* (as I called them to him) on your going to town. After dinner he read us a letter from Lady Frampton relating to you. He read us also some passages from the copy of his answer, with design, I believe, that I should ask him to leave it behind him. He is a vain creature, you know, and seemed fond of what he had written. I *did* ask him. He pretended to make a scruple of *your*

seeing it; but it was a faint one. However, he called for pen and ink; and when it was brought him, scratched over



*He scratched over two passages, and that with so many little flourishes that he thought they could not be read.*

two passages, and that with so many little flourishes (as you will see) that he thought they could not be read. But the

ink I furnished him with happening to be paler than his, you will find he was not cunning enough. I promised to return it.

Send me a line by the bearer to tell me if your resolution holds as to the day.

Adieu, my dearest Harriet. May angels protect and guide you whithersoever you go!

~ LUCY SELBY.

## LETTER II [i]

MR. GREVILLE TO LADY FRAMPTON

[*Enclosed in the preceding.*]

NORTHAMPTON, *January 6.*

YOUR ladyship demands a description of the person of the celebrated Miss Byron in our neighbourhood, and to know whether, as report tells you, love has listed me in the number of her particular admirers. *Particular* admirers you well distinguish, since every one who beholds her admires her.

Your ladyship confines your inquiries to her *person*, you tell me, and you own that women are much more solicitous about the beauties of *that* than of the *mind*. Perhaps it may be so, and that their envy is much sooner excited by the one than the other. But who, madam, can describe the person of Miss Harriet Byron, and her person only, animated as every feature is by a mind that bespeaks all human excellence, and dignifies her in every air, in every look, in every motion?

No man living has a greater passion for beauty than I have. Till I knew Miss Byron I was one of those who regarded nothing else in the sex. Indeed, I considered all intellectual attainments as either useless or impertinent in

women. Your ladyship knows what were my free notions on this head, and has rebuked me for them. 'A wise, a learned lady I considered as a very unnatural character. I wanted women to be all love, and nothing else. 'A *very* little prudence allowed I to enter into their composition, just enough to distinguish the man of sense from the fool, and that for my *own* sake. You know I have vanity, madam; but lovely as Miss Byron's person is, I defy the greatest sensualist on earth not to admire her mind more than her person. What a triumph would the devil have, as I have often thought, when I have stood contemplating her perfections, especially at church, were he able to raise up a man that could lower this angel into woman!—Pardon me!—Your ladyship knows my mad way of saying everything that rises to my thoughts.

Sweetness of temper must make plain features glow: what an effect must it then have upon fine ones? 'Never *was* there a sweeter-tempered woman. Indeed, from sixteen to twenty all the sex (kept in humour by their hopes, and by their attractions) are *said* to be good-tempered; but she is remarkably so. 'She is just turned of twenty, but looks not more than seventeen. Her beauty, hardly yet in its full blow, will last longer, I imagine, than in an earlier blossom. Yet the prudence visible in her whole aspect gave her a distinction, even at twelve, that promised what she would be at a riper age.

Yet with all this reigning good-nature visible in her face and manner there is such a native dignity in all she says, in all she does (though mingled with a frankness that shows her mind's superiority to the minds of almost all other women) that it damps and suppresses, in the most audacious, all imaginations of bold familiarity.

I know not by my soul how she does this neither: yet so it is. She jests; she raillies: but I cannot railly her again. Love, it is said, dignifies the adored object. Perhaps it is *that* which awes me.

And now will your ladyship doubt of an affirmative answer



*When I have stood contemplating her perfections, especially at church.*

to your second question, Whether love has listed me in the number of her particular admirers?

He has, and the devil take me if I can help myself, and yet I have no encouragement—nor anybody else; that's my consolation. <sup>v</sup>Fenwick is deeper in, if possible, than I. We had at our first acquaintance, as you have heard, a tilting-bout on the occasion, but are sworn friends now, each having agreed to try his fortune by patience and perseverance, and being assured that the one has no more of her favour to boast of than the other.<sup>1</sup> “We have indeed blustered away between us half a score more of her admirers. <sup>1</sup> Poor whining Orme, however, perseveres. But of him we make no account: he has a watery head, and though he finds a way by his sister, who visits at Mr. Selby's, and is much esteemed there, to let Miss Byron know his passion for her, notwithstanding the negative he has received, yet doubt we not that she is safe from a flame that he will quench with his tears, before it can rise to a head to disturb us.

“You ladies love men should whine after you; <sup>v</sup>but never yet did I find that where a blustering fellow was a competitor the lady married the milksop.”

But let me in this particular do Miss Byron justice: how she manages it I cannot tell; but <sup>v</sup>she is courteous to all; nor could ever any man charge her either with pride or cruelty. All I fear is that she has such an equality in her temper that she can hardly find room in her heart for a particular love, nor will, till she meets with one whose mind is nearly as faultless as her own, and the general tenor of whose life and actions calls upon her discretion to give her *leave* to love. “This apprehension I owe to a conversation I had with her grandmother Shirley, a lady that is an ornament to old age, and who hinted to me that her grand-daughter had exceptions both to Fenwick and me, on the score of a *few* indulgences that perhaps have been *too* public, but which

<sup>1</sup> The passages in this letter thus marked (") are those which in the preceding one are said to be scratched out, but yet were legible by holding up the letter to the light.

all men of fashion and spirit give themselves, and all women, but *this*, allow of, or hate not men the worse for. But then what is her objection to Orme? He is a sober dog."

She was but eight years old when her mother died. She also was an excellent woman. Her death was brought on by grief for that of her husband, which happened but six months before—a rare instance!

The grandmother and aunt, to whom the girl is dutiful to a proverb, will not interfere with her choice. If *they* are applied to for their interest, the answer is constantly this: the approbation of their Harriet must be first gained, and then their consent is ready.

There is a Mr. Deane, a man of an excellent character for a lawyer; but indeed he left off practice on coming into possession of a handsome estate. He was the girl's godfather. He is allowed to have great influence over them all. Harriet calls him papa. To him I have applied, but his answer is the very same: his *daughter* Harriet must choose for herself; all motions of this kind must come first from *her*.

And ought *I* to despair of succeeding with the girl *herself*? I, her Greville; not contemptible in person; an air—free and easy, *at least*; having a good estate in possession; fine expectancies besides; dressing well, singing well, dancing well, and blest with a moderate share of confidence, which makes *other* women think me a clever fellow: she, a girl of twenty; her fortune between ten and fifteen thousand pounds only; for her father's considerable estate, on his demise, for want of male heirs, went with the name; her grandmother's jointure not more than £500 a year. And what though her uncle Selby has no children, and loves her, yet has he nephews and nieces of his own, whom he also loves; for this Harriet is his wife's niece.

I will *not* despair. If resolution, if perseverance will do, and if she be a woman, she shall be mine—and so I have told her aunt Selby, and her uncle too; and so I have told Miss

Lucy Selby, her cousin, as she calls her, who is highly and deservedly in her favour; and so indeed have I more than once told the girl herself.

But now to the description of her person. Let me die if I know where to begin. She is all over loveliness. Does not everybody else who has seen her tell you so? Her stature—shall I begin with her stature? She cannot be said to be tall, but yet is something above the middling. Her shape—but what care I for her shape? I, who hope to love her still more, though possession may make me admire her less, when she has not that to boast of? We young fellows who have been abroad are above regarding English shapes, and prefer to them the French negligence. By the way, I think the foreign ladies in the right, that they aim not at what they cannot attain. Whether *we* are so much in the right to come into their taste is another thing. But be this as it will, there is so much ease and dignity in the person, in the dress, and in every air and motion of Miss Harriet Byron, that fine shapes will ever be in fashion where she is, be either native or foreigner the judge.

Her complexion is admirably fair and clear. I have sat admiring her complexion till I have imagined I have seen the life-blood flowing with equal course through her translucent veins.

Her forehead, so nobly free and open, shows dignity and modesty, and strikes into one a kind of *awe*, singly contemplated, that (from the *delight* which accompanies the *awe*) I know not how to describe. Every single feature, in short, will bear the nicest examination; and her whole face, and her neck, so admirably set on her finely proportioned shoulders—let me perish, if, taking her altogether, I do not hold her to be the most unexceptionable beauty I ever beheld. But what still is her *particular* excellence, and distinguishes her from all other *English* women (for it must be acknowledged to be a characteristic of the French women of quality) is the grace which that people call *physiognomy*, and we may call *expression* :



had *not* her features and her complexion been so fine as they are, that grace alone, that soul shining out in her lovely aspect, joined with the ease and gracefulness of her motion, would have made her as many admirers as beholders.

After this, shall I descend to a more particular description?—I will.

Her cheek—I never *saw* a cheek so beautifully turned, illustrated as it is by a charming carmine flush, which denotes sound health. A most bewitching dimple takes place in each when she smiles; and she has so much reason to be pleased with herself, and with all about her (for she is the idol of her relations), that I believe from infancy she never frowned; nor can a frown, it is my opinion, sit upon her face for a minute. Would to heaven I were considerable enough with her to prove the contrary!

Her mouth—there never *was* so lovely a mouth. But no wonder, since such rosy lips and such ivory and even teeth must give beauty to a mouth less charming than hers.

Her nose adds dignity to her other features. Her chin is sweetly turned, and almost imperceptibly dimpled.

Her eyes—ay, madam, her eyes!—Good Heaven! what a lustre; yet not a fierce, but a mild lustre! How have I despised the romancing poets for their unnatural descriptions of the eyes of their heroines! But I have thought those descriptions, though absurd enough in conscience, less absurd (allowing something for poetical license) ever since I beheld those of Miss Harriet Byron.

Her hair is a real and unlaboured ornament to her. All natural its curls: art has no share in the lustre it gives to her other beauties.

I mentioned her neck—here I dare not trust myself—inimitable creature! All attracting loveliness.

Her arm—your ladyship knows my passion for a delicate arm. By my soul, madam, your own does not exceed it.

Her hands are extremely fine. Such fingers! And they

accustomed to the pen, to the needle, to the harpsichord; excelling in all—O madam, women *have* souls. I now am convinced they have. I dare own to your ladyship that once I doubted it, on a supposition that they were given us for temporary purposes only. And have I not seen her dance! have I not heard her sing! But indeed, mind and person, she is all harmony. ↑

Then for reading, for acquired knowledge, what lady so young.—But you know the character of her grandfather Shirley. He was a man of universal learning, and, from his public employments abroad, as polite as learned. This girl, from seven years of age, when he came to settle in England, to fourteen, when she lost him, was his delight, and her education and instruction the amusement of his vacant hours. This is the period, he used to say, in which the foundations of all female goodness are to be laid, since so soon after fourteen they leap into women. The dead languages he aimed not to teach her, lest he should overload her young mind; but in the Italian and French he made her an adept.

Nor were the advantages common ones which she received from his lady, her grandmother, and from her aunt Selby, her father's sister, a woman of equal worthiness. Her grandmother particularly is one of the most pious, yet most cheerful, of women. She will not permit her daughter Byron, she says, to live with her, for *both* their sakes. For the *girl's* sake, because there is a greater resort of company at Mr. Selby's than at Shirley manor; and she is afraid, as her grandchild has a serious turn, that *her* own contemplative life may make her more grave than she wishes so young a woman to be. Youth, she says, is the season for cheerfulness. For *her own* sake, because she looks upon her Harriet's company as a cordial too rich to be always at hand; and when she has a mind to regale, she will either send for her, fetch her, or visit her at Mrs. Selby's. One of her letters to Mrs. Selby I once saw. It ran thus—"You must spare me, my Harriet. I am

in pain. My spirits are not high. I would not have the undecayed mind yield, for want of using the means, to the decaying body. *One* happy day with our child, the true child of the united minds of her late excellent parents, will, I hope, effect the cure: if it do not, you must spare her to me *two*."

Did I not tell you, madam, that it was very difficult to describe the person *only* of this admirable young lady? But I stop here. A horrid apprehension comes across me. How do I know but I am praising another man's *future* wife, and not my own? "Here is a cousin of hers, a Mrs. Reeves, a fine lady from London, come down under the cursed influence of my evil stars, to carry this Harriet away with her into the gay world. Woman! woman!—I beg your ladyship's pardon; but what angel of twenty is proof against vanity? The first hour she appears she will be a toast; stars and titles will crowd about her; and who knows how far a paltry coronet may dazzle *her*, who deserves an imperial crown? But, woe to the man, whoever he be, whose pretensions dare to interfere (and have any assurance of success) with those of

Your ladyship's

Most obedient and faithful Servant,

JOHN GREVILLE.

### LETTER III [i]

MISS HARRIET BYRON TO MISS LUCY SELBY

SELBY HOUSE, *January 16.*

I RETURN you enclosed, my Lucy, Mr. Greville's strange letter. ♣ As you asked him for it, he will have no doubt but you showed it to me. It is better therefore if he make inquiry, whether you did or not, to own it. In this case he will be curious to know my sentiments upon it. He is sensible that my whole heart is open to you.

Tell him, if you think proper, in so many words, that I am far more displeased with him for his impetuosity than gratified by his flattery.

Tell him that I think it very hard that when my nearest relations leave me so generously to my liberty, a man to whom I never gave cause to treat me with disrespect should take upon himself to threaten and control me.

Ask him what are his pretences for following me to London or elsewhere.

If I had not had reasons *before* to avoid a more than neighbourly civility to him, he has now furnished me with very strong ones. ▸ The threatening lover must certainly make a tyrant husband. ▸ Don't you think so, Lucy? But make not supposals of lover or husband to him: these bold men will turn shadows into substance in their own favour.

A woman who is so much exalted above what she *can* deserve, has reason to be terrified, were she to marry the complimenter (even *could* she suppose him so blinded by his passion as not to be absolutely insincere), to think of the height she must fall from in his opinion, when she has put it into his power to treat her but as what she is.

▸ Indeed I both *despise* and *fear* a very high complimenter. — *Despise* him for his designing flattery, supposing him not to believe himself; or, if he *mean* what he says, for his injudiciousness. I *fear* him, lest he should (as in the former case he must hope) be able to raise a vanity in me, that would sink me beneath his meanness, and give him cause to triumph over my folly, at the very time that I am full of my own wisdom.

High-strained compliments, in short, always pull me down, always make me shrink into *myself*. ▸ Have I not some vanity to guard against? I have no doubt but Mr. Greville wished I should see this letter, and this gives me some little indignation against *myself*; for does it not look as if, from some faults in my conduct, Mr. Greville had formed hopes of succeeding by treating me like a fool?

‘I hope these gentlemen will not follow me to town, as they threaten. ‘If they do, I will not see them, if I can any way avoid it. Yet for me to appear to *them* solicitous on this head, or to desire them *not* to go, will be in some measure to lay myself under an obligation to their acquiescence. It is not therefore for me to hope to influence them in this matter, since they expect too much in return for it from me, and since they will be ready to found a merit in their passion even for disobliging me.

I cannot bear, however, to think of their dangling after me wherever I go. These men, my dear, were we to give them importance with us, would be greater infringers of our natural freedom than the most severe parents, and for *their own sakes*; whereas parents, if ever so despotic (if not unnatural ones, indeed), mean *solely our good*, though headstrong girls do not always think so. Yet such, even *such* can be teased out of their wills, at least out of their duty, by the men who style themselves *lovers*, when they are invincible to all the entreaties and commands of their *parents*.

Oh that the next eight or ten years of my life, if I find not in the interim a man on whom my whole undivided heart can fix, were happily over! *As* happily as the last alike important four years! To be able to look down from the *elevation* of thirty years, my principles fixed, and to have no capital folly to reproach myself with, what a happiness would that be!

My cousin Reeves’s time of setting out holds; the indulgence of my dearest friends continues; and my resolution holds. But I will see my Nancy before I set out. What! shall I enter upon a party of pleasure, and leave in my heart room to reflect in the midst of it that there is a dear suffering friend who had reason to think I was afraid of giving myself pain, when I might, by the balm of true love and friendly soothings, administer comfort to her wounded heart?—No, my Lucy, believe me, if I have not generosity enough, I have *selfishness* enough, to make me avoid a sting so severe as *this* would be, to your

HARRIET BYRON.

LETTERS IV.—IX.—*In the first three of these letters Miss Byron describes to Lucy Selby how Mr. Greville and Mr. Fenwick escorted her during the first stage of her way to town ; how she arrived at her cousins' and made acquaintance with several people, especially Lady Betty Williams. 'She also enters into her objections to Greville and the rest, even the virtuous Orme. 'LETTER VII. is from Mr. Selby to Miss Byron, a letter partly of raillery, partly of caution, against designing suitors, and against Harriet's own foibles, especially conceit. 'She, in VIII. and IX., tells Lucy of the advent of a new suitor, a shy Welsh squire named Fowler, whose uncle, Sir Rowland Meredith, is his spokesman and advocate.*

## LETTER X [i]

MISS BYRON. IN CONTINUATION

*Friday night.*

SOME amusement, my Lucy, the day has afforded : indeed more than I could have wished. A large packet, however, for Selby House.

Lady Betty received us most politely. She had company with her, to whom she introduced us, and presented me in a very advantageous character.

Shall I tell you how their first appearance struck me, and what I have since heard and observed of them ?

The first I shall mention was Miss Cantillon—very pretty, but visibly proud, affected, and conceited.

The second, Miss Clements—plain, but of a fine understanding, improved by reading ; and who, having no personal advantages to be vain of, has, by the cultivation of her mind,

obtained a preference in every one's opinion over the fair Cantillon.



*(Sir Rowland Meredith paying court to Miss Byron on behalf of his nephew.)*

The third was Miss Barnevelt, a lady of masculine features, and whose mind belied not those features; for she

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has the character of being loud, bold, free, even fierce when opposed, and affects at all times such airs of contempt of her own sex that one almost wonders at her condescending to wear petticoats.

The gentlemen's names were Walden and Singleton; the first, 'an Oxford scholar of family and fortune, but quaint and opinionated, despising every one who has not had the benefit of an university education.

Mr. Singleton is a harmless man, who is, it seems, the object of more ridicule, even down to his very name, among all his acquaintance than I think he by any means ought, considering the apparent inoffensiveness of the man, who did not give himself his intellects and his constant good humour, which might intitle him to better quarter, the rather too as he has one point of knowledge which those who think themselves his superiors in understanding do not always attain, the knowledge of himself; for he is humble, modest, ready to confess an inferiority to every one; and as laughing at a jest is by some taken for high applause, he is ever the first to bestow that commendation on what others say, though it must be owned he now and then mistakes for a jest what is none, which, however, may be generally more the fault of the speakers than of Mr. Singleton, since he takes his cue from their smiles, especially when those are seconded by the laugh of one of whom he has a good opinion.

Mr. Singleton is in possession of a good estate, which makes amends for many defects; he has a turn, it is said, to the well-managing of it, and nobody understands his own interest better than he, by which knowledge he has opportunities to lay obligations upon many of those who, behind his back, think themselves intitled by their supposed superior sense to deride him; and he is ready enough to oblige in this way, but it is always on such securities that he has never given cause for spendthrifts to laugh at him on that account.

It is thought that the friends of the fair Cantillon would



not be averse to an alliance with this gentleman; while I, were I his sister, should rather wish that he had so much wisdom in his weakness as to devote himself to the worthier Pulcheria Clements (Lady Betty's wish as well as mine), whose fortune, though not despicable, and whose humbler views, would make her think herself repaid by his fortune the obligation she would lay him under by her acceptance of him.

Nobody it seems thinks of a husband for Miss Barnevelt. She is sneeringly spoken of rather as a young fellow than as a woman, and who will one day look out for a wife for herself. One reason, indeed, she everywhere gives for being satisfied with being a woman, which is that she cannot be married to a woman.

An odd creature, my dear. But see what women get by going out of character. Like the bats in the fable they are looked upon as mortals of a doubtful species, hardly owned by either, and laughed at by both.

This was the company, and all the company, besides us, that Lady Betty expected. But mutual civilities had hardly passed when Lady Betty, having been called out, returned, introducing, as a gentleman who would be acceptable to every one, Sir Hargrave Pollexfen. "He is," whispered she to me, as he saluted the rest of the company in a very gallant manner; "a young baronet of a very large estate, the greatest part of which has lately come to him by the death of a grandmother and two uncles, all very rich."

When he was presented to me by name, and I to him, "I think myself very happy," said he, "in being admitted to the presence of a young lady so celebrated for her graces of person and mind." Then, addressing himself to Lady Betty, "Much did I hear, when I was at the last Northampton races, of Miss Byron; but little did I expect to find report fall so short of what I see."

Miss Cantillon bridled, played with her fan, and looked as if she thought herself slighted, a little scorn intermingled with the airs she gave herself.

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*When he was presented to me.*

Miss Clements smiled and looked pleased, as if she enjoyed good-naturedly a compliment made to one of the sex which she adorns by the goodness of her heart.

Miss Barnevelt said she had, from the moment I first entered, beheld me with the eye of a lover, and freely taking my hand squeezed it. "Charming creature!" said she, as if addressing a country innocent, and perhaps expecting me to be covered with blushes and confusion.

The baronet, excusing himself to Lady Betty, assured her that she must place this his bold intrusion to the account of Miss Byron, he having been told that she was to be there.

Whatever were his motives, Lady Betty said, he did her favour, and she was sure the whole company would think themselves doubly obliged to Miss Byron.

The student looked as if he thought himself eclipsed by Sir Hargrave, and as if in revenge he was putting his fine speeches into Latin, and trying them by the rules of grammar, a broken sentence from a classic author bursting from his lips; and at last, standing up half on tip-toe (as if he wanted to look down upon the baronet), he stuck one hand in his side, and passed by him, casting a contemptuous eye on his gaudy dress.

Mr. Singleton smiled, and looked as if delighted with all he saw and heard. Once indeed he tried to speak, his mouth actually opened to give passage to his words, as sometimes seems to be his way before the words are quite ready; but he sat down satisfied with the effort.

It is true people who do not make themselves contemptible by affectation should not be despised. Poor and rich, wise and unwise, we are all links of the same great chain. And you must tell me, my dear, if I, in endeavouring to give true descriptions of the persons I see, incur the censure I pass on others who despise any one for the defects they cannot help.

Will you forgive me, my dear, if I make this letter as long as my last?

No, say.

Well, then, I thank you for a freedom so consistent with our friendship, and conclude with assurances that I am, and ever will be,

Most affectionately yours,

HARRIET BYRON.

## LETTER XI [i]

MISS BYRON. IN CONTINUATION

It was convenient to me, Lucy, to break off just where I did in my last, else I should not have been so very self-denying as to suppose you had no curiosity to hear what undoubtedly I wanted to tell. Two girls talking over a new set of company, would my uncle Selby say, are not apt to break off very abruptly, not she especially of the two who has found out a fair excuse to repeat every compliment made to herself, and when perhaps there may be a new admirer in the case.

May there so, my uncle? And which of the gentlemen do you think the man? The baronet, I suppose, you guess And so he is.

Well, then, let me give you, Lucy, a sketch of him. But consider, I form my accounts from what I have since been told, as well as from what I observed at the time.

Sir Hargrave Pollexfen is handsome and genteel, pretty tall, about twenty-eight or thirty. His complexion is a little of the fairest for a man, and a little of the palest. He has remarkably bold eyes, rather approaching to what we would call goggling, and he gives himself airs with them, as if he wished to have them thought rakish: perhaps as a recommendation, in his opinion, to the ladies. Lady Betty, on his

back being turned, praising his person ; Miss Cantillon said Sir Hargrave had the finest eyes she ever saw in a man. They were manly, meaning ones.

He is very voluble in speech, but seems to owe his volubility more to his want of doubt than to the extraordinary merit of what he says. Yet he is thought to have sense ; and if he could prevail upon himself to hear more and speak less he would better deserve the good opinion he thinks himself sure of. But as he can say anything without hesitation, and excites a laugh by laughing himself at all he is going to say as well as at what he has just said, he is thought infinitely agreeable by the gay, and by those who wish to drown thought in merriment.

Sir Hargrave, it seems, has travelled ; but he must have carried abroad with him a great number of follies and a great deal of affectation if he has left any of them behind him.

But with all his foibles he is said to be a man of enterprise and courage ; and young women, it seems, must take care how they laugh with him, for he makes ungenerous constructions to the disadvantage of a woman whom he can bring to seem pleased with his jests.

I will tell you hereafter how I came to know this, and even worse, of him.

The taste of the present age seems to be dress ; no wonder, therefore, that such a man as Sir Hargrave aims to excel in it. What can be misbestowed by a man on his person who values it more than his mind ? But he would, in my opinion, better become his dress if the pains he undoubtedly takes before he ventures to come into public were less apparent. This I judge from his solicitude to preserve all in exact order when in company, for he forgets not to pay his respects to himself at every glass, yet does it with a seeming consciousness, as if he would hide a vanity too apparent to be concealed, - breaking from it, if he finds himself observed, with a half-careless yet seemingly dissatisfied air, pretending to have discovered

something amiss in himself. This seldom fails to bring



*He forgets not to pay his respects to himself at every glass.*

him a compliment, of which he shows himself very sensible by affectedly disclaiming the merit of it, perhaps with this

speech, bowing with his spread hand on his breast, waving his head to and fro: "By my soul, madam (or sir), you do me too much honour."

Such a man is Sir Hargrave Pollexfen.

He placed himself next to the country girl, and laid himself out in fine speeches to her, running on in such a manner that I had not for some time an opportunity to convince him that I had been in company of gay people before. He would have it that I was a perfect beauty, and he supposed me very young—very silly, of course—and gave himself such airs as if he were sure of my admiration.

I viewed him steadily several times, and my eye once falling under his as I was looking at him, I dare say he at that moment pitied the poor fond heart which he supposed was in tumults about him, when at the very time I was considering whether, if I were obliged to have the one or the other as a punishment for some great fault I had committed, my choice would fall on Mr. Singleton or on him. I mean, supposing the former were not a remarkably obstinate man, since obstinacy in a weak man, I think, must be worse than tyranny in a man of sense, if indeed a man of sense can be a tyrant.

A summons to dinner relieved me from his more particular addresses, and placed him at a distance from me.

Sir Hargrave the whole time of dinner received advantage from the supercilious looks and behaviour of Mr. Walden, who seemed on everything the baronet said (and he was seldom silent) half to despise him, for he made at times so many different mouths of contempt that I thought it was impossible for the same features to express them. I have been making mouths in the glass for several minutes to try to recover some of Mr. Walden's, in order to describe them to you, Lucy; but I cannot for my life so distort my face as to enable me to give you a notion of one of them.

He might perhaps have been better justified in some of

his contempts, had it not been visible that the consequence which he took from the baronet he gave to himself, and yet was as censurable one way as Sir Hargrave was the other.

Mirth, however insipid, will occasion smiles, though sometimes to the disadvantage of the mirthful. But gloom, severity, moroseness will always disgust, though in a Solomon. Mr. Walden had not been taught that ; and indeed it might seem a little ungrateful (don't you think so, Lucy ?) if women failed to reward a man with their smiles who scrupled not to make himself a—monkey (shall I say ?) to please them.

Never before did I see the difference between the man of the town and the man of the college displayed in a light so striking as in these two gentlemen in the conversation after dinner. The one seemed resolved not to be pleased, while the other laid himself out to please everybody, and that in a manner so much at his own expense as frequently to bring into question his understanding. By a second silly thing he banished the remembrance of the first, by a third the second, and so on ; and by continually laughing at his own absurdities, left us at liberty to suppose that his folly was his choice, and that, had it not been to divert the company, he would have made a better figure.

Mr. Walden, as was evident by his scornful brow, by the contemptuous motions of his lip, and by his whole face affectedly turned from the baronet, grudged him the smile that sat upon every one's countenance, and for which, without distinguishing whether it was a smile of approbation or not, he looked as if he pitied us all, and as if he thought himself cast into unequal company. Nay, twice or thrice he addressed himself, in preference to every one else, to honest simpering Mr. Singleton, who for his part, as was evident, much better relished the baronet's flippancies than the dry significance of the student ; for whenever Sir Hargrave spoke Mr. Singleton's mouth was open : but it was quite otherwise with him when Mr. Walden spoke, even at the time that he paid him the



distinction of addressing himself to him, as if he were the principal person in the company.

But one word, by-the-bye, Lucy—don't you think it is very happy for us foolish women that the generality of the lords of the creation are not much wiser than ourselves? or, to express myself in other words, that over-wisdom is as foolish a thing to the full as moderate folly? But hush! I have done. I know that at this place my uncle will be ready to rise against me.

After dinner Mr. Walden, not choosing to be any longer so egregiously eclipsed by the man of the town, put forth the scholar.

By the way, let me ask my uncle if the word scholar means not the learner rather than the learned? If it originally means no more, I would suppose that formerly the most learned men were the most modest, contenting themselves with being thought but learners; for as my revered first instructor used to say, the more a man knows, the more he will find he has to know.

"Pray, Sir Hargrave," said Mr. Walden, "may I ask you—you had a thought just now, speaking of love and beauty, which I know you must have from Tibullus" (and then he repeated the line in an heroic accent, and, pausing, looked round upon us women)—"which university had the honour of finishing your studies, Sir Hargrave? I presume you were brought up at one of them."

"Not I," said the baronet; "a man surely may read Tibullus, and Virgil too, without being indebted to either university for his learning."

"No man, Sir Hargrave, in my humble opinion" (with a decisive air he spoke the word *humble*), "can be well grounded in any branch of learning who has not been at one of our famous universities."

"I never yet proposed, Mr. Walden, to qualify myself for a degree. My chaplain is a very pretty fellow. He understands

Tibullus, I believe" (immoderately laughing, and, by his eyes cast in turn upon each person at table, bespeaking a general smile)—"and of Oxford, as you are."

And again he laughed; but his laugh was then such a one as rather showed ridicule than mirth—a provoking laugh, such a one as Mr. Greville often affects when he is in a disputing humour, in order to dash an opponent out of countenance by getting the laugh instead of the argument on his side.

My uncle, you know, will have it sometimes that his girl has a satirical vein. I am afraid she has; but this I will say for her—she means no ill-nature, she loves everybody, but <sup>not</sup> their faults, as her uncle in his letter tells her, nor wishes to be spared for her own. Nor, very probably, is she, if those who see her write of her to their chosen friends as she does to hers of them.

Shall I tell you what I imagine each person of the company I am writing about (writing in character) would say of me to their correspondents? It would be digressing too much, or I would.

Mr. Walden in his heart, I dare say, was revenged on the baronet. He gave him such a look as would have grieved me the whole day had it been given me by one whom I valued.

Sir Hargrave had too much business for his eyes with the ladies, in order to obtain their countenance, to trouble himself about the looks of the men; and indeed he seemed to have as great a contempt for Mr. Walden as Mr. Walden had for him.

But here I shall be too late for the post. Will this stuff go down with you at Selby House in want of better subjects?

"Everything from you, my Harriet."

Thank you, thank you all, my indulgent friends! So it ever was. Trifles from those we love are acceptable. May I deserve your love.

Adieu, my Lucy, but tell my Nancy that she has delighted me by her letter.

H. B.

LETTERS XII.-XIV. *continue the description of the dinner and the conversation at great length, giving especially the battle between the pedantic Mr. Walden and Sir Hargrave's airy insolence.*

## LETTER XV [i]

MISS BYRON. IN CONTINUATION

*Monday, February 6.*

AND so my uncle Selby, you tell me, is making observations in writing on my letters, and waits for nothing more to begin with me than my conclusion of the conversations that offered at Lady Betty's.

And is it expected that I should go on furnishing weapons against myself?

It is.

Well, with all my heart. As long as I can contribute to his amusement, as long as my grandmamma is pleased and diverted with what I write, as well as with his pleasantries on her girl, I will proceed.

"Well, but will you not, my Harriet," methinks you ask, "write with less openness, with more reserve, in apprehension of the rod which you know hangs over your head?"

Indeed I will not. It is my glory that I have not a thought in my heart which I would conceal from any one whom it imported to know it, and who would be gratified by the revealing of it. And yet I am a little chagrined at the wager, which you tell me my uncle has actually laid with my grandmamma, that I shall not return from London with a sound heart.

And does he tease you, my Lucy, on this subject, with

reminding you of your young partiality for Captain Duncan, in order to make good his assertion of the susceptibility of us all?

Why, so let him! And why should you deny that you were susceptible of a natural passion? You must not be prudish, Lucy. If you are not, all his raillery will lose its force.

What better assurance can I give to my uncle, and to all my friends, that if I were caught I would own it, than by advising you not to be ashamed to confess a sensibility which is no disgrace, when duty and prudence are our guides, and the object worthy?

Your man indeed was not worthy, as it proved, but he was a very specious creature, and you knew not his bad character when you suffered liking to grow into love.

But when the love-fever was at the height did you make anybody uneasy with your passion? Did you run to the woods and groves to record it on the barks of trees? No! You sighed in silence indeed, but it was but for a little while. I got your secret from you, not, however, till it betrayed itself in your pined countenance; and then the man's discovered unworthiness and your own discretion enabled you to conquer a passion to which you had given way, supposing it unconquerable, because you thought it would cost you pains to contend with it.

As to myself, you know I have hitherto been on my guard. I have been careful ever to shut the door of my heart against the blind deity the moment I could imagine him setting his encroaching foot on the threshold, which I think liking may be called. Had he once gained entrance, perhaps I might have come off but simply.

But I hope I am in the less danger of falling in love with any man as I can be civil and courteous to all. When a stream is sluiced off into several channels there is the less fear that it will overflow its banks. I really think I never shall be in love with anybody till duty directs inclination.

Excuse me, Lucy. I do now and then, you know, get

into a boasting humour. But then my punishment, as in most other cases, follows my fault ; my uncle pulls me down, and shows me that I am not half so good as the rest of my friends think me.

You tell me that Mr. Greville will be in London in a very few days. I can't help it. He pretends business, you say, and (since that calls him up) intends to give himself a month's pleasure in town, and to take his share of the public entertainments. Well, so let him. But I hope that I am not to be either his business or entertainment. After a civil neighbourly visit or so I hope I shall not be tormented with him.

What happened once betwixt Mr. Fenwick and him gave me pain enough—exposed me enough, surely. A young woman, though without her own fault, made the occasion of a rencounter between two men of fortune, must be talked of too much for her own liking, or she must be a strange creature. What numbers of people has the unhappy rashness of those two men brought to stare at me? And with what difficulty did my uncle and Mr. Deane bring them into so odd a compromise, as they at last came into, to torment me, as I may call it, by joint-consent, notwithstanding all I could say to them, which was the only probable way, shocking creatures! to prevent murder.

But, Lucy, what an odd thing is it in my uncle to take hold of what I said in one of my letters, that I had a good mind to give you a sketch of what I might suppose the company at Lady Betty's would say of your Harriet, were each to write her character to their confidants or correspondents, as she has done theirs to you!

I think there is a little concealed malice in my uncle's command, but I obey.

To begin, then, Lady Betty, who owns she thinks favourably of me, I will suppose would write to her Lucy in such terms as these: but shall I suppose every one to be so happy as to have her Lucy?

"Miss Byron, of whom you have heard Mr. Reeves talk so much, discredits not, in the main, the character he has given her. We must allow a little, you know, for the fondness of relationship.

"The girl has had a good education, and owes all her advantages to it. But it is a country and bookish one, and that won't do everything for one of our sex, if anything. Poor thing! she never was in town before; but she seems docile, and for a country girl is tolerably genteel. I think, therefore, I shall receive no discredit by introducing her into the *beau monde*."

Miss Clements, perhaps, agreeable to the goodness of her kind heart, would have written thus :—

"Miss Byron is an agreeable girl; she has invited me to visit her, and I hope I shall like her better and better. She has, one may see, kept worthy persons' company, and I dare say will preserve the improvement she has gained by it. She is lively and obliging; she is young—not more than twenty, yet looks rather younger, by reason of a country bloom, which, however, misbecomes her not, and gives a modesty to her first appearance that prepossesses one in her favour. What a cast-away would Miss Byron be if, knowing so well as she seems to know what the duty of others is, she would forget her own!"

Miss Cantillon would perhaps thus write :—

"There was Miss Harriet Byron of Northamptonshire, a young woman in whose favour report has been very lavish. I can't say that I think her so *very* extraordinary; yet she is well enough for a country girl. But though I do not impute to her a very pert look, yet if she had not been set up for something beyond what she is by all her friends, who, it seems, are excessively fond of her, she might have had a more humble opinion of herself than she seems to have when she is set a-talking. She may, indeed, make a figure in a country assembly, but in the London world she must be not a little awkward, having never been here before.

"I take her to have a great deal o' art; but to do her justice she has no bad complexion—that, you know, is a striking advantage; but to me she has a babyish look, especially when she smiles; yet I suppose she has been told that her smiles become her, for she is always smiling—so like a simpleton, I was going to say!

"Upon the whole I see nothing so engaging in her as to have made her the idol she is with everybody; and what little beauty she has it cannot last. For my part, were I a man, the clear brunette—but you will think I am praising myself."

Miss Barnevelt would perhaps thus write to her Lucy—upon my word I will not let her have a Lucy. She shall have a brother man to write to, not a woman, and he shall have a fierce name.

We will suppose that she also had been describing the rest of the company:—

"Well, but, my dear Bombardino, I am now to give you a description of Miss Byron. 'Tis the softest, gentlest, smiling rogue of a girl—I protest, I could five or six times have kissed her for what she said, and for the manner she spoke in—for she has been used to prate; a favourite child in her own family—one may easily see that. Yet so prettily loth to speak till spoken to! Such a blushing little rogue! 'Tis a dear girl, and I wished twenty times as I sat by her that I had been a man for her sake. Upon my honour, Bombardino, I believe if I had I should have caught her up, popped her under one of my arms, and run away with her."

Something like this, my Lucy, did Miss Barnevelt once say.

Having now dismissed the women, I come to Mr. Singleton, Mr. Walden, and Sir Hargrave.

Mr. Walden (himself a Pasquin) would thus perhaps have written to his Marforio:—

"The first lady whom, as the greatest stranger, I shall take upon me to describe, is Miss Harriet Byron of Northamptonshire.

In her person she is not disagreeable, and most people think her pretty. But what is prettiness? Why, nevertheless, in a woman prettiness is—pretty. What other word can I so fitly use of a person who, though a little slightly, cannot be called a beauty?

“I will allow that we men are not wrong in admiring modest women for the graces of their persons; but let them be modest, let them return the compliment, and revere us for our capaciousness of mind; and so they will, if they are brought up to know their own weakness, and that they are but domestic animals of a superior order. Even ignorance, let me tell you, my Marforio, is pretty in a woman. Humility is one of their principal graces. Women hardly ever set themselves to acquire the knowledge that is proper to men, but they neglect for it what more indispensably belongs to women. To have them come to their husbands, to their brothers, and even to their lovers, when they have a mind to know anything out of their way, and beg to be instructed and informed, inspireth them with the becoming humility which I have touched upon, and giveth us importance with them.

“Indeed, my Marforio, there are very few topics that arise in conversation among men upon which women ought to open their lips. Silence becomes them. Let them therefore hear, wonder, and improve in silence. They are naturally contentious and lovers of contradiction” (something like this Mr. Walden once threw out, and you know who, my Lucy—but I am afraid—has said as much), “and shall we qualify them to be disputants against ourselves?”

“These reflections, Marforio, are not foreign to my subject. This girl, this Harriet Byron, is applauded for a young woman of reading and observation. But there was another lady present, Miss Clements, who (if there be any merit to a woman in it) appeareth to me to excel her in the compass of her reading, and that upon the strength of her own diligence and abilities, which is not the case with this Miss Harriet;



for she truly hath had some pains taken with her by her late grandfather, a man of erudition, who had his education among us. This old gentleman, I am told, took it into his head, having no grandson, to give this girl a bookish turn; but he wisely stopped at her mother-tongue, only giving her a smattering in French and Italian.

"As I saw that the eyes of every one were upon her, I was willing to hear what she had to say for herself. Poor girl! she will suffer, I doubt, for her speciousness. Yet I cannot say, all things considered, that she was very malapert: that quality is yet to come. She is young.

"I therefore trifled a little with her, and went further than I generally choose to go with the reading species of women, in order to divert an inundation of nonsense and foppery, breaking in from one of the company, Sir Hargrave Pollexfen, of whom more anon.

"You know, Marforio, that a man, when he is provoked to fight with an overgrown boy, hath everybody against him; so hath a scholar who engageth on learned topics with a woman. The sex must be flattered at the expense of truth. Many things are thought to be pretty from the mouth of a woman which would be egregiously weak and silly proceeding from that of a man. His very eminence in learning on such a contention would tend only to exalt her and depreciate himself. As the girl was everybody's favourite, and as the baronet seemed to eye her with particular regard, I spared her. A man would not, you know, spoil a girl's fortune."

But how, Lucy, shall I be able to tell what I imagine Sir Hargrave would have written? Can I do it if I place him in the light of a lover, and not either underdo his character as such or incur the censure of vanity and conceit?

"Well, but are you sure, Harriet," methinks my uncle asks, "that the baronet is really and truly so egregiously smitten with you as he pretended he was?"

"Why, ay! That's the thing, sir."

"You girls are so apt to take in earnest the compliments made you by men."

"And so we are. But our credulity, my dear sir, is a greater proof of our innocence than men's professions are of their sincerity. So let losers speak, and winners laugh."

But let him be in jest if he will. In jest or in earnest, Sir Hargrave must be extravagant, I ween, in love-speeches. And that I may not be thought wholly to decline this part of my task, I will suppose him professing with Hudibras, after he has praised me beyond measure, for graces of his own creation—

"The sun shall now no more dispense  
His own, but Harriet's influence.  
Where'er she treads, her feet shall set  
The primrose and the violet.  
All spices, perfumes, and sweet powders  
Shall borrow from her breath their odours;  
Worlds shall depend upon her eye,  
And when she frowns upon them, die."

And what if I make him address me—by way of apostrophe, shall I say?—(writing to his friend) in the following strain?—

"My faith, my friend, is adamant  
As chains of destiny, I'll maintain;  
True as Apollo ever spoke,  
Or oracle from heart of oak.  
Then shine upon me but benignly  
With that one and that other pig'snye;  
The sun and day shall sooner part  
Than love or you shake off my heart."

"Well, but what, my Harriet, would honest Mr. Singleton have written, had he written about you?"

Why, thus, perhaps, my Lucy, and to his grandmother, for she is living :—

"We had rare fun at dinner and after dinner, my grandmother.

"There was one Miss Barnevelt, a fine, tall, portly young lady.

"There was Miss Clements, not handsome, but very learned, and who, as was easy to perceive, could hold a good argument on occasion.

"There was Miss Cantillon, as pretty a young lady as one would wish to behold in a summer's day.

"And there was one Miss Byron, a Northamptonshire lady, whom I never saw before.

"There was Mr. Walden, a most famous scholar. I thought him very entertaining, for he talked of learning and such like things, which I know not so much of as I wish I did, because my want of knowing a little Latin and Greek has made my understanding look less than other men's. Oh, my grandmother, what a wise man would the being able to talk Latin and Greek have made me! And yet I thought that now and then Mr. Walden made too great a fuss about his.

"But there was a rich and noble baronet—richer than me, as they say, a great deal, Sir Hargrove Pollexfun, if I spell his name right—a charming man and charmingly dressed, and so many fine things he said, and was so merry and so facetious, that he did nothing but laugh, as a man may say. And I was as merry as him to the full. Why not?

"Oh, my grandmother! What with the talk of the young country lady, that same Miss Byron, for they put her upon talking a great deal; what with the famous scholar, who, however, being a learned man, could not be so merry as us; what with Sir Hargrave (I could live and die with Sir Hargrave: you never knew, my grandmother, such a bright man as Sir Hargrave); and what with one thing and what with another, we boxed it about and had rare fun, as I told you. So that when I got home and went to bed I did nothing

but dream of being in the same company, and three or four times waked myself with laughing."

There, Lucy! Will this do for Mr. Singleton? It is not much out of character, I assure you.

*Monday afternoon.*

This knight, this Sir Rowland Meredith! He is below, it seems—his nephew with him; Sir Rowland, my Sally tells me, in his gold button and button-hole coat, and full-buckled wig; Mr. Fowler as spruce as a bridegroom. What shall I do with Sir Rowland?

I shall be sorry to displease the good old man, yet how can I avoid it?

Expect another letter next post, and so you will if I did not bid you, for have I missed one yet?

Adieu, my Lucy.

H. B.

LETTERS XVI.—XXI. are all addressed by Harriet to Lucy.

*They take up the subject of the Fowler-Meredith suit, to which the lady is not favourable, and in which the suitor himself is extremely backward. His uncle, on the other hand, makes very liberal offers, and expresses the most extravagant admiration of Miss Byron. Sir Hargrave next appears, and opens his suit in form, but it is rebuffed, to his great wrath. Neither he nor Sir Rowland accepts the disarrangement, Sir Hargrave persisting in spite of a frank declaration from Harriet that she objects to his morals. The plot also thickens by the appearance of Greville in town.*

## LETTER XXII [i]

MISS BYRON. IN CONTINUATION

*Wednesday morning, February 15.*

MR. GREVILLE took leave of us yesterday evening, in order to set out this morning on his return home. He would fain have engaged me for half-an-hour alone, but I would not oblige him.

He left London, he said, with some regret, because of the fluttering Sir Hargrave and the creeping Mr. Fowler, but depended upon my declaration that I had not in "either of them" seen the man I could encourage. "Either of them" were the words he chose to use; for, in compliment to himself, he would not repeat my very words, that I had not yet seen any man to whom I could give my hand. Shall I give you a few particulars of what passed between me and this very whimsical man? I will.

He had been inquiring, he said, into the character and pretensions of my brother Fowler, and intended, if he could bring Orme and him together, to make a match between them who should outwhine the other.

Heroes, I told him, ought not to make a jest of those who, on comparison, gave them all their advantages.

He bowed, and called himself my servant, and with an affected laugh, "Yet, madam, yet, madam, I am not afraid of these piping men; though you have compassion for such watery-headed fellows, yet you have only compassion."

"Respectful love, Mr. Greville, is not always the indication either of a weak head or a faint heart, any more than the contrary is of a true spirit."

"Perhaps so, madam; but yet I am not afraid of these two men."

"You have no reason to be afraid of anybody on my account, Mr. Greville."

"I hope not."

"You will find, sir, at last, that you had better take my meaning. It is obvious enough."

"But I have no mind to hang, drown, or pistol myself."

"Mr. Greville still! Yet it would be well if there were not many Mr. Grevilles."

"I take your meaning, madam. You have explained it heretofore. It is that I am a libertine, that we have all one dialect, and that I can say nothing new or that is worthy of your attention. There, madam! May I not be always sure of your meaning when I construe it against myself?"

"I wish, sir, that my neighbour would give me leave to behave to him as to my neighbour——"

"And could you, madam—supposing love out of the question (which it cannot be)—could you, in that case, regard me as your neighbour?"

"Why not, sir?"

"Because I believe you hate me, and I only want you to tell me that you do."

"I hope, sir, I shall never have reason given me to hate any man."

"But if you hate any one man more than another, is it not me?" (I was silent.) "Strange, Mrs. Reeves," turning to her, "that Miss Byron is not susceptible either of love or hatred!"

"She is too good to hate anybody; and as for love, her time seems not to be yet come."

"When it is come it will come with a vengeance, I hope."

"Uncharitable man!" said I, smiling.

"Don't smile: I can't bear to see you smile. Why don't you be angry at me? Angel of a creature!" with his teeth again closed, "don't smile: I cannot bear your bewitching smiles."

"The man is out of his right mind, Mrs. Reeves. I don't choose to stay in his company."

I would have withdrawn. He besought me to stay, and stood between me and the door. I was angry.

He whimsically stamped—"Obliging creature! I besought you to forbear smiling—you frown. Do; God for ever bless you, my dear Miss Byron; let me be favoured with another frown."

Strange man! and bold as strange! I would have passed to the door, but he set his back against it.

These are the airs, you know, Lucy, for which I used to shun him.

"Pish!" said I, vexed to be hindered from withdrawing.

"Another, another such a frown," said the confident man, "and I am happy! The last has left no trace upon your features: it vanished before I could well behold it. Another frown, I beseech you; another pish——"

I was really angry. "Bear witness!" (looking around him), "bear witness! Once did Miss Byron endeavour to frown, and to oblige whom?—Her Greville!"

"Mr. Greville, you had better——" I stopped. I was vexed. I knew not what I was going to say.

"How better, madam! Am I not desperate? But had I better? Say, repeat that again—Had I better—better what?"

"The man's mad. Oh, my cousins, let me never again be called to this man."

"Mad! And so I am. Mad for you. I care not who knows it. Why don't you hate me?" He snatched at my hand, but I started back. "You own that you never yet loved the man who loved you. Such is your gratitude!—Say, you hate me."

I was silent, and turned from him peevishly.

"Why, then" (as if I had said I did not hate him), "say you love me; and I will look down with contempt upon the greatest prince on earth."

We should have had more of this—but the rap of



*"Pish!" said I, vexed to be hindered from withdrawing.*



consequence gave notice of the visit of a person of consideration. It was Sir Hargrave.

"The devil pick his bones," said the shocking Greville. "I shall not be civil to him."

"He is not your guest, Mr. Greville," said I, afraid that something affronting might pass between two spirits so unmanageable—the one in an humour so whimsical, the other so very likely to be moody.

"True, true," replied he. "I will be all silence and observation. But I hope you will not now be for retiring."

"It would be too particular," thought I, "if I am; yet I should have been glad to do so."

The baronet paid his respects to every one in a very set and formal manner, nor distinguished me.

"Silly as vain," thought I. "Handsome fop, to imagine thy displeasure of consequence to me."

"Mr. Greville," said Sir Hargrave, "the town, I understand, is going to lose you."

"The town, Sir Hargrave, cannot be said to have found me."

"How can a man of your gallantry and fortune find himself employment in the country in the winter, I wonder?"

"Very easily, when he has used himself to it, Sir Hargrave, and has seen abroad, in greater perfection than you can have them here, the kind of diversions you all run after with so keen an appetite."

"In greater perfection! I question that, Mr. Greville; and I have been abroad, though too early, I own, to make critical observations."

"You may question it, Sir Hargrave, but I don't."

"Have we not from Italy the most famous singers, Mr. Greville, and from thence, and from France, for our money, the most famous dancers in the world?"

"No, sir. They set too great a value in Italy, let me tell

you, upon their finest voices, and upon their finest composers too, to let them turn strollers."

"Strollers, do you call them? Ha, ha, ha, hah! Princely strollers, as we reward them! And as to composers, have we not Handel?"

"There you say something, Sir Hargrave. But you have but one Handel in England: they have several in Italy."

"Is it possible?" said every one.

"Let me die," said the baronet, with a forced laugh, "if I am not ready to think that Mr. Greville has run into the fault of people of less genius than himself. He has got such a taste for foreign performers that he cannot think tolerably of those of his own country, be they ever so excellent."

"Handel, Sir Hargrave, is not an Englishman, but I must say that of every person present I least expected from Sir Hargrave Pollexfen this observation."

He then returned the baronet's laugh, and not without an air of mingled anger and contempt.

"Nor I this taste for foreign performances and compositions from Mr. Greville, for so long time as thou hast been a downright country gentleman."

"Indeed," thought I, "you seem both to have changed characters. But I know how it comes about: let one advance what he will in the present humour of both, the other will contradict it. Mr. Greville knows nothing of music; what he said was from hearsay; and Sir Hargrave is no better grounded in it."

"A downright country gentleman," repeated Mr. Greville, measuring Sir Hargrave with his eye, and putting up his lip.

"Why, prithee, now, Greville, thou what-shall-I-call-thee! Thou art not offended, I hope, that we are not all of one mind? Ha, ha, ha, hah!"

"I am offended at nothing you say, Sir Hargrave."

"Nor I at anything you look, my dear. Ha, ha, ha, hah."

Yet his looks showed as much contempt for Mr. Greville as Mr. Greville's did for him. How easily might these combustible spirits have blown each other up! Mr. Reeves was once a little apprehensive of consequences from the airs of both.

Mr. Greville turned from Sir Hargrave to me. "Well, Miss Byron," said he; "but as to what we were talking about——"

This he seemed to say on purpose, as I thought by his air, to alarm the baronet.

"I beg pardon," said Sir Hargrave, turning with a stiff air to me. "I beg pardon, Miss Byron, if I have intruded——"

"We were talking of indifferent things, Sir Hargrave," answered I—"mere matters of pleasantry."

"I was more in earnest than in jest, Miss Byron," replied Mr. Greville.

"We all, I believe, thought you very whimsical, Mr. Greville," returned I.

"What was sport to you, madam, is death to me."

"Poor Greville! Ha, ha, ha, hah," affectedly laughed the baronet, "but I know you are a joker. You are a man of wit." (This a little softened Mr. Greville, who had begun to look grave upon Sir Hargrave.) "Come, prithee, man, give thyself up to me for this night, and I will carry thee to a private concert, where none but choice spirits are admitted, and let us see if music will not divert these gloomy airs that sit so ill upon the face of one of the liveliest men in the kingdom."

"Music! Ay, if Miss Byron will give us a song, and accompany it with the harpsichord, I will despise all other harmony."

Every one joined in his request, and I was not backward to oblige them, as I thought the conversation bore a little too rough a cast, and was not likely to take a smoother turn.

Mr. Greville, who always enjoys any jest that tends to

reflect on our sex, begged me to sing that whimsical song set



*Yet his looks showed as much contempt for Mr. Greville as  
Mr. Greville's did for him.*

by Galliard, which once my uncle made me sing at Selby

House, in Mr. Greville's hearing. You were not there, Lucy, that day, and perhaps may not have the book, as Galliard is not a favourite with you.

“Chloe, by all the pow'rs above,  
To Damon vow'd eternal love;  
A rose adorn'd her sweeter breast;  
She on a leaf the vow impress'd:  
But Zephyr, by her side at play,  
Love, vow, and leaf blew quite away.”

The gentlemen were very lively on the occasion and encored it, but I told them that as they must be better pleased with the jest on our sex contained in it than they could be with the music, I would not, for the sake of their own politeness, oblige them.

“You will favour us, however, with your ‘Discreet Lover,’ Miss Byron,” said Mr. Greville. “That is a song written entirely upon your own principles.”

“Well, then, I will give you it,” said I, “set by the same hand.”

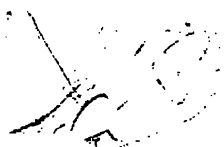
#### THE DISCREET LOVER

“Ye fair, that would be blest in love,  
Take your pride a little lower;  
Let the swain whom you approve  
Rather like you than adore.

Love that rises into passion  
Soon will end in hate or strife;  
But from tender inclination  
Flow the lasting joys of life.”

These two pieces put the gentlemen into good humour, and a deal of silly stuff was said to me, by way of compliment, on the occasion, by Sir Hargrave and Mr. Greville, not one word of which I believed.

The baronet went away first to go to his concert. He was very cold in his behaviour to me at taking leave, as he had been all the time.



Mr. Greville soon after left us, intending to set out this morning.

He snatched my hand at going. I was afraid of a second savage freedom, and would have withdrawn it. Only one sigh over it—but one sigh. “Oh!” said he—an “oh” half-a-yard long—and pressed it **with** his lips; “but remember, madam, you are watched: I have half-a-dozen spies upon you, and the moment you find the man you can favour, up comes your Greville, cuts a throat, and flies his country.”

He stopped at the parlour door. “One letter, Miss Byron—receive but one letter from me.”

“No, Mr. Greville, but I wish you well.”

“Wishes!—that, like the bishop’s blessing, cost you nothing. I was going to say ‘No’ for you, but you were too quick. It had been some pleasure to have denied myself, and prevented the mortification of a denial from you.”

He went away, every one wishing him a good journey, and speaking favourably of the odd creature. Mrs. Reeves in particular thought fit to say that he was the most entertaining of all my lovers; but if so, what is it they call entertaining, and what are those others whom they call my lovers?

“The man,” said I, “is an immoral man, and had he not got above blushes, and above being hurt by love, he could not have been so gay and so entertaining, as you call it.”

“Miss Byron says true,” said Mr. Reeves. “I never knew a man who could make a jesting-matter of the passion in the presence of the object so very deeply in love as to be hurt by a disappointment. There sits Mrs. Reeves. Did I ever make a jest of my love to you, madam?”

“No, indeed, sir; had I not thought you most deplorably in earnest you had not had any of my pity.”

“That’s a declaration in point. Either Mr. Orme or Mr. Fowler must be the happy man, Miss Byron.”

“Indeed, neither.”

“But why? They have both good estates. They both

adore you. Sir Hargrave, I see, you cannot have. Mr. Greville dies not for you, though he would be glad to live with you. Mr. Fenwick is a still less eligible man, I think. Where can you be better than with one of the two I have named?"

"You speak seriously, cousin; I will not answer lightly, but neither of those gentlemen can be the man; yet I esteem them both, because they are good men."

"Well, but don't you pity them?"

"I don't know what to say to that; you hold that pity is but one remove from love, and to say I pity a man who professes to love me, because I cannot consent to be his, carries with it, I think, an air of arrogance, and looks as if I believed he must be unhappy without me, when possibly there may be hundreds of women with any one of whom he might be more truly happy."

"Well, this is in character from you, Miss Byron; but may I ask you now which of the two gentlemen, Mr. Orme or Mr. Fowler, were you obliged to have one of them, would you choose?"

"Mr. Orme, I frankly answer. Have I not told Mr. Fowler so?"

"Well, then, what are your objections, may I ask, to Mr. Orme? He is not a disagreeable man in his person. You own that you think him a good man. His sister loves you, and you love her. What is your objection to Mr. Orme?"

"I don't know what to say. I hope I should perform my duty to the man to whom I shall give my vows, be he who he will; but I am not in haste to marry. If a single woman knows her own happiness she will find that the time from eighteen to twenty-four is the happiest part of her life. If she stay till she is twenty-four she has time to look about her, and if she has more lovers than one, is enabled to choose without having reason, on looking back, to reproach herself for hastiness. Her fluttering, her romantic age (we all know something of it, I doubt) is over by twenty-four, or it will hold

too long ; and she is then fit to take her resolutions and to settle. I have more than once hinted that I should be afraid to engage with one who thinks too highly of me beforehand. Nothing violent can be lasting, and I could not bear when I had given a man my heart with my hand (and they never shall be separated) that he should behave to me with less affection than he showed to me before I was his. As I wish not now to be made an idol of, I may the more reasonably expect the constancy due to friendship, and not to be affronted with his indifference after I have given him my whole self. In other words I could not bear to have my love slighted, or to be despised for it, instead of being encouraged to show it. And how shall extravagant passion warrant hopes of this nature if the man be not a man of gratitude, of principle, and a man whose love is founded in reason, and whose object is mind rather than person ? ”

“ But Mr. Orme,” replied Mr. Reeves, “ is all this. Such, I believe, is his love.”

“ Be it so. But if I cannot love him so well as to wish to be his (a man, I have heard my uncle as well as Sir Hargrave say, is his own ; a woman is a man’s) ; if I cannot take delight in the thought of bearing my part of the yoke with him, in the belief that, in case of a contrariety of sentiments, I cannot give up my judgment, in points indifferent, from the good opinion I have of his, what but a fondness for the state, and an irksomeness in my present situation, could bias me in favour of any man ? Indeed, my cousin, I must love the man to whom I would give my hand well enough to be able, on cool deliberation, to wish to be his wife, and for his sake (with my whole heart) choose to quit the single state, in which I am very happy.”

“ And you are sure that your indifference to Mr. Orme is not, either directly or indirectly, owing to his obsequious love of you, and to the milkiness of his nature, as Shakespeare calls it ? ”

“ Very sure ! All the leaning towards him that I have in



preference, as I think, to every other man who has beheld me with partiality, is, on the contrary, owing to the grateful sense I have of his respect to me, and to the gentleness of his nature. Does not my behaviour to Mr. Greville, to Mr. Fenwick, to Sir Hargrave, compared with my treatment of Mr. Orme and Mr. Fowler, confirm what I say?"

"Then you are, as indeed I have always thought you, a nonsuch of a woman."

"Not so; your own lady, whom you first brought to pity you, as I have heard you say, is an instance that I am not."

"Well, that's true; but is she not, at the same time, an example, that pity melts the soul to love?"

"I have no doubt," said Mrs. Reeves, "but Miss Byron may be brought to love the man she can pity."

"But, madam," said I, "did you not let pity grow into love before you married Mr. Reeves?"

"I believe I did," smiling.

"Well, then, I promise you, Mr. Reeves, when that comes to be the case with me, I will not give pain to a man I can like to marry."

"Very well," replied Mr. Reeves; "and I dare say that at last Mr. Orme will be the man. And yet how you will get off with Sir Hargrave I cannot tell. For Lady Betty Williams this very day told me that he declared to her he was resolved you should be his; and she has promised him all her interest with you and with us, and is astonished that you can refuse a man of his fortune and address, and who has many, very many admirers among people of the first rank."

The baronet is at the door. I suppose he will expect to see me.

*Wednesday afternoon.*

Sir Hargrave is just gone. He desired to talk with me alone. I thought I might very well decline obliging him, as

he had never scrupled to say to me all he had a mind to say before my cousins, and as he had thought himself of consequence enough to behave moodily, and even made this request rather with an air of expectation than of respect; and I accordingly desired to be excused. He stalked about. My cousins—first one, then the other—withdrew. His behaviour had not been so agreeable as to deserve this compliance. I was vexed they did.

He offered, as soon as they were gone, to take my hand.

I withdrew it.

"Madam," said he, very impertinently angry, "you would not do thus to Mr. Greville; you would not do thus to any man but me."

"Indeed, sir, I would, were I left alone with him."

"You see, madam, that I cannot forbear visiting you. My heart and soul are devoted to you. I own I have pride. Forgive me; it is piqued. I did not believe I should have been rejected by any lady who had no dislike to a change of condition and was disengaged. You declare that you are so; and I am willing, I am desirous to believe you. And yet that Greville——"

There he stopped, as expecting me to speak.

"To what purpose, Sir Hargrave, do you expect an answer to what you hint about Mr. Greville? It is not my way to behave with incivility to any man who professes a regard for me——"

"Except to me, madam——"

"Self-partiality, sir, and nothing else could cause you to make this exception."

"Well, madam, but as to Mr. Greville——"

"Pray, Sir Hargrave——"

"And pray, Miss Byron——"

"I have never yet seen the man who is to be my husband."

"By G——," said the wretch fiercely, almost in the language of Mr. Greville on the like occasion, "but you have; and if

you are not engaged in your affections the man is before you."

"If this, Sir Hargrave, is all you wanted to say to me, and would not be denied saying it, it might have been said before my cousins." I was for leaving him.

"You shall not go. I beg, madam," putting himself between me and the door.

"What further would Sir Hargrave say" (standing still, and angry); "what further would Sir Hargrave say?"

"Have you, madam, a dislike to matrimony?"

"What right have you, sir, to ask me this question?"

"Do you ever intend to enter into the state?"

"Perhaps I may, if I meet with a man to whom I can give my whole heart."

"And cannot that man be I? Let me implore you, madam. I will kneel to you" (and down he dropped on his knees). "I cannot live without you. For God's sake, madam! Your pity, your mercy, your gratitude, your love! I could not do this before anybody, unless assured of favour. I implore your favour."

(Foolish man! It was plain that this kneeling supplication was premeditated.)

"Oh, sir, what undue humility! Could I have received your address, none of this had been necessary."

"Your pity, madam, once more—your gratitude, your mercy, your love."

"Pray, sir, rise."

He swore by his God that he would not till I had given him hope.

"No hope can I give you, sir. It would be cheating, it would be deluding you; it would not be honest to give you hope."

"You objected to my morals, madam: have you any other objection?"

"Need there any other?"

"But I can clear myself."

"To God and to your conscience then do it, sir. I want you not to clear yourself to me."

"But, madam, the clearing myself to you would be clearing myself to God and my conscience."

"What language is this, sir? But you can be nothing to me; indeed you can be nothing to me. Rise, sir; rise, or I leave you."

I made an effort to go. He caught my hand and arose, then kissed it and held it between both his.

"For God's sake, madam——"

"Pray, Sir Hargrave——"

"Your objections? I insist upon knowing your objections. My person, madam—forgive me, I am not used to boast—my person, madam——"

"Pray, Sir Hargrave——"

"Is not contemptible. My fortune——"

"God bless you, sir, with your fortune——"

"Is not inconsiderable. My morals——"

"Pray, Sir Hargrave, why this enumeration to me?"

"Are as unexceptionable as those of most young men of fashion in the present age."

I am sorry if this be true, thought I to myself.

"You have reason, I hope, sir, to be glad of that."

"My descent——"

"Is honourable, sir, no doubt."

"My temper is not bad. I am thought to be a man of vivacity and of cheerfulness. I have courage, madam, and this should have been seen, had I found reason to dread a competitor in your favour."

"I thought you were enumerating your good qualities, Sir Hargrave."

"Courage, madam; magnanimity in a man, madam——"

"Are great qualities, sir. Courage in a right cause, I mean. Magnanimity, you know, sir, is greatness of mind."

"And so it is ; and I hope——"

"And I, Sir Hargrave, hope you have great reason to be satisfied with *your*-self ; but it would be very grievous to me if I had not the liberty so to act, so to govern myself, in essential points, as should leave me as well satisfied with *my*-self."

"This, I hope, may be the case, madam, if you encourage my passion ; and let me assure you that no man breathing ever loved a woman as I love you. My person, my fortune, my morals, my descent, my temper (a man in such a case as this may be allowed to do himself justice) all unexceptionable ; let me die if I can account for your—your—your refusal of me in so peremptory, in so unceremonious a manner—slap-dash as I may say—and not one objection to make, or which you will condescend to make !"

"You say, sir, that you love me above all women ; would you, can you be so little nice as to wish to marry a woman who does not prefer you to all men ? If you are, let me tell you, sir, that you have assigned a reason against yourself which I think I ought to look upon as conclusive."

"I make no doubt, madam, that my behaviour to you after marriage will induce you, in gratitude as well as justice, to prefer me to all men."

"Your behaviour after marriage, sir ! Never will I trust to that, where——"

"Where what, madam ?"

"No need of entering into particulars, sir. You see that we cannot be of the same mind. You, Sir Hargrave, have no doubt of your merit——"

"I know, madam, that I should make it the business as well as pleasure of my life to deserve you."

"You value yourself upon your fortune, sir——"

"Only as it gives me power to make you happy."

"Riches never yet, of themselves, made anybody happy."

I have already as great a fortune as I wish for. You think yourself polite——”

“Polite, madam? And I hope——”

“The whole of what I mean, Sir Hargrave, is this: you have a very high opinion of yourself; you may have reason for it, since you must know yourself and your own heart better than I can pretend to do; but would you, let me ask you, make choice of a woman for a wife who frankly owns that she cannot think so highly as you imagine she ought to think of you? In justice to yourself, sir——”

“By my soul, madam” (haughtily), “you are the only woman who could thus——”

“Well, sir, perhaps I am. But will not this singularity convince you that I can never make you happy, nor you me? You tell me that you think highly of me; but if I cannot think so highly of you, pray, sir, let me be entitled to the same freedom in my refusal that governs you in your choice.”

He walked about the room, and gave himself airs that showed greater inward than even outward emotion.

I had a mind to leave him, yet was not willing to withdraw abruptly, intending and hoping to put an end to all his expectations for the future. I therefore in a manner asked for leave to withdraw.

“I presume, sir, that nothing remains to be said but what may be said before my cousins,” and, courtesying, was going.

He told me with a passionate air that he was half distracted, and complained of the use I made of the power I had over him. And as I had near opened the door, he threw himself on his knees to me against it, and undesignedly hurt my finger with the lock.

He was grieved. I made light of it, though in pain, that he might not have an opportunity to flourish upon it, and to show a tenderness which I doubt is not very natural to him,

How little was I affected with his kneeling to what I was with the same posture in Sir Rowland ! Sir Hargrave supplicated me as before. I was forced in answer to repeat some of the same things that I had said before.

I would fain have parted civilly. He would not permit me to do so. Though he was on his knees he mingled passion, and even indirect menaces, with his supplications. I was forced to declare that I never more would receive his visits.

This declaration he vowed would make him desperate, and he cared not what became of him.

I often begged him to rise, but to no purpose, till I declared that I would stay no longer with him ; and then he arose, rapped out an oath or two, again called me proud and ungrateful, and followed me into the other room to my  
> cousins. He could hardly be civil to them ; he walked two or three turns about the room ; at last, "Forgive me, Mr. Reeves ; forgive me, Mrs. Reeves," said he, bowing to them—more stiffly to me. "And you forbid my future visits, madam ?" said he, with a face of malice.

"I do, sir, and that for both our sakes. You have greatly discomposed me."

"Next time, madam, I have the honour of attending you, it will be, I hope"—he stopped a moment, but still looking  
> fiercely—"to a happier purpose." And away he went.

Mr. Reeves was offended with him, and discouraged me not in my resolution to avoid receiving his future visits. You will now therefore hear very little farther in my letters of this Sir Hargrave Pollexfen.

And yet I wish I do not see him very soon. But it will be in company enough if I do—at the masquerade, I mean to-morrow night, for he never misses going to such entertainments.

Our dresses are ready. Mr. Reeves is to be a hermit, Mrs. Reeves a nun, Lady Betty a lady abbess ; but I by no

means like mine, because of its gaudiness—the very thing I was afraid of.

They call it the dress of an Arcadian princess; but it falls not in with any of my notions of the pastoral dress of Arcadia.

A white Paris net sort of a cap, glittering with spangles, and encircled by a chaplet of artificial flowers, with a little white feather perking from the left ear, is to be my head-dress.

My masque is Venetian.

My hair is to be complimented with an appearance, because of its natural ringlets, as they call my curls, and to shade my neck.

Tucker and ruffles blond lace.

My shape is also said to be consulted in this dress. A kind of waistcoat of blue satin trimmed with silver point d'Espagne, the skirts edged with silver fringe, is made to sit close to my waist by double clasps, a small silver tassel at the end of each clasp, all set off with bugles and spangles, which make a mighty glitter.

But I am to be allowed a kind of scarf of white Persian silk, which, gathered at the top, is to be fastened to my shoulders, and to fly loose behind me.

Bracelets on my arms.

They would have given me a crook, but I would not submit to that. It would give me, I said, an air of confidence to aim to manage it with any tolerable freedom, and I was apprehensive that I should not be thought to want that from the dress itself. A large Indian fan was not improper for the expected warmth of the place, and that contented me.

My petticoat is of blue satin, trimmed and fringed as my waistcoat. I am not to have a hoop that is perceivable. They wore no hoops in Arcadia.

What a sparkling figure shall I make! Had the ball



been what they call a subscription ball, at which people dress with more glare than at a common one, this dress would have been more tolerable.

But they all say that I shall be kept in countenance by masques as extravagant, and even more ridiculous.

Be that as it may, I wish the night was over. I dare say it will be the last diversion of this kind I ever shall be at, for I never had any notion of masquerades.

Expect particulars of all in my next. I reckon you will be impatient for them. But pray, my Lucy, be fanciful, as I sometimes am, and let me know how you think everything will be beforehand, and how many pretty fellows you imagine, in this dress, will be slain by your

HARRIET BYRON.

### LETTER XXIII [i]

MR. REEVES TO GEORGE SELBY, ESQ.

*Friday, February 17.*

DEAR MR. SELBY,—No one at present but yourself must see the contents of what I am going to write.

You must not be too much surprised.

But how shall I tell you the news, the dreadful news? My wife has been, ever since three this morning, in violent hysterics upon it.

You must not—but how shall I say you must not—be too much affected when we are unable to support ourselves?

Oh, my cousin Selby, we know not what is become of our dearest Miss Byron.

I will be as particular as my grief and surprise will allow. There is a necessity for it, as you will find.

Mr. Greville, as I apprehend—but to particulars first.

We were last night at the ball in the Haymarket.

The chairmen who carried the dear creature, and who, as well as our chairmen, were engaged for the night, were inveigled away to drink somewhere. They promised Wilson, my cousin's servant, to return in half-an-hour.

It was then but little more than twelve.

Wilson waited near two hours, and they not returning, he hired a chair to supply their place.

Between two and three we all agreed to go home. The dear creature was fatigued with the notice everybody took of her. Everybody admired her. She wanted to go before, but Lady Betty prevailed on her to stay a little longer.

I waited on her to her chair, and saw her in it before I attended Lady Betty and my wife to theirs.

I saw that neither the chair nor the chairmen were those who brought her. I asked the meaning, and received the above particulars after she was in the chair.

She hurried into it because of her dress and being warm, and no less than four gentlemen following her to the very chair.

It was then near three.

I ordered Wilson to bid the chairmen stop when they had got out of the crowd, till Lady Betty's chair and mine, and my wife's joined them.

I saw her chair move, and Wilson with his lighted flambeau before it, and the four masques who followed her to the chair return into the house.

When our servants could not find that her chair had stopped we supposed that in the hurry the fellow heard not my orders, and directed our chairmen to proceed, not doubting but we should find her got home before us.

We had before agreed to be carried directly home, declining Lady Betty's invitation to resume our own dresses at her house, where we dressed for the ball.

We were very much surprised at finding her not arrived, but concluding that by mistake she was carried to Lady Betty's and was there expecting us, we sent thither immediately.



*I saw her chair move, and Wilson with his lighted flambeau before it.*

But, good God! what was our consternation when the servants brought us word back that Lady Betty had not either seen or heard of her!

Mr. Greville, as I apprehend——

But let me give you all the lights on which I ground my surmises.

Last night Lady Betty Williams had a hint given her, as she informed me at the masquerade, that Mr. Greville, who took leave of my cousin on Tuesday evening, in order to set out for Northamptonshire the next morning, was neither gone nor intended to go, being on the contrary resolved to continue in town perdue, in order to watch my cousin's visitors.

He had indeed told her that she would have half-a-dozen spies upon her, and threw out some hints of jealousy of two of her visitors.

Sir Hargrave Pollexfen in a harlequin dress was at the ball; he soon discovered our lovely cousin, and notwithstanding his former ill-nature on being rejected by her, addressed her with the politeness of a man accustomed to public places.

He found me out at the side-board a little before we went off, and asked me if I had not seen Mr. Greville there. I said, "No."

He asked me if I had not observed a masque distinguished by a broad-brimmed, half-slouched hat, with a high flat crown, a short black cloak, a dark lantern in his hand, holding it up to every one's masque, and who, he said, was saluted by everybody as Guido Vaux? That person, he said, was Mr. Greville.

I did indeed observe this person, but recollected not that he had the air of Mr. Greville, but thought him a much more bulky man. But that, as he intended to have it supposed he had left the town, might be easily managed.

Mr. Greville, you know, is a man of enterprise.

He came to town having professedly no other material business but to give obstruction to my cousin's visitors. He saw she had two new ones. He talked at first of staying in

town and partaking of its diversions, and even of bespeaking a new equipage.

But all of a sudden, though expecting Mr. Fenwick would come up, he pretended to leave the town, and to set out directly for Northamptonshire, without having obtained any concession from my cousin in his favour.

Laying all these circumstances together I think it is hardly to be doubted but Mr. Greville is at the bottom of this black affair.

You will therefore take such steps on these lights as your prudence will suggest to you. If Mr. Greville is not come down—if Mr. Fenwick—what would I say?

The less noise, however, the affair makes, till we can come at certainty, the better.

How I dread what that certainty may be! Dear creature!

But I am sure you will think it advisable to keep this dreadful affair from her poor grandmother. And I hope your good lady—yet her prudent advice may be necessary.

I have six people out at different parts of the town, who are to make inquiries among chairmen, coachmen, &c.

Her new servant cannot be a villain. What can one say? What can one think?

We have sent to his sister, who keeps an inn in Smithfield. She has heard nothing of him.

I have sent after the chairmen who carried her to this cursed masquerade. Lady Betty's chairmen, who had provided the chairs, knew them and their number. They were traced with a fare from White's to Berkeley Square.

Something may be discovered by means of those fellows if they were tampered with. They are afraid, I suppose, to come to demand their but half-earned money. Woe be to them if they come out to be rascals!

I had half a suspicion of Sir Hargrave as well from the character given us of him by a friend of mine as because of his unpolite behaviour to the dear creature on her rejecting

him, and sent to his house, in Cavendish Square, to know if he were at home, and if he were, at what time he returned from the ball.

Answer was brought that he was in bed, and they supposed would not be stirring till dinner-time, when he expected company, and that he returned not from the ball till between four and five this morning.

We sent to Mr. Greville's lodgings. He has actually discharged them, and the people think (as he told them so) that he is set out for the country. But he is master of contrivances enough to manage this. There can be no thought that he would give out otherwise to them than he did to us. Happy had we found him not gone.

Mr. Greville must be the man.

You will be so good as to despatch the bearer instantly with what information can be got about Mr. Greville.

Ever, ever yours,

ARCHIBALD REEVES.

## LETTER XXIV [i]

MR. SELBY TO ARCHIBALD REEVES, ESQ.

[*In answer to the preceding.*]

*Saturday, February 18.*

OH, Mr. Reeves! Dear sweet child! Flower of the world!

But how could I keep such dreadful tidings within my own breast?

How could I conceal my consternation? My wife saw it. She would know the cause of it.

I could not tell her the fatal news—fatal news, indeed! It will be immediate death to her poor grandmother.

We must keep it from her as long as we can—but keep

it from her! And is the dearest creature spirited away? Oh, Mr. Reeves!

I gave my wife your letter. She fainted away before she had read it through.

Masquerades, I have generally heard said, were more silly than wicked; but they are now, I am convinced, the most profligate of all diversions.

Almost distracted, cousin! You may well be so: we shall all be quite distracted. Dear, dear creature! What may she not have suffered by this time?

Why parted we with such a jewel out of our sight?

You would not be denied; you would have her to that cursed town.

Some damned villain, to be sure! Greville it is not.

Greville was seen late last night alighting at his own house from a post-chaise. He had nobody with him.

In half-an-hour, late as it was, he sent his compliments to us to let us know that he had left the dear child well, and (in his usual style) happier than she would make him. He knows that our lives are bound up in hers.

Find out where she is, and find her safe and well, or we will never forgive those who were the cause of her going to London.

Dear soul! she was over-persuaded. She was not fond of going.

The sweetest, obliging creature! What is now become of her! What by this time may she not have suffered!

Search everywhere. But you will, no doubt. Suspect everybody—this Lady Betty Williams. Such a plot must have a woman in it. Was she not Sir Hargrave's friend? This Sir Hargrave—Greville it could not be. Had we not the proof I mentioned, Greville, bad as he is, could not be such a villain.

The first moment you have any tidings, bad or good, spare no expense.

. . . . .

Greville was this moment here.

We could not see him. We did not let him know the matter.

He is gone away in great surprise on the servants telling him that we had received some bad news which made us unfit to see anybody. The servants could not tell him what, yet they all guess by your livery, and by our grief, that something has befallen their beloved young lady. They are all in tears, and they look at us when they attend us with such inquisitive yet silent grief. We are speechless before them, and tell them our wills by motions, and not by words.

Good God! After so many happy years! Happy in ourselves, to be at last in so short a time made the most miserable of wretches!

But this had not been if—but no more—Good God of heaven, what will become of poor Mrs. Shirley! Lucy, Nancy will go distracted. But no more. Hasten your next, and forgive this distracted letter. I know not what I have written. But I am

Yours,

GEORGE SELBY.

## LETTER XXV [i]

MR. REEVES TO GEORGE SELBY, ESQ.

*[In continuation of Letter XXIII.]*

LADY BETTY's chairmen have found out the first chairmen.

The fellows were made almost dead drunk. They are sure something was put into their liquor. They have been hunting after the footmen who enticed them and drank them down. They describe their livery to be brown, trimmed and turned up with yellow, and are in the service of a merchant's



relict who lives either in Mark Lane or Mincing Lane—they forgot which—but have not yet been able to find them out. Their lady, they said, was at the masquerade. They were very officious to scrape acquaintance with them. We know not anybody who gives this livery, so no lights can be obtained by this part of the information. A cursed deep-laid villainy! The fellows are resolved, they say, to find out these footmen, if above ground, and the chairmen who were hired on their failure.

Every hour we have one messenger or other returning with something to say, but hitherto with nothing to the purpose. This has kept me within. Oh, Mr. Selby, I know not what to direct! I know not what to do. I send them out again as fast as they return, yet rather show my despair than my hope.

Surely this villainy must be Mr. Greville's. Though I have but just despatched away my servant to you, I am impatient for his return.

I will write every hour, as anything offers, that I may have a letter ready to send you by another man the moment we hear anything, and yet I expect not to hear anything material but from you.

We begin to suspect the servant (that Wilson) whom my cousin so lately hired. Were he clear of the matter either he or the chairmen he hired must have been heard of. He would have returned. They could not all three be either murdered or secreted.

These cursed masquerades! Never will I——

Oh, Mr. Selby! Her servant is, must be a villain! Sarah, my dear cousin's servant—my poor wife can think of nothing. She is extremely ill—Sarah took it into her head to have the specious rascal's trunk broke open. It felt light, and he had talked but the night before of his stock of clothes and linen to the other servants. There was nothing of value found in

it—not of sixpence value. The most specious villain, if a villain. Everybody liked him. The dear creature herself was pleased with him. He knew everything and everybody. Cursed be he for his adroitness and knowledge! We had made too many inquiries after a servant for her.

*Eleven o'clock.*

I am just returned from Smithfield—from the villain's sister. He comes out to be a villain—this Wilson, I mean—a practised villain!

The woman shook her head at the inquiry which I made, half out of breath, after what was become of him. She was afraid, she said, that all was not right, but was sure her brother had not robbed.

He had been guilty, I said, of a villainy that was a thousand times worse than robbery.

She was inquisitive about it, and I hinted to her what it was.

Her brother, she said, was a young man of parts and understanding, and would be glad, she was sure, of getting a livelihood by honest services. It was a sad thing that there should be such masters in the world as would put servants upon bad practices.

I asked after the character of that Bagenhall, whose service her brother last lived in, and imprudently I threatened her brother.

"Ah, sir!" was all the answer she made, shaking her head.

I repeated my question, Who was that Bagenhall?

"Excuse me, sir," said she. "I will give no other answer till I hear whether my brother's life may be in danger or not." She abhorred, she said, all base practices as much as anybody could do, and she was sorry for the lady and for me.

I then offered to be the making of her brother, were it possible to engage him before any violence was done to the lady. I asked if she knew where to send to him.

Indeed she did not. She dared to say she should not



*The woman shook her head at the inquiry which I made.*

hear of him for one while. Whenever he had been **drawn** in to assist in any out-of-the-way pranks (see, Mr. Selby, a

practised villain!) he kept away from her till all was blown over. Those who would take such steps, she feared, would by this time have done the mischief.

How I raved!

I offered her money, a handsome sum, if she would tell me what she knew of that Bagenhall, or of any of her brother's employers; but she refused to say one word more till she knew whether her brother's life were likely to be affected or not.

I left her and hastened home, to inquire after what might have happened in my absence, but will soon see her again, in hopes she may be wrought upon to drop some hints by which something may be discovered. But all this time, What may be the fate of the dear sufferer! I cannot bear my own thoughts.

Lady Betty is inexpressibly grieved.

I have despatched a man and horse (God knows to what purpose) to a friend I have at Reading, to get him to inquire after the character of this Bagenhall. There is such a man, and he is a man of pleasure, as Sir John Allestree informs me. Accursed villain this Wilson! He could not bear with his master's constant bad hours and profligate course of life, as he told our servants and Mrs. Sarah. Specious impostor!

*One o'clock.*

Lady Betty's chairmen have found out and brought with them one of the fellows whom that vile Wilson hired. The other was afraid to come. I have secured this fellow, yet he seems to be ingenuous, and I have promised that if he prove innocent he shall be rewarded instead of being punished; and the two chairmen, on this promise, are gone to try to prevail upon his partner to come, were it but to release the other, as both insisted upon their innocence.

And now will you be impatient to know what account this fellow gives.

Oh, Mr. Selby! The dear, dear creature. But before I can proceed I must recover my eyes.

*Two o'clock.*

This fellow's name is Macpherson. His partner's, M'Dermot. This is Macpherson's account of the matter.

Wilson hired them to carry his young lady to Paddington—to Paddington! A vile dog!

They objected distance and danger—the latter, as Macpherson owns, to heighten the value of the service.

As to the danger, Wilson told him they would be met by three others of his fellow-servants, armed, at the first fields; and as to the distance, they would be richly rewarded; and he gave them a crown apiece earnest, and treated them besides with brandy.

To prevent their curiosity, and entirely to remove their difficulties, the villain told them that his young lady was an heiress, and had agreed to go off from the masquerade with her lover, but that the gentleman would not appear to them till she came to the very house to which she was to be conveyed.

"She thinks," said the hellish villain, "that she is to be carried to May Fair chapel, and to be married directly, and that the minister (unseasonable as the hour is) will be there in readiness. But the gentleman, who is a man of the utmost honour, intends first to try whether he cannot obtain her friends' consent. So when she finds her way lengthened," proceeded the vile wretch, "she will perhaps be frightened, and will ask me questions. I would not for the world disoblige her, but here she must be cheated for her own sake, and when all is over will value me the more for the innocent imposture. But whatever orders she may give you, observe none but mine and follow me. You shall be richly rewarded," repeated the miscreant. "Should she even cry out, mind it not. She is full of fears, and hardly holds in one mind for an hour together."

He farther cautioned them not to answer any questions which might possibly be asked of them by the person who should conduct his young lady to her chair, but refer to himself; and in case any other chairs were to go in company with hers, he bid them fall behind and follow his flambeau.

Macpherson says that she drew the curtains close (because of her dress, no doubt) the moment I had left her, after seeing her in the chair.

The fellows, thus prepossessed and instructed, speeded away without stopping for our chairs. Yet my cousin must have heard me give that direction.

They had carried her a great way before she called out, and then she called three times before they would hear her; at the third time they stopped, and her servant asked her commands. "Where am I, William?"—"Just at home, madam," answered he.—"Surely you have taken a strange, roundabout way."—"We are come about," said the rascal, "on purpose to avoid the crowd of chairs and coaches."

They proceeded onwards, and were joined by three men, as Wilson had told them they would; but they fancied one of them to be a gentleman, for he was muffled up in a cloak and had a silver-hilted sword in his hand; but he spake not. He gave no directions, and all three kept aloof, that they might not be seen by her.

At Marybone she again called out. "William, William," said she with vehemence, "the Lord have mercy upon me! Where are you going to carry me? Chairmen, stop! Stop, chairmen! Set me down!—William!—Call my servant, chairmen!"

Dear soul! Her servant! Her devil!

The chairmen called him. They lifted up the head. The side-curtains were still drawn, and M'Dermot stood so close that she could not see far before her. "Did you not tell me," said the villain to them, "that it was not far about? See how you have frightened my lady! Madam, we are now almost at home."

They proceeded with her, saying they had indeed mistaken their way, but they were just there, and hurried on.

She then undrew the side-curtains. "Good God of heaven, protect me!" they heard her say. "I am in the midst of fields." They were then at Lissom Green.

They heard her pray, and Macpherson said he began then to conclude that the lady was too much frightened and too pious to be in a love-plot.

But, nevertheless, beckoned by their villainous guide, they hurried on, and then she screamed out, and happening to see one of the three men, she begged his help for God's sake.

The fellow blustered at the chairmen and bid them stop. She asked for Grosvenor Street. She was to be carried, she said, to Grosvenor Street.

She was just there, that fellow said. "It can't be, sir, it can't be! Don't I see fields all about me? I am in the midst of fields, sir."

"Grosvenor Square, madam," replied that villain—"the trees and garden of Grosvenor Square."

"What a strange way have you come about," cried her miscreant, and then trod out his flambeau, while another fellow took the chairmen's lantern from them, and they had only a little glimmering star-light to guide them.

She then, poor dear soul, screamed so dismally that Macpherson said it went to his heart to hear her. But they following Wilson, who told them they were just landed—that was his word—he led them up a long garden-walk by a back way. One of the three men, having got before, opened the garden-door, and held it in his hand, and by the time they got to the house to which the garden seemed to belong the dear creature ceased screaming.

They too well saw the cause when they stopped with her. She was in a fit.

Two women, by the assistance of the person in the cloak, helped her out, with great seeming tenderness. They said

something in praise of her beauty, and expressed themselves concerned for her, as if they were afraid she was past recovery, which apparently startled the man in the cloak.

Wilson entered the house with those who carried in the dear creature, but soon came out to the chairmen. They saw the man in the cloak (who hung about the villain and hugged him, as in joy) give the rascal money, who then put a guinea into each of their hands, and conveyed them through the garden again to the door at which they entered, but refused them light, even so much as that of their own candle and lantern. However, he sent another man with them, who led them over rough and dirty by-ways into a path that pointed London-ward, but plainly so much about, with design to make it difficult for them to find out the place again.

. . . . .  
The other fellow is brought hither. He tells exactly the same story.

I asked of both what sort of a man he in the cloak was : but he so carefully muffled himself up, and so little appeared to them, either walking after them or at the house, that I could gain no light from their description.

On their promise to be forthcoming I have suffered them to go with Lady Betty's chairmen to try if they can trace out their own footsteps and find the place.

How many hopeless things must a man do in an exigence who knows not what is right to be done !

. . . . .  
I have inquired of Lady Betty who it was that told her Mr. Greville was not gone out of town, but intended to lie perdue, and she named her informant. I asked how the discourse came in. She owned a little awkwardly. I asked whether that lady knew Mr. Greville. She could not say whether she did or not.



I went to that lady, Mrs. Preston, in New Bond Street. She had her intelligence, she told me, from Sir Hargrave Pollexfen, who had hinted to her that he should take such notice of Mr. Greville as might be attended with consequences; and she was the readier to intimate this to Lady Betty, in order to prevent mischief.

Now, Mr. Selby, as the intimation that the dark-lantern figure at the masquerade was Mr. Greville came from Sir Hargrave and nobody else, and we saw nothing of him ourselves, how do we know? And yet Mr. Greville intended that we should believe him to be out of town. Yet even that intimation came from Sir Hargrave, and furthermore, was it not likely that he would take as much care to conceal himself from Sir Hargrave as from us? But I will go instantly to Sir Hargrave's house. He was to dine at home and with company. If I cannot see him, if he should be absent—but no more till I return.

Oh, Mr. Selby, I believe I have wronged Mr. Greville. The dear soul, I am afraid, is fallen into even worse hands than his.

I went to Sir Hargrave's house. He was not at home; he was at home; he had company with him; he was not to be spoken with—these were the different answers given me by his porter, with as much confusion as I had impatience; and yet it was evident to me that he had his lesson given him. In short, I have reason to think that Sir Hargrave came not home all night. The man in the cloak, I doubt, was he. Now does all that Sir John Allestree said of the malicious wickedness of this devilish man, and his arrogant behaviour to our dear Miss Byron on her rejecting him come fresh into my memory. And is she, can she be fallen into the power of such a man? Rather, much rather, may my first surmises prove true. Greville is surely (exceptionable as he is) a better man, at least a better-natured man, than this,

and he can have no thoughts less honourable than marriage ; but this villain, if he be the villain—I cannot, I dare not pursue the thought.

The four chairmen are just returned. They think they have found the place, but having gained some intelligence (intelligence which distracts me!) they hurried back for directions.

They had asked a neighbouring alehouse keeper if there were not a long garden (belonging to the house they suspected) and a back-door out of it to a dirty lane and fields. He answered in the affirmative. The front of this house faces the road.

They called for some hot liquors, and asked the landlord after the owners. He knew nothing of harm of them, he said. They had lived there near a twelvemonth in reputation. The family consisted of a widow whose name is Awberry, her son, and two daughters. The son (a man of about thirty years of age) has a place in the Custom House, and only came down on a Saturday and went up on Monday. But an odd circumstance, he said, had alarmed him that very morning.

He was at first a little shy of telling what it was. He loved, he said, to mind his own business—what other people did was nothing to him ; but at last he told them that about six o'clock in the morning he was waked by the trampling of horses, and, looking out of his window, saw a chariot and six, and three or four men on horseback, at the widow Awberry's door. He got up. The footmen and coachmen were very hush, not calling for a drop of liquor, though his doors were open—a rare instance, he said, where there were so many men-servants together, and a coachman one of them. This, he said, could not but give a greater edge to his curiosity.

About seven o'clock one of the widow's daughters came to the door with a lighted candle in her hand, and directed

the chariot to drive up close to the house. The alehouse keeper then slipped into an arbour-like porch, next door to the widow's, where he had not been three minutes before he saw two persons come to the door, the one a tall gentleman in laced clothes, who had his arms about the other—a person of middling stature, wrapped up in a scarlet cloak, and resisting, as one in great distress, the other's violence, and begging not to be put into the chariot, in a voice and accent that evidently showed it was a woman.

The gentleman made vehement protestations of honour, but lifted the lady into the chariot. She struggled, and seemed to be in agonies of grief; and on being lifted in, and the gentleman going in after her, she screamed out for help; and he observed in the struggling that she had on, under her cloak, a silver-laced habit (the masquerade habit, no doubt). Her screaming grew fainter and fainter, and her voice sounded to him as if her mouth were stopped, and the gentleman seemed to speak high, as if he threatened her.

Away drove the chariot. The servants rode after it.

In about half-an-hour a coach and four came to the widow's door: the widow and her two daughters went into it, and it took the same road.

The alehouse keeper had afterwards the curiosity to ask the maid-servant, an ignorant country wench, whither her mistresses went so early in the morning. She answered they were gone to Windsor, or that way, and would not return, she believed, in a week.

Oh, this damned Sir Hargrave! he has a house upon the Forest. I have no doubt but he is the villain. Who knows what injuries she might have sustained before she was forced into the chariot? God give me patience! Dear soul! Her prayers! her struggling! her crying out for help! her mouth stopped! Oh, the villain!

I have ordered as many men and horses as two of my friends can furnish me with, to be added to two of my own

(we shall be nine in all), to get ready with all speed. I will pursue the villain to the world's end, but I will find him.

Our first course shall be to his house at Windsor. If we find him not there we will proceed to that Bagenhall's, near Reading.

It would be but losing time were I to go now to Paddington. And when the vile widow and her daughters are gone from home, and only an ignorant wench left, what can we learn of her more than is already told us?

I have, however, accepted Lady Betty's offer of her steward's going with the two chairmen to get what farther intelligence he can from Paddington against my return.

I shall take what I have written with me to form from it a letter less hurrying, less alarming, for your perusal than this—that I have written at such snatches of time, and under such dreadful uncertainties—would be to you, were I to send it, that is to say, if I have time and if I am able to write with any certainty. Oh that dreaded certainty!

At four in the morning the six men I borrow, and myself and two of my servants, well armed, are to rendezvous at Hyde Park Corner. It is grievous that another night must pass, but so many people cannot be got together as two or three might.

My poor wife has made me promise to take the assistance of peace-officers, wherever I find either the villain or the suffering angel.

Where the road parts we shall divide, and inquire at every turnpike, and shall agree upon our places of meeting.

I am harassed to death, but my mind is the greatest sufferer.

Oh, my dear Mr. Selby, we have tidings! God be praised, we have tidings—not so happy indeed as were to be wished,

yet the dear creature is living, and in honourable hands. God be praised!

Read the enclosed letter directed to me.

*"Friday, February 17.*

"SIR,—Miss Byron is in safe and honourable hands.

"The first moment she could give any account of herself she besought me to quiet your heart and your lady's with this information.

"She has been cruelly treated.

"Particulars, at present, she cannot give.

"She was many hours speechless.

"But don't fright yourselves: her fits, though not less frequent, are weaker and weaker.

"The bearer will acquaint you who my brother is, to whom you owe the preservation and safety of the loveliest woman in England; and he will direct you to a house where you will be welcome with your lady (for Miss Byron cannot be removed), to convince yourselves that all possible care is taken of her by, sir,

"Your humble Servant,

"CHARLOTTE GRANDISON."

In fits!—Has been cruelly treated!—Many hours speechless!—Cannot be removed!—Her solicitude, though hardly herself, for our ease!—Dearest dear creature! But you will rejoice with me, my cousins, that she is in such honourable hands.

What I have written must now go. I have no time to transcribe.

I have sent to my two friends to let them know that I shall not have occasion for their people's assistance.

She is at a nobleman's house, the Earl of L., near Colnebrook.

My wife, harassed and fatigued in mind, as she has been

on this occasion, and poorly in health, wanted to go with me; but it is best first for me to see how the dear creature is.

I shall set out before day on horseback. My servant shall carry with him a portmanteau of things ordered by my wife. My cousin must have made a strange appearance in her masquerade dress to her deliverer.

The honest man who brought the letter (he looks remarkably so, but had he a less agreeable countenance he would have been received by us as an angel for his happy tidings) was but just returned from Windsor, whither he had been sent early in the morning to transact some business, when he was despatched away to us with the welcome letter. He could not therefore be so particular as we wished him. What he gathered was from the housekeeper, the men-servants, who were in the fray (a fray there was), being gone to town with their master. But what we learnt from him is briefly as follows:—

His master is Sir Charles Grandison, a gentleman who has not been long in England. I have often heard mention of his father, Sir Thomas, who died not long ago. This honest man knew not when to stop in his master's praise. He gives his young lady also an excellent character.

Sir Charles was going to town in his chariot and six when he met (most happily met!) our distressed cousin.

Sir Hargrave is the villain!

I am heartily sorry for suspecting Mr. Greville.

Sir Charles had earnest business in town, and he proceeded thither after he had rescued the dear creature and committed her to the care of his sister. God for ever bless him!

The vile Sir Hargrave, as the servant understood, was wounded. Sir Charles, it seems, was also hurt. Thank God, it was so slightly as not to hinder him from pursuing his journey to town after the glorious act.

I would have given the honest man a handsome gratuity, but he so earnestly besought me to excuse him, declaring that he was under an obligation to the most generous of masters to decline all gifts, that I was obliged to withdraw my hand.

I will speed this away by Richard Fennell. I will soon send you farther particulars by the post—not unhappy ones, I hope.

Excuse, meantime, all that is amiss in a letter the greatest part of which was written in such dreadful uncertainty, and believe that I will be ever yours,

ARCHIBALD REEVES.

LETTERS XXVI.—XXVIII. *are also from Mr. Reeves to Mr. Selby, and give an account of his visiting Harriet at Sir Charles Grandison's, of her deplorable state at first, of the kindness of the Grandisons, of her recovery, and of her safe return to the writer's house in town.*

## LETTER XXIX [i]

MISS BYRON TO MISS SELBY

*Monday, February 20.*

It is again given me to write to you, my Lucy, and in you to all my revered friends—to write with cheerfulness—to call upon you all to rejoice with me. God be praised!

What dangers have I escaped! How have my head and my heart been affected! I dare not as yet think of the anguish you all endured for me.

With what wretched levity did I conclude my last letter! Giddy creature that I was—vain and foolish.

But let me begin my sad story. Your impatience all this while must be too painful. Only let me promise that, gaily as I boasted when I wrote to you so conceitedly, as it might seem, of my dress and of conquests, and I know not what nonsense, I took no pleasure at the place in the shoals of fools that swam after me. I despised myself and them. Despised!—I was shocked at both.

Two Lucifers were among them ; but the worst, the very worst Lucifer of all, appeared in a harlequin dress. He hopped and skipped and played the fool about me, and at last told me he knew Miss Byron, and that he was, as he called himself, the despised, the rejected Sir Hargrave Pollexfen.

He behaved, however, with complaisance, and I had no apprehension of what I was to suffer from his villainy.

Mr. Reeves has told you that he saw me into the chair provided for me by my vile new servant. Oh, my Lucy! One branch of my vanity is entirely lopped off. I must pretend to some sort of skill in physiognomy. Never more will I for this fellow's sake presume to depend on my judgment of people's hearts framed from their countenances.

Mr. Reeves has told you everything about the chair and the chairmen. How can I describe the misgivings of my heart when I first began to suspect treachery! But when I undrew the curtains, and found myself farther deluded by another false heart, whose help I implored, and in the midst of fields, and soon after the lights put out, I pierced the night air with my screams till I could scream no more. I was taken out in fits, and when I came a little to my senses I found myself on a bed, three women about me—one at my head, holding a bottle to my nose, my nostrils sore with hartshorn and a strong smell of burnt feathers, but no man near me.

“Where am I?” “Who are you, madam?” “And who are you?” “Where am I?” were the questions I first asked.



The women were a mother and two daughters. The mother answered, "You are not in bad hands."

"God grant you say truth," said I.

"No harm is intended you, only to make you one of the happiest of women. We would not be concerned in a bad action."

"I hope not, I hope not ; let me engage your pity, madam. You seem to be a mother : these young gentlewomen, I presume, are your daughters. Save me from ruin, I beseech you, madam ; save me from ruin as you would your daughters."

"These young women are my daughters. They are sober and modest women. No ruin is intended you. One of the richest and noblest men in England is your admirer : he dies for you. He assures me that he intends honourable marriage to you. You are not engaged, he says, and you must, and you shall be his. You may save murder, madam, if you consent. He resolves to be the death of any lover whom you encourage."

"This must be the vile contrivance of Sir Hargrave Pollexfen," immediately cried I out. "Is it not ? Is it not ? Tell me ; I *beg* of you to tell me."

I arose and sat on the bedside, and at that moment in came the vile, vile Sir Hargrave.

I screamed out. He threw himself at my feet. I reclined my head on the bosom of the elderly person, and by hartshorn and water they had much ado to keep me out of a fit. Had he not withdrawn, had he kept in my sight I should certainly have fainted. But holding up my head, and seeing only the women, I revived, and began to pray, to beg, to offer rewards if they would facilitate my escape or procure my safety, but then came in again the hated man.

"I beg of you, Miss Byron," said he, with an air of greater haughtiness than before, "to make yourself easy, and hear what I have to say. It is in your own choice, in your

own power, to be what you please, and to make me what you please. Do not therefore needlessly terrify yourself. You see I am a determined man. Ladies, you may withdraw——”

“Not and leave me here.” And as they went out I pushed by the mother and between the daughters, and followed the foremost into the parlour, and then sunk down on my knees, wrapping my arms about her. “Oh, save me, save me,” said I.

The vile wretch entered. I left her, and kneeled to him. I knew not what I did. “I remember,” I said, wringing my hands. “If you have mercy, if you have compassion, let me now—now, I beseech you, sir—this moment, experience your mercy.”

He gave them some motion, I suppose, to withdraw, for by that time the widow and the other daughter were in the parlour, and they all three retired.

“I have besought you, madam, and on my knees too, to show me mercy ; but none would you show me, inexorable Miss Byron. Kneel if you will ; in your turn kneel, supplicate, pray—you cannot be more in earnest than I was. Now are the tables turned.”

“Barbarous man !” said I, rising from my knees. My spirit was raised, but it as instantly subsided. “I beseech you, Sir Hargrave,” in a quite frantic way wringing my hands and coming near him, and then running to the window and then to the door (without meaning to go out at either, had they been open, for whither could I go ?), and then again to him—“be not, I beseech you, Sir Hargrave, cruel to me. I never was cruel to anybody. You know I was civil to you—I was very civil——”

“Yes, yes, and very determined. You called me no names. I call you none, Miss Byron. You were very civil. Hitherto I have not been uncivil. But remember, madam—but, sweet and ever-adorable creature,” and he clasped his arms

about me, "your very terror is beautiful. I can enjoy your



*Running to the window and then to the door.*

terror, madam"—and the savage would have kissed me. My

averted head frustrated his intention, and at his feet I besought him not to treat the poor creature whom he had so vilely betrayed with indignity.

"I don't hit your fancy, madam."

"Can you be a malicious man, Sir Hargrave?"

"You don't like my morals, madam."

"And is this the way, Sir Hargrave?—are these the means you take to convince me that I ought to like them?"

"Well, madam, you shall prove the mercy in me you would not show. You shall see that I cannot be a malicious man, a revengeful man; and yet you have raised my pride. You shall find me a moral man."

"Then, Sir Hargrave, will I bless you from the bottom of my heart."

"But you know what will justify me in every eye for the steps I have taken. Be mine, madam. Be legally mine. I offer you my honest hand. Consent to be Lady Pollexfen—no punishment, I hope—or take the consequence."

"What, sir! justify by so poor, so very poor a compliance, steps that you have so basely taken! Take my life, sir; but my hand and my heart are my own—they never shall be separated."

I arose from my knees, trembling, and threw myself upon the window-seat and wept bitterly.

He came to me. I looked on this side and on that, wishing to avoid him.

"You cannot fly, madam. You are securely mine: and mine still more securely you shall be. Don't provoke me; don't make me desperate. By all that's good and holy——"

He cast his eyes at my feet, then at my face, then threw himself at my feet, and embraced my knees with his odious arms.

I was terrified. I screamed. In ran one of the daughters. "Good sir! pray, sir! Did not you say you would be honourable?"

Her mother followed her in. "Sir, sir ! In my house——"

Thank God, thought I, the people here are better than I had reason to apprehend they were. But, oh ! my Lucy, they seemed to believe that marriage would make amends for every outrage.

Here let me conclude this letter. I have a great deal more to say.

### LETTER XXX [i]

MISS BYRON. IN CONTINUATION

"WHAT a plague," said the wretch to the woman, "do you come in for? I thought you knew your own sex better than to mind a woman's squalling. They are always ready," said the odious fellow, "to put us in mind of the occasion we ought to give them for crying out. I have not offered the least rudeness——"

"I hope not, sir. I hope my house—so sweet a creature——"

"Dear, blessed, blessed woman" (frantic with terror and mingled joy to find myself in better hands than I expected—standing up and then sitting down, I believe, at every sentence), "protect me ! save me ! be my advocate ! Indeed I have not deserved this treacherous treatment. Indeed I am a good sort of creature" (I scarce knew what I said). "All my friends love me : they will break their hearts if any misfortune befall me. They are all good people ; you would love them dearly if you knew them. Sir Hargrave may have better and richer wives than I. Pray prevail upon him to spare me to my friends for their sake. I will forgive him for all he has done."

"Nay, dear lady ; if Sir Hargrave will make you his lawful and true wife there can be no harm done, surely."

"I will, I will, Mrs. Awberry," said he. "I have promised and I will perform. But if she stand in her own light—she expects nothing from my morals. If she stand in her own light——" and looked fiercely.

"God protect me!" said I; "God protect me!"

"The gentleman is without, sir," said the woman. Oh, how my heart at that moment seemed to be at my throat. What gentleman? thought I. Some one come to save me? Oh, no!

And instantly entered the most horrible-looking clergyman that I ever beheld.

This, as near as I can recollect, in his description: A vast, tall, big-boned, splay-footed man; a shabby gown, as shabby a wig, a huge, red, pimply face, and a nose that hid half of it when he looked on one side, and he seldom looked fore-right when I saw him. He had a dog's-eared Common Prayer Book in his hand, which once had been gilt; opened—horrid sight!—at the page of matrimony.

Yet I was so intent upon making a friend when a man, a clergyman, appeared, that I heeded not at his entrance his frightful visage, as I did afterwards. I pushed by Sir Hargrave, turning him half round with my vehemence, and made Mrs. Awberry totter; and throwing myself at the clergyman's feet, "Man of God," said I, my hands clasped and held up, "man of God! Gentleman! Worthy man!—a good clergyman must be all this—if ever you had children save a poor creature, basely tricked away from all her friends, innocent, thinking no harm to anybody! I would not hurt a worm. I love everybody. Save me from violence. Give not your aid to sanctify a base action."

The man snuffed his answer through his nose. When he opened his pouched mouth the tobacco hung about his great yellow teeth. He squinted upon me and took my clasped hands, which were buried in his huge hand. "Rise, madam. Kneel not to me. No harm is intended you.

One question only: Who is that gentleman before me in the silver-laced clothes? What is his name?"

"He is Sir Hargrave Pollexfen, sir—a wicked, a very wicked man, for all he looks so."

The vile wretch stood smiling, and enjoying my distress.

"Oh, madam! A very hon-our-able man," bowing like a sycophant to Sir Hargrave.

"And who, pray, madam, are you? What is your name?"

"Harriet Byron, sir—a poor innocent creature" (looking at my dress), "though I make such a vile appearance. Good sir, your pity!" And I sunk down again at his feet.

"Of Northamptonshire, madam? You are a single woman—your uncle's name——"

"Is Selby, sir. A very good man. I will reward you, sir, as the most grateful heart."

"All is fair; all is above-board; all is as it was represented. I am above bribes, madam. You will be the happiest of women before daybreak. Good people!" The three women advanced.

Then I saw what an ugly wretch he was.

Sir Hargrave advanced. The two horrid creatures raised me between them. Sir Hargrave took my struggling hand, and then I saw another ill-looking man enter the room, who I suppose was to give me to the hated man.

"Dearly beloved," began to read the snuffling monster.

Oh, my Lucy. Does not your heart ache for your Harriet? Mine has seemed to turn over and over, round and round, I don't know how, at the recital. It was ready to choke me at the time.

I must break off for a few minutes.

## LETTER XXXI [i]

MISS BYRON. IN CONTINUATION

I WAS again like one frantic. "Read no more," said I, and in my frenzy dashed the book out of the minister's hand, if a minister he was. "I beg your pardon, sir," said I, "but you must read no further. I am basely betrayed hither. I cannot, I will not be his."

"Proceed, proceed," said Sir Hargrave, taking my hand by force; "virago as she is, I will own her for my wife. Are you the gentle, the civil Miss Byron, madam?" looking sneeringly in my face.

Alas! my Lucy, I was no virago; I was in a perfect frenzy, but it was not an unhappy frenzy, since in all probability it kept me from falling into fits—and fits, the villain had said, should not save me.

"Dearly beloved," again snuffed the wretch. Oh, my Lucy, I shall never love these words. How many odious circumstances invert the force of the kindest words. Sir Hargrave still detained my struggling hand.

I stamped and threw myself to the length of my arm, as he held my hand. "No 'dearly beloved's,'" said I. I was just beside myself. What to say, what to do I knew not.

The cruel wretch laughed at me. "No 'dearly beloved's,'" repeated he; "very comical, 'faith,'" and laughed again, "but proceed, proceed, doctor."

"We are gathered together here in the sight of God," read he on.

This affected me still more. "I adjure you, sir," to the minister, "by that God in whose sight you read we are gathered together, that you proceed no further. I adjure you, Sir Hargrave, in the same tremendous name, that



you stop further proceedings. My life take ; with all my



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*I stamped and threw myself to the length of my arm, as he held my hand.*

heart take my life ; but my hand never, never will I join with yours."

"Proceed, doctor; doctor, pray proceed," said the vile Sir Hargrave. "When the day dawns she will be glad to own her marriage."

"Proceed at your peril, sir," said I. "If you are really and truly a minister of that God whose presence what you have read supposes, do not proceed; do not make me desperate. Madam," turning to the widow, "you are a mother, and have given me room to hope you are a good woman. Look upon me as if I were one of those daughters whom I see before me. Could you see one of them thus treated? Dear young women," turning to each, "can you unconcernedly look on and see a poor creature tricked, betrayed, and thus violently, basely treated and not make my case your own? Speak for me. Plead for me. Be my advocates. Each of you, if ye are women, plead for me as you would yourselves wish to be pleaded for in my circumstances, and were thus barbarously used!"

The young women wept. The mother was moved.

I wonder I kept my head. My brain was on fire.

Still, still the unmoved Sir Hargrave cried out, "Proceed, proceed, doctor; to-morrow, before noon, all will be as it should be."

The man who stood aloof (the sliest, sodden-faced creature I ever saw) came nearer. "To the question, doctor, and to my part, if you please. Am not I her father? To the question, doctor, if you please. The gentlewoman will prepare her for what is to follow."

"O thou man! of heart the most obdurate and vile. And will ye," looking at every person, one hand held up (for still the vile man griped the other quite benumbed hand in his iron paw), and adjuring each, "will ye see this violence done to a poor young creature? A soul, gentlewomen, you may have to answer for. I can die. Never, never will I be his."

"Let us women talk to the lady by ourselves, Sir Hargrave. Pray, your honour, let us talk to her by ourselves."

"Ay, ay, ay," said the parson, "by all means. Let the ladies talk to one another, sir. She may be brought to consider."

He let go my hand. The widow took it, and was leading me out of the room. "Not upstairs, I hope, madam?" said I.

"You shan't, then," said she. "Come, Sally; come, Deb; let us women go out together."

They led me into a little room adjoining to the parlour; and then, my spirits subsiding, I thought I should have fainted away. I had more hartshorn and water poured down my throat.

When they had brought me a little to myself they pleaded with me Sir Hargrave's great estate. What are riches to me? Dirt, dirt, dirt! I hate them. They cannot purchase peace of mind. I want not riches.

They pleaded his honourable love, I my invincible aversion.

He was a handsome man—the most odious in my eyes of the human species. Never, never should my consent be had to sanctify such a baseness.

My danger! and that they should not be able to save me from worse treatment.

"How? Not able? Ladies, madam, is not this your own house? Cannot you raise a neighbourhood? Have you no neighbours? A thousand pounds will I order to be paid into your hands for a present before the week is out; I pledge my honour for the payment if you will but save me from a violence that no worthy woman can see offered to a distressed young creature! A thousand pounds! Dear ladies! Only to save me, and see me safe to my friends!"

The wretches in the next room no doubt heard all that passed. In at that moment came Sir Hargrave. "Mrs. Awberry," said he, with a visage swelled with malice, "young ladies, we keep you up, we disturb you. Pray retire to your

own rest; leave me to talk with this perverse woman. She is mine."

"Pray, Sir Hargrave," said Mrs. Awberry.

"Leave her to me, I say. Miss Byron, you shall be mine. Your Grevilles, madam, your Fenwicks, your Ormes—when they know the pains and the expense I have been at to secure you, shall confess me their superior—shall confess——"

"In wickedness, in cruelty, sir, you are every man's superior."

"You talk of cruelty, Miss Byron! triumphing over scores of prostrate lovers, madam! You remember your treatment of me, madam—kneeling like an abject wretch at your feet! Kneeling for pity! But no pity could touch your heart, madam. Ungrateful, proud girl! Yet am I not humbling you. Take notice of that: I am not humbling you; I am proposing to exalt you, madam."

"Vile, vile debasement," said I.

"To exalt Miss Byron into Lady Pollexfen! And yet if you hold not out your hand to me——"

He would have snatched my hand. I put it behind me. He would have snatched the other. I put that behind me too, and the vile wretch would then have kissed my undefended neck, but with both my hands I pushed his audacious forehead from me. "Charming creature" he called me, with passion in his look and accent; then, "cruel, proud, ungrateful," and swore by his Maker that if I would not give my hand instantly, instead of exalting me he would humble me. "Ladies, pray withdraw," said he. "Leave her to me: either Lady Pollexfen or what I please," rearing himself proudly up. "She may be happy if she will. Leave her to me."

"Pray, sir," said the youngest of the two daughters, and wept for me.

"Greatly hurt, indeed, to be the wife of a man of my fortune and consequence! But leave her to me, I say. I will soon bring down her pride. What a devil am I to creep,

beg, pray, entreat—and only for a wife! But, madam,” said the insolent wretch, “you will be mine upon easier terms, perhaps.”

“Madam, pray, madam,” said the widow to me, “consider what you are about, and whom you refuse. Can you have a handsomer man? Can you have a man of a greater fortune? Sir Hargrave means nothing but what is honourable. You are in his power——”

“In his power, madam!” returned I. “I am in yours. You are mistress of this house. I claim the protection of it. Have you not neighbours? Your protection I put myself under.” Then clasping my arms about her, “Lock me from him till you can have help to secure to you the privilege of your own house, and deliver me safe to my friends, and I will share my fortune with your two daughters.”

The wicked man took the mother and youngest daughter each by her hand, after he had disengaged the former from my clasping arms, and led them to the door. The elder followed them of her own accord. They none of them struggled against going. I begged, prayed, besought them not to go, and when they did would have thrust myself out with them; but the wretch in shutting them out squeezed me dreadfully, as I was half in, half out; and my nose gushed out with blood.

I screamed; he seemed frightened; but instantly recovering myself—“So, so, you have done your worst. You have killed me, I hope.” I was out of breath, my stomach was very much pressed, and one of my arms was bruised. I have the marks still, for he clapped to the door with violence, not knowing, to do him justice, that I was so forward in the doorway.

I was in dreadful pain; I talked half wildly, I remember. I threw myself in a chair. “So, so, you have killed me, I hope. Well, now I hope, now I hope you are satisfied. Now may you moan over the poor creature you have destroyed,” for he expressed great tenderness and consternation; and I,

for my part, felt such pains in my bosom that, having never felt such before, I really thought I was bruised to death, repeating my foolish "So, so. But I forgive you," said I. "Only, sir, call to the gentlewomen, sir. Retire, sir. Let me have my own sex only about me." My head swam, my eyes failed me, and I fainted quite away.

## LETTER XXXII [i]

MISS BYRON. IN CONTINUATION

I UNDERSTOOD afterwards that he was in the most dreadful consternation. He had fastened the door upon me and himself, and for a few moments was not enough present to himself to open it. Yet crying out upon his God to have mercy upon him, and running about the room, the women hastily rapped at the door. Then he ran to it, opened it, cursed himself, and besought them to recover me, if possible.

They said I had death in my face ; they lamented over me. My nose had done bleeding, but, careful of his own safety in the midst of his terror, he took my bloody handkerchief. If I did not recover, he said, that should not appear against him ; and he hasted into the next room and thrust it into the fire, by which were sitting, it seems, the minister and his helper, over some burnt brandy.

"Oh, gentlemen," cried the wretch, "nothing can be done to-night. Take this ;" and gave them money. "The lady is in a fit. I wish you well home."

The younger daughter reported this to me afterwards and what follows. They had desired the maid, it seems, to bring them more firing and a jug of ale, and they would sit in the chimney-corner, they said, till peep of day ; but the same young woman, who was taken off from her errand to assist

me, finding me, as they all thought, not likely to recover, ran in to them, and declared that the lady was dead, certainly dead. "And what," said she, "will become of us all?" This terrified the two men. They said it was then time for them to be gone. Accordingly, taking each of them another dram, they snatched up their hats and sticks, and away they hurried, hoping, the doctor said, that, as they were innocent, and only meant to serve the gentleman, their names, whatever happened, would not be called in question.

When I came a little to myself I found the three women only with me. I was in a cold sweat, all over shivering. There was no fire in that room. They led me into the parlour which the two men had quitted, and sat me down in an elbow-chair, for I could hardly stand or support myself, and chafed my temples with Hungary water.

Wretched creatures men of this cast, my Lucy, thus to sport with the healths and happiness of poor creatures whom they pretend to love. I am afraid I never shall be what I was. At times I am very sensible at my stomach of this violent squeeze.

The mother and elder sister left me soon after and went to Sir Hargrave. I can only guess at the result of their deliberations by what followed.

The younger sister, with compassionate frankness, answered all my questions, and let me know all the above particulars; yet she wondered that I could refuse so handsome and so rich a man as Sir Hargrave.

She boasted much of their reputation. Her mother would not do an ill thing, she said, for the world; and she had a brother who had a place in the Custom House, and was as honest a man, though she said it, as any in it. She owned that she knew my vile servant, and praised his fidelity to the masters he had served in such high terms as if she thought all duties were comprised in that one of obeying his principals, right or wrong. Mr. William, she said, was a pretty man, a

genteel man, and she believed he was worth money, and she was sure would make an excellent husband. I soon found that the simple girl was in love with this vile, this specious fellow. She could not bear to hear me hint anything in his disfavour, as, by way of warning to her, I would have done; but she was sure Mr. William was a downright honest man, and that if he were guilty of any bad thing it was by command of those to whom he owed duty; "and they are to be answerable for that, you know, madam."

We were broke in upon as I was intending to ask more questions (for I find this Wilson was the prime agent in all this mischief), when the elder sister called out the younger, and instantly came in Sir Hargrave.

He took a chair and sat down by me, one leg thrown over the knee of the other, his elbow upon that knee, and his hand supporting his bowed down head, biting his lips, looking at me, then from me, then at me again, five or six times, as in malice.

"Ill-natured, spiteful, moody wretch," thought I (trembling at his strange silence after such hurt as he had done me, and what I had endured, and still felt in my stomach and arm); "what an odious creature thou art."

At last I broke silence. I thought I would be as mild as I could, and not provoke him to do me farther mischief. "Well have you done, Sir Hargrave (have you not?), to commit such a violence upon a poor young creature that never did nor thought you evil?"

I paused. He was silent.

"What distraction have you given to my poor cousin Reeves's. How my heart bleeds for them!"

I stopped. He was still silent.

"I hope, sir, you are sorry for the mischief you have done me, and for the pain you have given to my friends. I hope, sir——"

"Cursed!" said he.



I stopped, thinking he would go on ; but he said no more, only changing his posture and then resuming it.

"These people, sir, seem to be honest people. I hope you designed only to terrify me. Your bringing me into no worse company is an assurance to me that you meant better than——"

"Devils all !" interrupted he.

I thought he was going on, but he grinned, shook his head, and then again reclined it upon his hand.

"I forgive you, sir, the pain you have given me. But my friends—as soon as day breaks (and I hope that is not far off) I will get the women to let my cousin Reeves——"

Then up he started. "Miss Byron," said he, "you are a woman, a true woman," and held up his hand clenched. I knew not what to think of his intention.

"Miss Byron," proceeded he, after a pause, "you are the most consummate hypocrite that I ever knew in my life ; and yet I thought that the best of you all could fall into fits and swoonings whenever you pleased."

I was now silent. I trembled.

"Damn'd fool ! ass ! blockhead ! woman's fool ! I ought to be d—n'd for my credulous folly. I tell you, Miss Byron——" then he looked at me as if he were crazy, and walked two or three times about the room.

"To be dying one half-hour, and the next to look so provoking !"

I was still silent.

"I could curse myself for sending away the parson. I thought I had known something of women's tricks—but yet your arts, your hypocrisy shall not serve you, madam. What I failed in here shall be done elsewhere. By the great God of heaven it shall."

I wept. I could not then speak.

"Can't you go into fits again? Can't you?" said the

barbarian, with an air of a piece with his words, and using other words of the lowest reproach.

"God deliver me," prayed I to myself, "from the hands of this madman!"

I arose, and as the candle stood near the glass I saw in it my vile figure, in this abominable habit, to which, till then, I had paid little attention. Oh, how I scorned myself!

"Pray, Sir Hargrave," said I, "let me beg that you will not terrify me further. I will forgive you for all you have hitherto done, and place it to my own account, as a proper punishment for consenting to be thus marked for a vain and foolish creature. Your abuse, sir, give me leave to say, is low and unmanly, but in the light of a punishment I will own it to be all deserved; and let here my punishment end, and I will thank you, and forgive you with my whole heart."

"Your fate is determined, Miss Byron."

Just then came in a servant-maid with a capuchin, who whispered something to him, to which he answered, "That's well."

He took the capuchin—the maid withdrew—and approached me with it. I started, trembled, and was ready to faint. I caught hold of the back of the elbow-chair.

"Your fate is determined, madam," repeated the savage. "Here, put this on. Now fall into fits again. Put this on."

"Pray, Sir Hargrave——"

"And pray, Miss Byron. What has not been completed here shall be completed in a safer place, and that in my own way. Put this on, I tell you. Your compliance may yet befriend you."

"Where are the gentlewomen? Where are——"

"Gone to rest, madam.—John, Frank!" called he out.

In came two men-servants.

"Pray, Sir Hargrave—Lord, protect me!—pray, Sir Hargrave, where are the gentlewomen?—Lord, protect me!"

Then running to the door, against which one of the men stood—"Man, stand out of the way," said I. But he did not; he only bowed.

I cried out, "Mrs.—I forget your name; Miss—and t'other Miss—I forget your names—if you are good creatures, as I hoped you were——"

I called as loud as my fears would let me.

At last came in the elder sister. "Oh, madam! good young gentlewoman! I am glad you are come," said I.

"And so am I," said the wicked man. "Pray, Miss Sally, put on this lady's capuchin."

"Lord bless me! for why? for what? I have no capuchin."

I would not permit her to put it on, as she would have done.

The savage then wrapped his arms about mine, and made me so very sensible by his force of the pain I had had by the squeeze of the door, that I could not help crying out. The young woman put on the capuchin, whether I would or not.

"Now, Miss Byron," said he, "make yourself easy, or command a fit—it is all one: my end will be better served by the latter. Miss Sally, give orders."

She ran out with the candle. "Frank, give me the cloak," said Sir Hargrave.

The fellow had a red cloak on his arm. His barbarous master took it from him. "To your posts," said he.

The two men withdrew in haste. "Now, my dearest life," said he, with an air of insult, as I thought, "you command your fate if you are easy."

He threw the cloak about me.

I begged, prayed, would have kneeled to him, but all was in vain. The tiger-hearted man, as Mr. Greville had truly called him, muffled me up in it, and by force carried me through a long entry to the fore-door. There was ready a chariot and six, and that Sally was at the door with a lighted candle.

I called out to her. I called out for her mother, for the



*He threw the cloak about me.*

other sister. I besought him to let me say but six words to the widow.

But no widow was to appear, no younger sister—she was perhaps more tender-hearted than the elder; and in spite of all my struggles, prayers, resistance, he lifted me into the chariot.

Men on horseback were about it. I thought that Wilson was one of them, and so it proved. Sir Hargrave said to that fellow, "You know what tale to tell if you meet with impertinents;" and in he came himself.

I screamed. "Scream on, my dear," upbraidingly said he, and barbarously mocked me, imitating, low wretch! the bleating of a sheep. Could you not have killed him for this, my Lucy? Then rearing himself up, "Now am I lord of Miss Byron," exulted he.

Still I screamed for help, and he put his hand before my mouth, though vowing honour and such sort of stuff, and, with his unmanly roughness, made me bite my lip. And away lashed the coachman with your poor Harriet.

### LETTER XXXIII [i]

MISS BYRON. IN CONTINUATION

As the chariot drove by houses I cried out for help once or twice at setting out, but under pretence of preventing my taking cold he tied a handkerchief over my face, head, and mouth, having first muffled me up in the cloak, pressing against my arm with his whole weight, so that I had not my hands at liberty; and when he had done he seized them, and held them both in his left hand, while his right arm, thrown round me, kept me fast on the seat; and except that now and then my struggling head gave me a little opening, I was blinded.

But at one place on the road, just after I had screamed and made another effort to get my hands free, I heard voices,

and immediately the chariot stopped. Then how my heart was filled with hope! But, alas! it was momentary. I heard one of his men say (that Wilson, I believe), "The best of husbands, I assure you, sir; and she is the worst of wives."

I screamed again. "Ay, scream and be d—n'd," I heard said in a stranger's voice, "if that be the case. Poor gentleman! I pity him with all my heart." And immediately the coachman drove on again.

The vile wretch laughed. "That's you, my dear," and hugged me round—"you are the d—n'd wife." And again he laughed, "By my soul I am a charming contriver. Greville, Fenwick, Orme—where are you now? By my soul this will be a pretty story to tell when all your fears are over, my Byron."

I was ready to faint several times. I begged for air; and when we were in an open road, and I suppose there was nobody in sight, he vouchsafed to pull down the blinding handkerchief, but kept it over my mouth, so that, except now and then that I struggled it aside with my head (and my neck is still, my dear, very stiff with my efforts to free my face), I could only make a murmuring kind of noise.

The curtain of the fore-glass was pulled down, and generally the canvas on both sides drawn up, but I was sure to be made acquainted when we came near houses by his care again to blind and stifle me up.

A little before we were met by my deliverer I had, by getting one hand free, unmuffled myself so far as to see (as I had guessed once or twice before by the stone pavements) that we were going through a town, and then I again vehemently screamed. But he had the cruelty to thrust a handkerchief into my mouth, so that I was almost strangled; and my mouth was hurt, and is still sore with that and his former violence of the like nature.

Indeed he now and then made apologies for the cruelty to which, he said, he was compelled by my invincible obstinacy

to have recourse. I was sorely hurt, he said, to be the wife of a man of his consideration, but I should be that or worse. He was in for it (he said more than once) and must proceed. I might see that all my resistance was in vain. He had me in his net, and d—n him if he were not revenged for all the trouble I had given him. "You keep no terms with me, my Byron," said he once; "and d—n me if I keep any with you!"

I doubted not his malice—his love had no tenderness in it; but how could I think of being consenting as I may say to such barbarous usage, and by a man so truly odious to me? What a slave had I been in spirit could I have qualified on such villainous treatment as I had met with, or had I been able to desert myself!

At one place the chariot drove out of the road over rough ways and little hillocks, as I thought by its rocking, and then, it stopping, he let go my hands and endeavoured to soothe me. He begged I would be pacified, and offered, if I would forbear crying out for help, to leave my eyes unmuffled all the rest of the way. But I would not, I told him, give such a sanction to his barbarous violence.

On the chariot's stopping, one of his men came up and put a handkerchief into his master's hands, in which were some cakes and sweetmeats, and gave him also a bottle of sack with a glass. Sir Hargrave was very urgent with me to take some of the sweetmeats and to drink a glass of the wine, but I had neither stomach nor will to touch either.

He ate himself very cordially. God forgive me! I wished in my heart there were pins and needles in every bit he put into his mouth.

He drank two glasses of the wine. Again he urged me. I said I hoped I had ate and drank my last.

"You have no dependence upon my honour, madam," said the villain, "so cannot be disappointed much, do what I will." Ungrateful, proud, vain, obstinate he called me.

"What signifies?" said he, "showing politeness to a woman who has shown none to me, though she was civil to every other man? Ha, ha, ha, hah! What, my sweet Byron, I don't hit your fancy. You don't like my morals"—laughing again. "My lovely fly," said the insulting wretch, hugging me round in the cloak, "how prettily have I wrapped you about in my web."

Such a provoking low wretch! I struggled to free myself, and unhooked the curtain of the fore-glass, but he wrapped me about the closer, and said he would give me his garter for my girdle if I would not sit still and be orderly. "Ah, my charming Byron," said he, "your opportunity is over. All your struggles will not avail you—will not avail you. That's a word of your own, you know. I will, however, forgive you, if you promise to love me now. But if you stay till I get you to the allotted place—then, madam, take what follows."

I saw that I was upon a large, wild, heath-like place, between two roads as it seemed. I asked nothing about my journey's end. All I had to hope for as to an escape (though then I began to despair of it) was upon the road, or in some town. My journey's end, I knew, must be the beginning of new trials, for I was resolved to suffer death rather than to marry him. What I now was most apprehensive about was of falling into fits, and I answered to his barbarous insults as little as possible, that I might not be provoked beyond the little strength I had left me.

Three or four times he offered to kiss me, and cursed my pride for resisting him—making him clasp a cloud was his speech (aiming at wit), instead of his Juno—calling the cloak a cloud.

"And now, my dear Byron," said he, "if you will not come to a compromise with me I must dress you again for the journey. We will stop at a town a little further" (beckoning to one of his men, and, on his approaching, whispering to him, his whole body out of the chariot), "and there you shall



alight ; and a very worthy woman, to whom I shall introduce you, will persuade you, perhaps, to take refreshment, though I cannot."

"You are a very barbarous man, Sir Hargrave. I have the misfortune to be in your power. You may dearly repent the usage I have already received from you. You have made my life of no estimation with me. I will not contend."

The tears ran down my cheeks ; indeed, I thought my heart was broke.

He wrapped me up close, and tied the handkerchief about my mouth and head. I was quite passive.

The chariot had not many minutes got into the great road again, over the like rough and sometimes plashy ground, when it stopped on a dispute between the coachman and the coachman of another chariot and six, as it proved.

Sir Hargrave had but just drawn my handkerchief closer to my eyes when this happened. "Hinder not my tears from flowing," said I, struggling to keep my eyes free, the cloak enough muffling me, and the handkerchief being over my mouth, so that my voice could be but just heard by him, as I imagine.

He looked out of his chariot to see the occasion of this stop, and then I found means to disengage one hand.

I heard a gentleman's voice directing his own coachman to give way.

I then pushed up the handkerchief with my disengaged hand from my mouth, and pulled it down from over my eyes, and cried out for help—"Help, for God's sake !"

A man's voice (it was my deliverer's, as it happily proved) bid Sir Hargrave's coachman proceed at his peril.

Sir Hargrave, with terrible oaths and curses, ordered him to proceed, and to drive through all opposition.

The gentleman called Sir Hargrave by his name, and charged him with being upon a bad design.

The vile wretch said he had only secured a runaway wife,

eloped to, and intending to elope from, a masquerade, to her adulterer (horrid!). He put aside the cloak, and appealed to my dress.

I cried out, "No, no, no," five or six times repeated, but could say no more at that instant, holding up then both my disengaged hands for protection.

The wicked man endeavoured to muffle me up again, and to force the handkerchief, which I had then got under my chin, over my mouth, and brutally cursed me.

The gentleman would not be satisfied with Sir Hargrave's story. He would speak to me. Sir Hargrave called him impertinent and other names, and asked who the devil he was, with rage and contempt. The gentleman, however, asked me, and with an air that promised deliverance, if I were Sir Hargrave's wife.

"No, no, no, no," I could only say.

For my own part I could have no scruple, distressed as I was, and made desperate, to throw myself into the protection, and even into the arms, of my deliverer, though a very fine young gentleman. It would have been very hard had I fallen from bad to bad, had the sacred name of protector been abused by another Sir Hargrave, who would have had the additional crime of betraying a confidence to answer for. But, however this had proved, an escape from the present evil was all I had in my head at the time.

But you may better conceive than I can express the terror I was in when Sir Hargrave drew his sword, and pushed at the gentleman with such words as denoted (for I could not look that way) he had done him mischief. But when I found my oppressor—my low-meaning, and soon after low-laid oppressor—pulled out of the chariot by the brave, the gallant man (which was done with such force as made the chariot rock) and my protector safe, I was as near fainting with joy as before I had been with terror. I had shaken off the cloak and untied the handkerchief.



Chas Hammond  
22.9.95

*He put aside the cloak, and appealed to my dress.*

He carried me in his arms (I could not walk) to his own chariot.

I heard Sir Hargrave curse, swear, and threaten. I was glad, however, he was not dead.

"Mind him not, madam, fear him not," said Sir Charles Grandison—you know his noble name, my Lucy. "Coachman, drive not over your master ; take care of your master," or some such words he said as he lifted me into his own chariot. He came not in, but shut the chariot door as soon as he had seated me.

He just surveyed, as it were, the spot, and bid a servant let Sir Hargrave know who he was, and then came back to me.

Partly through terror, partly through weakness, I had sunk to the bottom of the chariot. He opened the door, entered, and with all the tenderness of a brother, soothed me, and lifted me on the seat once more. He ordered his coachman to drive back to Colnebrook. In accents of kindness he told me that he had there at present the most virtuous and prudent of sisters, to whose care he would commit me, and then proceed on his journey to town.

How irresistibly welcome to me was his supporting arm, thrown round me as we flew back, compared to that of the vile Sir Hargrave !

Mr. Reeves has given you an account from the angelic sister. Oh, my Lucy, they are a pair of angels.

I have written a long, long letter, or rather five letters in one, of my distresses, of my deliverance ; and, when my heart is stronger, I will say more of the persons as well as minds of this excellent brother and his sister.

But what shall I do with my gratitude? Oh, my dear, I am overwhelmed with my gratitude : I can only express it in silence before them. Every look, if it be honest to my heart, however, tells it ; reverence mingles with my gratitude. Yet there is so much ease, so much sweetness in the behaviour of both. Oh, my Lucy, did I not find that my

veneration of both is equal; did I not, on examination, find that the amiable sister is as dear to me, from her experienced tenderness, as her brother from his remembered bravery (which must needs mingle awe with my esteem); in short, that I love the sister and revere the brother—I should be afraid of my gratitude.

I have over-written myself. I am tired. Oh, my grand-mamma, you have never yet, while I have been in London, sent me your ever-valued blessing under your own hand; yet I am sure I had it; and your blessings, my dear uncle and aunt Selby; and your prayers, my Lucy, my Nancy, and all my loves; else my deliverance had not perhaps followed my presumptuous folly in going dressed out, like the fantastic wretch I appeared to be, at a vile, a foolish masquerade. How often, throughout the several stages of my distress, and even in my deliverance, did I turn my eye to myself, and from myself, and with the disgust that made a part, and that not a light one, of my punishment.

And so much, my Lucy, for masquerades and masquerade dresses for ever.

Pray let not anybody unnecessarily be acquainted with this shocking affair, particularly neither Mr. Greville nor Mr. Fenwick. It is very probable that they (especially Mr. Greville) would be for challenging Sir Hargrave, were it only on a supposition that it would give him an interest in me in the eye of the world. You know that Mr. Greville watches for all opportunities to give himself consequence with me.

Were any farther mischief to happen to anybody I should be grieved beyond measure. Hitherto I have reason to think that a transaction so shocking is not very unhappily concluded. May the vile man sit himself down satisfied, and I shall be willing to do so too, provided I never more behold his face.

. . . . .

Mr. Reeves will send you with the above packet a letter from Sir Charles Grandison, enclosing one from that vile Wilson. I can write no more just now, and they will sufficiently explain themselves.

Adieu, my dearest Lucy. I need not say how much I am, and ever will be—

Your faithful and affectionate

HARRIET BYRON.

*The remainder of the First Volume contains an explanatory letter from Wilson, Harriet's faithless servant, divulging the plot, and telling how he had been induced to enter into it. Sir Rowland Meredith, whom Miss Byron, while refusing his nephew, has allowed to call himself her adopted father, takes his leave. Sir Hargrave creates alarms by sending a challenge to Sir Charles, while the former's friends try to induce Harriet to forgive and accept him, in order to prevent bloodshed. Negotiations are opened—but declined by Miss Byron—for her marriage with the Earl of D., whose mother is very anxious that she should accept him. Sir Charles, in an interview with Sir Hargrave's friend Bagenhall, refuses to fight unless he be absolutely forced to it by outrage, but extracts admiration from the ambassador by his magnanimity.*

## LETTER I [ii]

MISS HARRIET BYRON TO MISS LUCY SELBY

*Wednesday night, March 1.*

MR. FOWLER set out yesterday for Gloucestershire, where he has an estate. He proposes to go from thence to Caermarthen, to the worthy Sir Rowland. He paid a visit to Mr. Reeves, and desired him to present to me his best wishes and respects. He declared that he could not possibly take leave of me, though he doubted not but I would receive him with goodness, as he called it. But it was that which cut him to the heart: so kind and so cruel, he said, he could not bear it.

I hope poor Mr. Fowler will be more happy than I could make him. Methinks I could have been half glad to have seen him before he went, and yet but half glad, since, had he shown much concern, I should have been pained.

Take now, my dear, an account of what passed this day in St. James's Square.

There were at Sir Charles Grandison's, besides Lord and Lady L., the young Lord G., one of Miss Grandison's humble servants; Mr. Everard Grandison; Miss Emily Jervois, a young lady of about fourteen, a ward of Sir Charles; and Dr. Bartlett, a divine, of whom more by-and-by.

Sir Charles conducted us into the drawing-room adjoining to the dining-room, where only were his two sisters. They received my cousins and me with looks of love.

"I will tell you," said Sir Charles, "your company, before I present them to you. Lord L. is a good man; I honour him as such, and love him as my sister's husband."

Lady L. bowed and looked round her, as if she took pride in her brother's approbation of her lord.

"Mr. Everard Grandison," proceeded he, "is a sprightly man. He is prepared to admire you, Miss Byron. You will

not believe, perhaps, half the handsome things he will say to you, but yet will be the only person who hears them that will not.

"Lord G. is a modest young man ; he is genteel, well-bred, but is so much in love with a certain young lady that he does not appear with that dignity in her eye (why blushes my Charlotte?) that otherwise perhaps he might."

"Are not you, Sir Charles, a modest man?"

"No comparisons, Charlotte. Where there is a double prepossession, no comparisons. But Lord G., Miss Byron, is a good kind of young man. You'll not dislike him, though my sister is pleased to think——"

"No comparisons, Sir Charles."

"That's fair, Charlotte. I will leave Lord G. to the judgment of Miss Byron. Ladies can better account for the approbation and dislikes of ladies than we men can.

"Dr. Bartlett you will also see. He is learned, prudent, humble. You'll read his heart in his countenance the moment he smiles upon you. Your grandfather, madam, had fine curling silver hair, had he not? The moment I heard that you owed obligation to your grandfather's care and delight in you, I figured to myself that he was just such a man, habit excepted. Your grandfather was not a clergyman, I think. When I have friends whom I have a strong desire to please, I always endeavour to treat them with Dr. Bartlett's company. He has but one fault—he speaks too little; but were he to speak much, every one else would wish to be silent.

"My ward Emily Jervois is an amiable girl. Her father was a good man, but not happy in his nuptials. He bequeathed to my care on his death-bed, at Florence, this his only child. My sister loves her. I love her for her own sake as well as for her father's. She has a great fortune, and I have had the happiness to recover large sums which her father gave over for lost. He was an Italian merchant, and driven out of England by the unhappy temper of his wife.



I have had some trouble with her, and, if she be living, expect more."

"Unhappy temper of his wife, Sir Charles! You are very mild in your account of one of the most abandoned of women."

"Well, but, Charlotte, I am only giving brief hints of Emily's story, to procure for her an interest in Miss Byron's favour, and to make their first acquaintance easy to each other. Emily wants no prepossession in Miss Byron's favour. She will be very ready herself to tell her whole story to Miss Byron. Meantime, let us not say all that is just to say of the mother when we are speaking of the daughter."

"I stand corrected, Sir Charles."

"Emily, madam" (turning to me), "is not constantly resident with us in town. She is fond of being everywhere with my Charlotte."

"And where you are, Sir Charles," said Miss Grandison.

Mr. Reeves whispered a question to Sir Charles which was seconded by my eyes, for I guessed what it was, whether he had heard anything further of Sir Hargrave.

"Don't be anxious," said Sir Charles. "All must be well. People long used to error don't, without reluctance, submit to new methods of proceeding. All must be well."

Sir Charles, stepping out, brought in with him Miss Jervois. "The gentlemen seem engaged in conversation," said he, "but I know the impatience of this young lady to pay her respects to Miss Byron."

He presented her to us: "This dear girl is my Emily. Allow me, madam, whenever Miss Grandison shall be absent, to claim for her the benefit of your instruction and your general countenance as she shall appear worthy of it."

There are not many men, my Lucy, who can make a compliment to one lady without robbing, or at least depreciating, another. How often have you and I observed that a polite brother is a black swan?

I saluted the young lady, and told her I should be fond of embracing every opportunity that should offer to commend myself to her favour.

Miss Emily Jervois is a lovely girl. She is tall, genteel, and has a fine complexion ; and, though pitted with the small-pox, is pretty. The sweetness of her manners, as expressed in her aspect, gives her great advantage. I was sure the moment I saw her that her greatest delight is to please.

She made me two or three pretty compliments ; and had not Sir Charles commended her to me, I should have been highly taken with her.

Mr. Grandison entered, and, as if I were not to hear, said, "Upon my honour, Sir Charles, I can stay no longer—to know that the finest woman in England is under the same roof with me, yet to be so long detained from paying my respects to her—I can't bear it." And in a very gallant manner as he seemed to intend, he paid his compliments, first to me and then to my two cousins, and whispering, yet loud enough to be heard, to Miss Grandison, swore by his soul that report fell short of my perfections, and I can't tell what.

"Did I not tell you that you would say so, sir?" said Miss Grandison.

I did not like the gentleman the better for what I had heard of him, but perhaps should have been less indifferent to his compliment had I not before been acquainted with Mr. Greville, Mr. Fenwick, and Sir Hargrave Pollexfen. The men of this cast, I think, seem all alike. Poor creatures ! how from my heart—but, indeed, now that I have the honour to know these two sisters, I despise myself.

Sir Charles, addressing himself to my cousins and me—"Now," said he, "that my cousin Grandison has found an opportunity to introduce himself, and that I have presented my ward to you, we will, if you please, see how Lord L., Lord G., and Dr. Bartlett are engaged."

He led my cousin Reeves into the dining-room.

Lord L. addressed us with great politeness.

After Sir Charles had presented the doctor to my cousins, he respectfully took my hand. "Were there fifty ladies here, my good Dr. Bartlett, whom you had never seen before, you would, I am sure, from the character you have had of Miss Byron, be under no difficulty of reading that character in this young lady's face. Miss Byron, behold in Dr. Bartlett another grandfather!"

"I reverence," said I, "good Dr. Bartlett. I borrow Sir Charles's thought: the character he has given you, sir, is stamped in your countenance. I should have venerated you wherever I had seen you."

The gentleman has such a truly venerable aspect, my Lucy, I could not help saying this.

"Sir Charles's goodness, madam," said he, "as it ever did, prevents my wishes. I rejoice to see and to congratulate a new sister, restored—as I will call it, in the language of Miss Grandison—to the best of families."

Just then came in a servant, and whispered to Sir Charles. "Show the gentleman," said Sir Charles, "into the drawing-room, next the study."

Mr. Grandison came up to me and said many silly things. I thought them so at that time.

Mr. Reeves soon after was sent for out by Sir Charles. I did not like his looks on his return.

Dinner being ready to be served, and Sir Charles, who was still with the gentleman, summoned to it, he desired we would walk down, and he would wait upon us by the time we were seated.

Some new trouble, thought I, of which I am the cause, I doubt.

Presently came in Sir Charles, unaffectedly smiling and serene. "God bless you, sir!" thought I. His looks pleased me better than my cousin's.

But, my dear, there is something going forward that I cannot get out of my cousin. I hoped I should when I got home. The gentleman to whom Sir Charles was called out was certainly that Bagenhall. Mr. Reeves cannot deny that. I guessed it was by Sir Charles's sending in for Mr. Reeves. It must be about me.

We had several charming conversations. Sir Charles was extremely entertaining. So unassuming, so lively, so modest! It was also delightful to see the attention paid to him by the servants as they waited at table. They watched every look of his. I never saw love and reverence so agreeably mingled in servant's faces in my life, and his commands were delivered to them with so much gentleness of voice and aspect that one could not but conclude in favour of both—that they were the best of servants to the best of masters.

Mr. Grandison was very gallant in his speeches to me, but very uncivil with his eyes.

Lord L. said but little, but what he did say deservedly gained attention.

Everybody revered Dr. Bartlett, and was attentive when he spoke, and would, I dare say, on his own account, had not the master of the house, by the regard he paid him, engaged every one's veneration for him. Many of the questions which Sir Charles put to him, as if to inform himself, it was evident he could himself have answered; yet he put them with an air of teachableness, if I may so express myself, and received the doctor's answers to them with as much satisfaction as if he were then newly enlightened by them. Ah, my Lucy, you imagine, I dare say, that this admirable man lost nothing in my eyes by this his polite condescension. Reserve and a politeness that had dignity in it, showed that the fine gentleman and the clergyman were not separated in Dr. Bartlett. Pity they should be in any of the function.

Sir Charles gave Lord G. an opportunity to shine, by leading the discourse into circumstances and details which Lord G.

could best recount. My lord has been a traveller. He is a



*"One time or other my Lord G. is to show us his collection of butterflies."*

connoisseur in antiquities, and in those parts of nice knowledge as I, a woman, call it, with which the Royal Society

here, and the learned and polite of other nations, entertain themselves.

Lord G. appeared to advantage, as Sir Charles managed it, under the awful eye of Miss Grandison. Upon my word, Lucy, she makes very free with him. I whispered her that she did. "A very Miss Howe," said I. "To a very Mr. Hickman," re-whispered she. "But here's the difference: I am not determined to have Lord G. Miss Howe yielded to her mother's recommendation and intended to marry Mr. Hickman, even when she used him worst. One time or other" (archly continued she the whisper, holding up her spread hand, and with a countenance of admiration) "my Lord G. is to show us his collection of butterflies and other gaudy insects. Will you make one?"

"Of the gaudy insects?" whispered I.

"Fie, Harriet!—one of the party, you know I must mean. Let me tell you I never saw a collection of these various insects that I did not the more admire the Maker of them, and of all us insects, whatever I thought of the collectors of the minute ones. Another word with you, Harriet. These little playful studies may do well enough with persons who do not want to be more than indifferent to us, but do you think a lover ought to take high delight in the painted wings of a butterfly, when a fine lady has made herself all over butterfly to attract him? Eyes off, Sir Charles!" for he looked, though smilingly, yet earnestly, at us, as we whispered behind Lady L.'s chair, who heard what was said, and was pleased with it.

17-66  
22  
29

## LETTER II [ii]

MISS BYRON. IN CONTINUATION

*Thursday morning, March 2.*

I SHOULD have told you that Miss Grandison did the honours of the table, and I will go round it, for I know you expect I should. But I have not yet done with Lord G. Poor man, he is excessively in love—I see that. Well he may. What man would not with Miss Grandison? Yet is she too superior, I think.

What can a woman do who is addressed by a man of talents inferior to her own? Must she throw away her talents? Must she hide her light under a bushel, purely to do credit to the man? She cannot pick and choose as men can. She has only her negative, and, if she is desirous to oblige her friends, not always that. Yet it is said women must not encourage fops and fools. They must encourage men of sense only. And it is well said. But what can they do if their lot be cast only among foplings?—if the men of sense do not offer themselves? And, pray, may I not ask if the taste of the age among the men is not dress, equipage, and foppery? Is the cultivation of the mind any part of their study? The men, in short, are sunk, my dear, and the women but barely swim.

Lord G. seems a little too finical in his dress, and yet I am told that Sir Walter Watkyns outdoes him in foppery. What can they mean by it, when Sir Charles Grandison is before them? He scruples not to modernise a little, but then you see that it is in compliance with the fashion, and to avoid singularity, a fault to which great minds are perhaps too often subject, though he is so much above it.

I want to know, methinks, whether Sir Charles is very much in earnest in his favour to Lord G. with regard to Miss

Grandison. I doubt not if he be, but he has good reasons for it.

Were this vile Sir Hargrave out of my head I could satisfy myself about twenty and twenty things that now and then I want to know.

Miss Jervois behaved very discreetly. With what pleasure did she hang on every word that fell from the lips of her guardian! I thought more than once of Swift's "Cadenus and Vanessa." Poor girl, how I should pity her were she insensibly to suffer her gratitude to lead her to be in love with her benefactor. Indeed, I pity everybody who is hopelessly in love.

Now don't shake your head, my uncle. Did I not always pity Mr. Orme and Mr. Fowler? You know I did, Lucy.

Miss Jervois had a smile ready for every one, but it was not an implicit, a childish smile. It had distinction in it, and showed intelligence. Upon the whole she said little, and heard all that was said with attention, and hence I pronounce her a very discreet young lady.

But I thought to have done with the men first, and here is Mr. Grandison hardly mentioned, who yet, in his own opinion, was not the last of the men at table.

Mr. Grandison is a man of middling stature, not handsome in my eyes, but so near being handsome that he may be excused when one knows him for thinking himself so, because he is liable to make greater mistakes than that.

He dresses very gaily too. He is at the head of the fashion, as it seems he thinks; but, however, is one of the first in it, be it what it will. He is a great frequenter of the drawing-room, of all manner of public spectacles; a leader of the taste at a new play or opera. He dances, he sings, he laughs, and values himself on all three qualifications, and yet certainly has sense, but is not likely to improve it much, since he seems to be so much afraid of suffering in the consequence he thinks himself of, that whenever Sir Charles



applies himself to him upon any of his levities, though but by the eye, his consciousness, however mild the look, makes him show an uneasiness at the instant. He reddens, sits in pain, calls for favour by his eyes and his quivering lips, and has, notwithstanding, a smile ready to turn into a laugh, in order to lessen his own sensibility, should he be likely to suffer in the opinion of the company. But every motion \ shows his consciousness of inferiority to the man of whose \ smiles or animadversions he is so very apprehensive.

What a captious, what a supercilious husband to a woman who should happen to have a stronger mind than his would Mr. Grandison make! But he values himself upon his having preserved his liberty.

7-2-1-1 / I believe there are more bachelors now in England, by many thousands, than were a few years ago, and probably the numbers of them (and of single women, of course) will every year increase. The luxury of the age will account a good deal for this, and the turn our sex take in un-domesticating themselves for a good deal more. But let not those worthy young women who may think themselves destined to a single life repine over-much at their lot, since, possibly, if they have had no lovers, or, having had one, two, or three, have not found a husband, they have had rather a miss than a loss as men go. And let me here add that I think, as matters stand in this age, or indeed ever did stand, that those women who have joined with the men in their insolent ridicule of old maids ought never to be forgiven, no, though Miss Grandison should be one of the ridiculers. An old maid may be an odious character, if they will tell us that the bad qualities of the persons, not the maiden state, are what they mean to expose; but then they must allow that there are old maids of twenty, and even that there are widows and wives of all ages and complexions, who, in the abusive sense of the words, are as much old maids as the most particular of that class of females.

But a word or two more concerning Mr. Grandison.

He is about thirty-two. He has had the glory of ruining two or three women. Sir Charles has restored him to a sense of shame (all men, I hope, are born with it), which, a few months ago, he had got above. And he does not now entertain ladies with instances of the frailty of individuals of their sex, which many are too apt, encouragingly, to smile at, when I am very much mistaken if every woman would not find her account, if she wishes herself to be thought well of, in discouraging every reflection that may have a tendency to debase or expose the sex in general. How can a man be suffered to boast of his vileness to one woman, in the presence of another, without a rebuke that should put it to the proof whether the boaster was or was not past blushing?

Mr. Grandison is thought to have hurt his fortune, which was very considerable, by his free living and an itch of gaming, to cure him of which Sir Charles encourages him to give him his company at all opportunities. He certainly has understanding enough to know how to value the favour, for he owns to Miss Grandison that he both loves and fears him, and now and then tells her that he would give the world, if he had it, to be able to be just what Sir Charles is! "Good God!" at other times he has broke out, "what an odious creature is a rake! How I hate myself when I contemplate the excellences of this divine brother of yours."

I shall say nothing of Sir Charles in this place. You, I know, my Lucy, will admire me for my forbearance.

Lady L. and Miss Grandison were the graces of the table. So lively, so sensible, so frank, so polite, so good-humoured—what honour do they and their brother reflect back on the memory of their mother! Lady Grandison, it seems, was an excellent woman. Sir Thomas was not, I have heard, quite unexceptionable. How useful, if so, are the women in the greater, as well as in the lesser, parts of domestic duty where

they perform their duty! And what have those who do not to answer for—to God, to their children, and even to their whole sex—for the contempts they bring upon it by their uselessness, and perhaps extravagance; since, if the human mind is not actively good, it will generally be actively evil.

Dr. Bartlett I have already spoken of. How did he enliven the conversation whenever he bore a part in it! So happy an elocution, so clear, so just, so solid his reasoning! I wish I could remember every word he said.

Sir Charles observed to us, before we saw him, that he was not forward to speak; but, as I hinted, he threw the occasions in his way on purpose to draw him out, and at such times what he said was easy, free, and unaffected; and whenever a subject was concluded, he had done with it. His modesty, in short, made him always follow rather than lead a subject, as he very well might do, be it what it would.

I was charmed with the Brachman's prayer, which he occasionally gave us on the ancient Persians being talked of.

Looking up to the rising sun, which it was supposed they worshipped, these were the words of the Brachman:—

“O Thou” (meaning the Almighty), “by whom thou,” (meaning the sun) “art enlightened, illuminate my mind, that my actions may be agreeable to Thy will!”

And this I will think of, my Lucy, as often as my early hour for the future shall be irradiated by that glorious orb.

Everybody was pleased with Mr. and Mrs. Reeves. Their modesty, good sense, and amiable tempers, and the kind, yet not ostentatious regard which they express to each other (a regard so creditable to the married state) cause them to be always treated and spoken of with distinction.

But I believe, as I am in a scribbling vein, I must give you the particulars of one conversation in which farther honour was done to Dr. Bartlett.

After dinner the countess, drawing me on one side by both my hands, said, “Well, our other sister, our new-found sister,

let me bespeak your favour. I am in pain lest you should not love us as well as you do our Northamptonshire relations, bold as that hope is."

"You overcome me, madam, with your goodness."

Miss Grandison then coming towards us, "Dear Miss Grandison," said I, "help me to words——"

"No, indeed, I'll help you to nothing. I am jealous. Lady L., don't think to rob me of my Harriet's preferable love, as you have of Sir Charles's. I will be best sister here. But what was your subject? Yet I will answer my own question. Some pretty compliment, I suppose—women to women. Women hunger and thirst after compliments. Rather than be without them, if no men are at hand to flatter us, we love to say handsome things to one another, and so teach the men to find us out."

"You need not be jealous, Charlotte," said the countess; "you may be sure. This saucy girl, Miss Byron, is ever frustrating her own pretensions. Can flattery, Charlotte, say what we will, have place here? But tell me, Miss Byron, how you like Dr. Bartlett."

"Ay, tell us, Harriet," said Miss Grandison, "how you like Dr. Bartlett. Pray, Lady L., don't anticipate me. I propose to give our new sister the history of us all; and is not Dr. Bartlett one of us? She has already given me the history of all her friends and of herself, and I have communicated to you, like a good sister, all she has told me."

I considered Dr. Bartlett, I said, as a saint, and at the same time as a man of true politeness.

"He is indeed," said the countess, "all that is worthy and amiable in man. Don't you see how Sir Charles admires him?"

"Pray, Lady L., keep clear of my province. Here is Sir Charles. He will not let us break into parties."

Sir Charles heard this last sentence. "Yet I wonder not," said he, joining us, "that three such women get

together: goodness to goodness is a natural attraction. We men, however, will not be excluded—Dr. Bartlett, if you please——”

The doctor approached in a most graceful manner. “Let me again, Miss Byron, present Dr. Bartlett to you as a man that is an honour to his cloth, and that is the same thing as if I said to human nature” (the good man bowed in silence), “and Miss Byron to you, my good doctor” (taking my hand), “as a lady most worthy your distinguished regard.”

“You do me too much honour, sir,” said I. “I shall hope, good Dr. Bartlett, by your instructions to be enabled to deserve such a recommendation.”

“My dear Harriet,” said the countess, snatching my other hand, “you are a good girl, and that is more to your honour than beauty.”

“Be quiet, Lady L.,” said Miss Grandison.

Mr. Grandison came up. “What? Is there not another hand for me?”

I was vexed at his interruption. It prevented Dr. Bartlett from saying something that his lips were opening to speak with a smile of benignity.

“How the world,” said Sir Charles, smiling, “will push itself in! Heart, not hand, my dear Mr. Grandison, was the subject.”

“Whenever you, Sir Charles, and the doctor, and these ladies are got together, I know I must be unseasonable; but if you exclude me such company, how shall I ever be what you and the doctor would have me to be?”

Lord L. and Lord G. were coming up to us. “See your attraction, Miss Byron,” said Lady L.

“But,” joined in Miss Grandison, “we will not leave our little Jervois by herself, expecting and longing. Our cousins Reeves—only that when they are together they cannot want company—should not be thus left. Is there more than one

heart among us? This man's excepted"—humorously pushing Mr. Grandison, as if from the company. "Let us be orderly and take our seats."

"How cruel is this," said Mr. Grandison, appealing to Sir Charles.

"Indeed, I think it is a little cruel, Charlotte."

"Not so; let him be good then. Till when, may all our sex say, to such men as my cousin has been—'Thus let it be done by the man whom, if he were good, good persons would delight to honour'?"

"Shame, if not principle," said Lord L., smiling, "would effect the cure if all ladies were to act thus. Don't you think so, cousin Everard?"

"Well, well," said Mr. Grandison, "I will be good as fast as I can; but, doctor, what say you? Rome was not built in a day."

"I have great hopes of Mr. Grandison," said the doctor. "But, ladies, you must not, as Mr. Grandison observed, exclude from the benefit of your conversation the man whom you wish to be good."

"What! not till he is good?" said Miss Grandison. "Did I not say we should delight to honour him when he was?"

"But what, Sir Charles—come, I had rather take my cue from you than anybody; what—are the signs which I am to give to be allowed——"

"Only these, my cousin—when you can be serious on serious subjects, yet so cheerful in your seriousness, as if it sat easy upon you; when you can at times prefer the company and conversation of Dr. Bartlett, who is not a solemn or severe man, to any other, and, in general, had rather stand well in his opinion than in that of the gayest man or woman in the world."

"Provided yours, Sir Charles, may be added to the doctor's."

"Command me, Mr. Grandison, whenever you two are

together. We will not oppress you with our subjects. Our conversation shall be that of men, of cheerful men. You shall lead them and change them at pleasure. The first moment (and I will watch for it) that I shall imagine you to be tired or uneasy, I will break off the conversation, and you shall leave us and pursue your own diversions without a question."

"You were always indulgent to me, Sir Charles," said Mr. Grandison; "and I have retired and blushed to myself, sometimes, for wanting your indulgence."

Tea was preparing. Sir Charles took his own seat next Lord L., whom he set in to talk of Scotland. He enjoyed the account my lord gave of the pleasure which the countess, on that her first journey into those parts, gave to all his family and friends, as Lady L., on her part, acknowledged she had a grateful sense of their goodness to her.

"I rejoice," said Sir Charles, "that the sea divides us not from such worthy people as you, my lord, have given us a relation to. Next visit you make (Charlotte, I hope, will accompany me) I intend to make one in your train, as I have told your lordship before."

"You will add to our pleasure, Sir Charles. All my relations are prepared to do you honour."

"But, my lord, did not the ladies think a little hardly of your lordship's engagement? That a man of your merit should go from Scotland for a wife? I do assure you, my lord, that in all the countries I have been in, I never saw finer women than I have seen in Scotland: and, in very few nations, though six times as large, greater numbers of them."

"I was to be the happiest of men, Sir Charles, in a Grandison—I thank you," bowing.

"It is one of my felicities, my lord, that my sister calls herself yours."

Lady L., whispering me, as I sat between her and Miss Grandison: "The two worthiest hearts in the world, Miss Byron—my Lord L.'s and my brother's."

"With joy I congratulate your ladyship on both," re-whispered I. "May God long continue to you two such blessings!"

I thought of the vile Sir Hargrave at the time.

"I can tell you how," said Mr. Grandison, "to repay that nation. You, Sir Charles, shall go down, and bring up with you a Scottish lady."

I was vexed with myself for starting. I could not help it.

Don't you think, Lucy, that Sir Charles made a very fine compliment to the Scottish ladies? I own that I have heard the women of our northern counties praised also. But are there not, think you, as pretty women in England?

"My sister Harriet," applied Sir Charles to me, "you need not, I hope, be told that I am a great admirer of fine women?"

I had like to have bowed. I should not have been able to recover myself had I so seemed to apply his compliment.

"I the less wonder that you are, Sir Charles, because in the word 'fine' you include mind as well as person."

"That's my good girl," said Miss Grandison, as she poured out the tea, "and so he does."

"My dear Charlotte," whispered I, "pray say something encouraging to Lord G. He is pleased with everybody, but nobody says anything to him; and he, I see, both loves and fears you."

"Hush, child," whispered she again. "The man's best when he is silent. If it be his day to love, it is his day to fear. What a deuce!—shall a woman's time be never?"

"That's good news for my lord: shall I hint to him that his time will come?"

"Do if you dare. I want you to provoke me." She spoke aloud.

"I have done," said I.

"My lord, what do you think Miss Byron says?"

"For Heaven's sake, dear Miss Grandison!"

"Nay, I will speak it."



"Pray, madam, let me know," said my lord.

"You will know Miss Grandison in time," said Sir Charles. "I trust her not with any of my secrets, Miss Byron."

"The more ungenerous you, Sir Charles, for you get out of me all mine. I complained of you, sir, to Miss Byron, for your reserves at Colnebrook."

"Be so good, madam," said my lord.

"Nay, nothing but the mountain and the mouse. Miss Byron only wanted to see your collection of insects."

"Miss Byron will do me great honour——"

"If Charlotte won't attend you, madam," said the countess, "to my Lord G.'s, I will."

"Have I not brought you off, Harriet?" whispered Miss Grandison. "Trust me another time. She will let you know the day before, my lord."

"Miss Grandison, my lord," said I, "loves to alarm. But I will with pleasure wait on her and Lady L., whenever they please."

"You will see many things worth your notice, madam, in Lord G.'s collection," said Sir Charles to me. "But Charlotte thinks nothing less than men and women worthy of hers—her parrot and squirrel, the one for its prattle, the other for its vivacity, excepted."

"Thank you, Sir Charles. But pray do you be quiet. I fear nobody else."

"Miss Byron," said Lady L., "pray spare her not: I see you can make Charlotte be afraid of two."

"Then it must be of three, Lady L. You know my reverence for my elder sister."

"Indeed, but I don't. I know only that nobody can better tell what she should do than my Charlotte; but I have always taken too much delight in your vivacity, either to wish or expect you to rein it in."

"You acted by me like an indolent parent, Lady L., who miscalls herself indulgent. You gave me my head for your

own pleasure; and when I had got it, though you found the inconvenience, you chose rather to bear it than to take the pains to restrain me. But Sir Charles, whatever faults he might have had when he was from us, came over to us finished. He grew not up with us from year to year; his blaze dazzled me; and I have tried over and over, but cannot yet get the better of my reverence for him."

"If I have not my sister's love rather than what she pleasantly calls her reverence, I shall have a much worse opinion of my own outward behaviour than of her merit."

"Your outward behaviour, Sir Charles, cannot be in fault," said Lord L.; "but I join with my sister Charlotte in her opinion of what is."

"And I too," said Lady L., "for I am a party. This is it, Sir Charles. Who that lies under obligations which they cannot return can view the obliger but with the most delicate sensibility?"

"Give me leave," said Miss Emily, her face crimsoned over with modest gratitude, "to say that I am one that shall ever have a reverence, superior to my love, for the best of guardians."

Blushes overspread my face, and gave a tacit acknowledgment on my part of the same sensibility, from the same motives.

"Who is it," joined in Dr. Bartlett, "that knows my patron, but must acknowledge——"

"My dear Dr. Bartlett," interrupted Sir Charles, "from you, and from my good Lord L., these fine things are not to be borne. From my three sisters," looking at me for one, "and from my dear ward I cannot be so uneasy when they will not be restrained from acknowledging that I have succeeded in my endeavours to perform my duty to them."

I long to know, as I said once before, the particulars of what Sir Charles has done to oblige everybody in so high a manner. Don't you, Lucy? Bless me! what a deal of time

have I wasted since I came to town. I feel as if I had wings, and had soared to so great a height that every thing and person that I before beheld without dissatisfaction in this great town looks diminutive and little under my aching eye. Thus, my dear, it must be in a better world, if we are permitted to look back upon the highest of our satisfactions in this.

I was asked to give them a lesson on the harpsichord after tea. Miss Grandison said, "Come, come; to prevent all excuses I will show you the way."

"Let it then be," said Mr. Grandison, "Shakespeare's 'Cuckow.' You have made me enter with so much comparative shame into myself that I must have something lively to raise my spirits."

"Well, so it shall," replied Miss Grandison. "Our poor cousin does not know what to do with himself when you are got a little out of his reach."

"That is not fair, Charlotte," said Sir Charles. "It is not that graceful manner of obliging in which you generally excel. Compliance and reflection are not to be coupled."

"Well, well, but I will give the good man his 'Cuckow' to make him amends."

Accordingly she sung that ballad from Shakespeare, and with so much spirit and humour as delighted everybody.

Sir Charles being a judge of music, I looked a little sillier than usual when I was again called upon.

"Come, my dear," said the kind countess, "I will prepare you a little further. When you see your two elder sisters go before you, you will have more courage."

She sat down and played one of Scarlatti's lessons, which, you know, are made to show a fine hand. And surely for the swiftness of her fingers and the elegance of her manner she could not be equalled.

"It is referred to you, my third sister," said Sir Charles, who had been taken aside by Mr. Reeves, some whispering talk having passed between them, "to favour us with some

of Handel's music. Mrs. Reeves says she has heard you sing several songs out of the 'Pastoral,' and out of some of his finest oratorios."

"Come hither, come hither, my sweet Harriet. Here's his 'Alexander's Feast.' My brother admires that, I know, and says it is the noblest composition that ever was produced by man, and is as finely set as written."

She made me sit down to the instrument.

"As you know," said I, "that great part of the beauty of this performance arises from the proper transitions from one different strain to another, any one song must lose greatly by being taken out of its place, and I fear——"

"Fear nothing, Miss Byron," said Sir Charles. "Your obligingness as well as your observation entitle you to all allowances."

I then turned to that fine air—

"Softly sweet, in Lydian measures,  
Soon he sooth'd his soul to pleasures,"

which, not being set so full with accompanying symphonies as most of Mr. Handel's are, I performed with the more ease to myself, though I had never but once before played it over.

They all, with more compliments than I dare repeat, requested me to play and sing it once more.

"Dare repeat!" methinks I hear my uncle Selby say. "The girl that does nothing else but repeat her own praises, comes with her 'if I dare repeat.'"

"Yes, sir," I answer; "for compliments that do not elevate, that do not touch me, run glibly off my pen: but such as indeed raise one's vanity, how can one avow that vanity by writing them down?" But they were resolved to be pleased before I began.

One compliment, however, from Sir Charles, I cannot, I find, pass over in silence. He whispered Miss Grandison, as he leaned upon my chair, "How could Sir Hargrave Pollexfen have the heart to endeavour to stop such a mouth as that!"

And now, having last night and this morning written so many sides, it is time to break off. Yet I could give you many more particulars of agreeable conversation that passed, were I sure you would not think me insufferably tedious, and did not the unkind reserve of my cousin Reeves, as to the business of that Bagenhall, rush upon my memory with fresh force, and help to tire my fingers. I am the more concerned, as my cousin himself seems not easy, but is in expectation of hearing something that will either give him relief or add to his pain.

Why, Lucy, should our friends take upon themselves to keep us in the dark as to those matters which it concerns us more to know than perhaps anybody else? There is a tenderness sometimes shown on arduous occasions in this respect that gives as much pain as we could receive from the most explicit communication. And then, all the while, there is so much strength of mind and discretion supposed in the person that knows an event, and such weakness in her that is to be kept in ignorance, that—but I grow as saucy as impatient. Let me conclude, before I expose myself to re-proof for a petulance that I hope is not natural to your

HARRIET BYRON.

### LETTER III [ii]

MISS HARRIET BYRON TO MISS LUCY SELBY

*Thursday night, March 2.*

AND what do you think was the reason of Mr. Reeves's reserves? A most alarming one. I am obliged to him that he kept it from me, though the uncertainty did not a little affect me. Take the account of it as it comes out.

I told you in my former that the person to whom Sir Charles

was sent for out was Mr. Bagenhall, and that Sir Charles had sent in for Mr. Reeves, who returned to the company with a countenance that I did not like so well as I did Sir Charles's. I now proceed to give you, from minutes of Mr. Reeves, what passed on the occasion.

Sir Charles took Mr. Reeves aside. "This unhappy man (Sir Hargrave, I mean)," said he, "seems to me to want an excuse to himself for putting up with a treatment which he thinks disgraceful. When we have to deal with children, humours must be a little allowed for. But you will hear what the proposal is now. Let not the ladies, however, nor the gentlemen within, know anything of the matter till all is over. This is a day devoted to pleasure. But you, Mr. Reeves, know something of the matter, and can answer for your fair cousin."

He then led Mr. Reeves in to Mr. Bagenhall.

"This, sir, is Mr. Reeves. Sir Hargrave, in short, Mr. Reeves, among other demands that I cannot comply with (but which relate only to myself, and therefore need not be mentioned), insists upon an introduction to Miss Byron. He says she is absolutely disengaged. Is she, sir?"

"I dare say she is," answered my cousin.

"This gentleman has been naming to me Mr. Greville, Mr. Orme, and others."

"No one of them has ever met with the shadow of encouragement from my cousin. She is above keeping any man in suspense when she is not in any herself. Nothing has given her more uneasiness than the number of her admirers."

"Miss Byron," said Sir Charles, "must be admired by every one that beholds her, but still more by those who are admitted to the honour of conversing with her. But Sir Hargrave is willing to build upon her disengagement something in his own favour. Is there any room for Sir Hargrave, who pleads his sufferings for her, who vows his honourable intentions even at the time that he was hoping to gain her by so unmanly

a violence, and appeals to her for the purity, as he calls it, of his behaviour to her all the time she was in his hands—who makes very large offers of settlements. Is there any room to hope that Miss Byron——”

“No, none at all, Sir Charles.”

“What! not to save a life, Mr. Reeves?” said Mr. Bagenhall.

“If you mean mine, Mr. Bagenhall,” replied Sir Charles, “I beg that may not be considered. If Sir Hargrave means his own, I will pronounce that it is safe from any premeditated resentment of mine. Do you think Miss Byron will bear to see Sir Hargrave, Mr. Reeves? I presume he intends to beg pardon of her. Will she consent to receive a visit from him? But is not this wretched trifling, Mr. Bagenhall?”

“You will remember, Sir Charles, this is a proposal of mine—what I hoped might be agreed to by Sir Hargrave, but that I was willing to consult you before I mentioned it to him.”

“I beg your pardon, Mr. Bagenhall: I now remember it.”

“If ever man doted upon a woman,” said Mr. Bagenhall, “Sir Hargrave dotes on Miss Byron. The very methods he took to obtain her for a wife show that most convincingly. You will promise not to stand in his way, sir?”

“I repeat, Mr. Bagenhall, what I have heretofore told you, that Miss Byron (you’ll excuse me, Mr. Reeves) is still under my protection. If Sir Hargrave, as he ought, is inclined to ask her pardon, and if he can obtain it, and even upon his own terms, I shall think Miss Byron and he may be happier together than at present I can imagine it possible. I am not desirous to be any way considered but as her protector from violence and insult, and that I will be, if she claim it, in defiance of a hundred such men as Sir Hargrave. But then, sir, the occasion must be sudden: no legal relief must be at hand. I will not, either for an adversary’s sake or my own, be defied into a cool and premeditated vengeance.”

“But, Sir Charles, Sir Hargrave has some hardships in this case. You will not give him the satisfaction of a gentleman ; and, according to the laws of honour, a man is not entitled to be treated as a gentleman who denies to one——”

“Of whose making, Mr. Bagenhall, are the laws of honour you mention? I own no laws but the laws of God and my country. But, to cut this matter short, tell Sir Hargrave that, little as is the dependence a man of honour can have upon that of a man who has acted by a helpless woman as he has acted by Miss Byron, I will breakfast with him in his own house to-morrow morning, if he contradicts it not. I will attribute to the violence of his passion for the lady the unmanly outrage he was guilty of. I will suppose him mistaken enough to imagine that he should make her amends by marriage if he could compel her hand, and will trust my person to his honour—one servant only to walk before his door, not to enter the house, to attend my commands after our conversation is over. My sword, and my sword only, shall be my companion ; but this rather that I would not be thought to owe my safety to the want of it, than in expectation, after such confidence placed in him, to have occasion to draw it in my own defence. And pray, Mr. Bagenhall, do you, his friend, be present, and any other friends, and to what number he pleases.”

When I came to this place in my cousin's minutes I was astonished, I was out of breath upon it.

Mr. Bagenhall was surprised, and asked Sir Charles if he were in earnest.

“I would not be thought a rash man, Mr. Bagenhall. Sir Hargrave threatens me : I never avoid a threatener. You seem to hint, sir, that I am not entitled to fair play, if I consent not to meet him with a murderous intention. With such an intention I never will meet any man, though I have as much reason to rely on the skill of my arm as on the justice of my cause. If foul play is hinted at, I am no more safe from an



assassin in my bedchamber than in Sir Hargrave's house. Something must be done by a man who refuses a challenge, to let a challenger see (such is the world, such is the custom) that he has better motives than fear for his refusal. I will put Sir Hargrave's honour to the fullest test. Tell him, sir, that I will bear a great deal, but that I will not be insulted were he a prince."

"And you really would have me——"

"I would, Mr. Bagenhall. Sir Hargrave, I see, will not be satisfied unless something extraordinary be done; and if I hear not from you or from him, I will attend him by ten to-morrow morning, in an amicable manner, to breakfast at his own house in Cavendish Square."

I am in terror, Lucy, even in transcribing only.

"Mr. Reeves," said Sir Charles, "you undo me if one word of this matter escape you, even to your wife."

Mr. Reeves begged that he might attend him to Sir Hargrave's.

"By no means, Mr. Reeves."

"Then, Sir Charles, you apprehend danger."

"I do not. Something, as I said, must be done. This is the shortest and best method to make all parties easy. Sir Hargrave thinks himself slighted. He may infer, if he pleases, in his own favour, that I do not despise a man in whom I can place such a confidence. Do you, Mr. Reeves, return to company, and let no one know the occasion of your absence, or of mine, from it."

I have told you, my dear, what a difference there was in the countenances of both, when each separately entered the dining-room. And could this great man (surely I may call him great), could he, in such circumstances, on his return, give joy, pleasure, entertainment, to all the company, without the least cause of suspicion of what had passed?

Mr. Reeves, as I told you, singled out Sir Charles in the evening to know what had passed after he left him and Mr.

Bagenhall. Sir Charles acquainted him that Mr. Bagenhall had proposed to let him know that night, or in the morning, how Sir Hargrave approved of his intended visit. "He has, accordingly, signified to me already," said Sir Charles, "that Sir Hargrave expects me."

"And will you go, sir?"

"Don't give yourself concern about the matter, Mr. Reeves. All must end well. My intention is not to run into mischief, but to prevent it. My principles are better known abroad than they are in England. I have been challenged more than once by men who knew them, and thought to find their safety from them. I have been obliged to take some extraordinary steps to save myself from insult, and those steps have answered my end in more licentious countries than this. I hope this step will preserve me from calls of this nature in my own country."

"For God's sake, Sir Charles——"

"Be not uneasy on my account, Mr. Reeves. Does not Sir Hargrave value himself upon his fortune? He would be loth to forfeit it. His fortune is my security. And am I not a man of some consequence myself? Is not the affair between us known? Will not therefore the cause justify me and condemn him? The man is turbulent; he is uneasy with himself; he knows himself to be in the wrong. And shall a man who resolves to pay a sacred regard to laws Divine and human fear this Goth? 'Tis time enough to fear when I can be unjust. If you value my friendship as I do yours, my good Mr. Reeves," proceeded he, "I shall be sure of your absolute silence. I will attend Sir Hargrave by ten to-morrow morning. You will hear from me, or see me at your own house, by twelve."

And then it was, as Mr. Reeves tells me, that Sir Charles turned from him, to encourage me to give the company a lesson from Dryden's "Alexander's Feast."

Mr. Reeves went out in the morning. My cousin says he

had been excessively uneasy all night. He now owns he called in St. James's Square and there breakfasted with Lord and Lady L., Miss Grandison, Miss Emily, and Dr. Bartlett. Sir Charles went out at nine in a chair, one servant only attending him—the family knew not whither; and his two sisters were fomenting a rebellion against him, as they humorously called it, for his keeping from them (who kept nothing from him) his motions, when they and my lord were together and at his house; but my lord and Miss Emily pleasantly refused to join in it. Mr. Reeves told us, on his return, that his heart was so sunk that they took great notice of his dejection.

About three o'clock, just as Mr. Reeves was determined to go to St. James's Square again, and, if Sir Charles had not been heard of, to Cavendish Square (though irresolute what to do when there), the following billet was brought him from Sir Charles. After what I have written does not your heart leap for joy, my Lucy?

*"Half-an-hour after two.*

"DEAR SIR,—I will do myself the honour of visiting Mrs. Reeves, Miss Byron, and you, at your usual tea-time, if you are not engaged. I tell the ladies here that those who have least to do are generally the most busy people in the world. I can therefore be only answerable, on this visit, for, sir,

"Your most humble servant,

"CHARLES GRANDISON."

Then it was that, vehemently urged both by my cousin and me, Mr. Reeves gave us briefly the cause of his uneasiness.

About six o'clock, Sir Charles came in a chair. He was charmingly dressed. I thought him, the moment he entered, the handsomest man I ever saw in my life. What a transporting thing must it be, my Lucy, to an affectionate wife, without restraint, without check, and performing nothing but her duty,

to run with open arms to receive a worthy husband, returning to her after a long absence, or from an escaped danger ! How cold, how joyless——! But, no ! I was neither cold nor joyless, for my face, as I felt it, was in a glow, and my heart was ready to burst with congratulatory meaning at the visible safety and unhurt person of the man who had laid me before under such obligations to him as were too much for my gratitude. Oh, do not, do not tell me, my dear friends, that you love him, that you wish me to be his. I shall be ready, if you do, to wish—I don't know what I would say : but your wishes were always the leaders of mine.

Mrs. Reeves, having the same cause for apprehension, could hardly restrain herself when he entered the room. She met him at the door, her hand held out, and with so much emotion that Sir Charles said, "How well, Mr. Reeves, you have kept my secret !" Mr. Reeves told him what an uneasiness he had laboured under from the preceding evening, and how silent he had been till his welcome billet came.

Then it was that both my cousins, with equal freedom, congratulated him.

And I'll tell you how the fool, the maiden fool, looked and acted. Her feet insensibly moved to meet him, while he was receiving the freer compliments of my cousins. I courtesied bashfully—it was hardly noticeable ; and, because unnoticed, I paid my compliments in a deeper courtesy ; and then, finding my hand in his, when I knew not whether I had a hand or not, "I am grieved, sir," said I, "to be the occasion, to be the cause——" and I sighed for one reason (perhaps you can guess what that was), and blushed for two, because I knew not what to say nor how to look, and because I was under obligations which I could not return.

He kindly saved my further confusion by making light of what had passed, and, leading me to a seat, took his place by me.

"May I ask, Sir Charles?" said my cousin Reeves, and stopped.

"The conversation was too tedious and too various to be minutely related, Mr. Reeves. But Sir Hargrave had, by Mr. Bagenhall's desire, got his shorthand writer in a closet, and that unknown to me till all was over. I am to have a copy of what passed. You shall see it, if you please, when it is sent me. Meantime, what think you of a compromise at your expense, Miss Byron?"

"I dare abide by everything that Sir Charles Grandison has stipulated for me."

"It would be cruelty to keep a lady in suspense where doubt will give her pain, and cannot end in pleasure. Sir Hargrave is resolved to wait upon you: are you willing to see him?"

"If, sir, you would advise me to see him."

"I advise nothing, madam. Pursue your inclinations. Mr. Reeves is at liberty to admit whom he pleases into his house; Miss Byron to see in it, or wheresoever she is, whom she pleases. I told him my mind very freely, but I left him determined to wait on you. I have reason to believe he will behave very well. I should be surprised if he does not in the humblest manner ask your pardon, and yours, Mr. Reeves, and your lady's. But if you have any apprehensions, madam" (to me), "I will be ready to attend you at five minutes' notice, before he shall be admitted to your presence."

"It is very good, sir," said Mr. Reeves, "to be ready to favour Miss Byron with your countenance on such an occasion. But I hope we need not give you that trouble in this house."

Sir Charles went away soon after, and Mr. Reeves has been accusing himself ever since with answering him too abruptly, though he meant nothing but the truest respect. And yet, as I have written it, on re-perusal, I don't above half like Mr. Reeves's answer. But where high respect is entertained,

grateful hearts will always, I believe, be accusing themselves of imperfections, which none other see, or can charge them with.

As Sir Charles is safe, and I have now nothing to apprehend but Sir Hargrave's visit, I will despatch this letter with assurances that I am, my dear Lucy,

Your ever affectionate

HARRIET BYRON.

## LETTER IV [ii]

MISS HARRIET BYRON TO MISS LUCY SELBY

*Friday, one o'clock, March 3.*

SIR CHARLES has just sent the impatiently expected paper, transcribed by the shorthand writer from the minutes of the conversation that had passed on Sir Charles's intrepid visit at Sir Hargrave's. Intrepid, I call it; but had I known of it as Mr. Reeves did, before the event in some measure justified the rashness, I should have called it rash, and been for proposing to send peace officers to Cavendish Square, or taking some method to know whether he were safe in his person, especially when three o'clock approached, and his dinner-time is earlier than that of most other people of fashion.

Mr. Reeves has been so good as to undertake to transcribe this long paper for me, that I may have time to give you an account of three particular visits which I have received. I asked Mr. Reeves if it were not a strange way of proceeding in this Bagenhall to have his shorthand writer, and now turned listener, always with him. He answered, it was not an usual way; but, in cases of this nature, where murder and a trial were expected to follow the rashness in a court of justice, he thought it carried with it, though a

face of premeditation, yet a look of fairness; and there was no doubt but the man had been in bad scrapes before now, and was willing to use every precaution for the future.

*The Paper*

“On Thursday morning, March the 2nd, 17—, I, Henry Cotes, according to notice given me the preceding evening, went to the house of Sir Hargrave Pollexfen, Baronet, in Cavendish Square, about half-an-hour after eight in the morning, in order to take minutes, in shorthand, of a conversation that was expected to be held between the said Sir Hargrave Pollexfen and Sir Charles Grandison, Baronet, upon a debate between the said gentlemen, on which I had once before attended James Bagenhall, Esquire, at the house of the said Sir Charles Grandison in St. James’s Square, and from which consequences were apprehended that might make an exact account of what passed of great importance.

“I was admitted, about nine o’clock, into the withdrawing-room, where were present the said Sir Hargrave, the said James Bagenhall, Solomon Merceda, Esquire, and John Jordan, Esquire, and they were in full conversation about the reception that was to be given to the said Sir Charles Grandison, which, not being a part of my orders or business, I had no command to take down, but the contrary.

“And that I might, with the less interruption, take minutes of the expected conversation, I was ordered to place myself in a large closet adjoining to the said withdrawing-room, from which it was separated by a thin wainscot partition; but, lest the said Sir Charles should object to the taking of the said minutes, I was directed to conceal myself there till called forth, but to take the said minutes fairly and truly, as, upon occasion, I would make oath to the truth thereof.

“About half-an-hour after nine o’clock, I heard Mr. Bagenhall, with an oath, that denoted, by the voice, eagerness and

surprise, say Sir Charles was come. And immediately a footman entered, and said, 'Sir Charles Grandison!'

"Then three or four of the gentlemen spoke together pretty loud and high, but what they said I thought not in my orders to note down. But this is not improper to note: Sir Hargrave said, 'Give me that pair of pistols, and let him follow me into the garden. By G— he shall take one.'

"'No, no,' I heard Mr. Merceda say, who, being a foreigner, I knew his voice from the rest. 'No, no; that must not be.'

"And another voice—<sup>1</sup> believe by the lisp it was Mr. Jordan's—say, 'Let us, Sir Hargrave, hear what a man so gallant has to say for himself. Occasions may arise afterwards.'

"Mr. Bagenhall, whose voice I well knew, said, 'D—n his blood if a hair of Sir Charles Grandison's head should be hurt on this visit.'

"'Do I, d—n ye all,' said Sir Hargrave, 'offer anything unfair, when I would give him the choice of the pistols?'

"'What, in your own garden? A pretty story, whichsoever drops,' said Mr. Merceda. 'The devil's in it if he may not be forced now to give you the satisfaction of a gentleman elsewhere.'

"'Desire Sir Charles' ('D—n his blood,') said Sir Hargrave, 'to come in.' And then (as I saw through a knot-hole that I just then, hunting for a crack in the wainscot-partition, discovered) Sir Charles entered, and I saw that he looked very sedate and cheerful, and he had his sword by his side, though in a morning-dress. And then the conversation began as follows:—

"*Sir Charles*.—Your servant, Sir Hargrave. Mr. Bagenhall, yours. Your servant, gentlemen.

"*Mr Bagenhall*.—Yours, Sir Charles. You are a man of your word. This gentleman is Mr. Jordan, Sir Charles. This gentleman is Mr. Merceda.

"*Sir Charles*.—Mr. Merceda. I have heard of Mr.



Merceda. I have been very free, Sir Hargrave, to invite myself to breakfast with you.

"*Sir Hargrave.*—Yes, by G—. And so you have before now. Have you anybody with you, sir? If you have, let them walk in.

"*Sir Charles.*—Nobody, sir.

"*Sir Hargrave.*—These are gentlemen, sir. They are men of honour. They are my friends.

"*Sir Charles.*—They look like gentlemen. I suppose every man a man of honour till I find him otherwise.

"*Sir Hargrave.*—But don't think I have them here to intimidate.

"*Sir Charles.*—Intimidate, Sir Hargrave! I know not what it is to be intimidated. You say the gentlemen are your friends. I come with a view to increase, and not diminish, the number of your friends.

"*Sir Hargrave.*—'Increase the number of my friends!' What! with one who robbed me of the only woman on earth that is worth having—and who, but for the unmanly advantage taken of me, had been my wife before the day was over, sir! And yet to refuse me the satisfaction of a gentleman, sir! But I hope you are now come——

"*Sir Charles.*—To breakfast with you, Sir Hargrave. Don't be warm. I am determined, if possible, not to be provoked, but I must not be ill treated.

"*Sir Hargrave.*—Why then, sir, take one of those two pistols. My chariot shall carry us——

"*Sir Charles.*—Nowhere, Sir Hargrave. What has hitherto passed between us was owing to accident. It is not my way to recriminate. To your own heart, however, I appeal: that must convince you that the method you took to gain the lady rendered you unworthy of her. I took no unmanly advantage of you. That I refused to meet you in the way you have demanded gives me a title to call myself your best friend——

"*Sir Hargrave.*—'My best friend,' sir!

*Sir Charles.*—Yes, sir. If either the preservation of your own life, or the saving you a long regret for taking the life of another, as the chance might have been, deserves your consideration. In short, it depends upon yourself, Sir Hargrave, to let me know whether you were guilty of a bad action from mad and violent passion, or from design and a natural bias, if I may so call it, to violence, which alone can lead you to think of justifying one bad action by another.

*Sir Hargrave.*—Then, sir, account me a man of natural violence if you please. Who shall value the opinion of a man that has disgracefully—G—d—n you, sir! Do you see the marks I shall carry to my grave?

*Sir Charles.*—Were I as violent as you, Sir Hargrave, you might carry those marks to your grave and not wear them long. Let us breakfast, sir. That will give you time to cool. Were you even to do as you would have me, you will best find your account in being cool. You cannot think I would take such advantage of you as your passion would give me!

*Mr. Bagenhall.*—Nobly said, by Heaven! Let us breakfast, Sir Hargrave. Then you will be cooler. Then will you be fitter to discuss this point, or any other.

*Mr. Merceda.*—Very right. You have a noble enemy, Sir Hargrave.

*Sir Charles.*—I am no man's enemy, Mr. Merceda. Sir Hargrave should consider that, in the occasion for all this, he was to blame, and that all my part in the affair was owing to an accident, not malice.

*Mr. Jordan.*—I doubt not, Sir Charles, but you are ready to ask pardon of Sir Hargrave for your part——

*Sir Charles.*—Ask pardon, sir! No. I think I ought to have done just as I did. Were it to do again, I should do it, whoever were the man.

*Sir Hargrave.*—See there! See there! Mr. Bagenhall, Mr. Merceda, Mr. Jordan! See there! Hear that! Who can have patience?

"*Sir Charles*.—I can tell you who ought to have patience, Sir Hargrave. I should have a very mean opinion of any man here, called upon as I was, if he had not done just as I did; and a still meaner than I have of you, Sir Hargrave, had you in the like case refused assistance to a woman in distress. But I will not repeat what I have written.

"*Sir Hargrave*.—If you are a man, Sir Charles Grandison, take your choice of one of those pistols. G—d—n you! I insist upon it.

"And I saw through the knot-hole that Sir Hargrave arose in passion.

"*Sir Charles*.—As I am a man, Sir Hargrave, I will not. It might look to an angry man like an insult, which I am above intending, were I to say that I have given, on our first interview, proofs that I want not courage. I give you now, as I think, the highest I can give, in refusing your challenge. A personal insult I know how to repel. I know how to defend myself. But, as I said, I will not repeat anything I have written.

"*Mr. Merceda*.—But, Sir Charles, you have threatened a man of honour in what you have written, if we take you right, with a weapon that ought to be used only to a scoundrel, yet refuse—

"*Sir Charles*.—The man, sir, that shall take it into his head to insult me may do it with the greater safety, though perhaps not with impunity, as he may be assured I will not kill him for it, if I can help it. I can play with my weapon, sir (it may look like boasting), but will not play with any man's life, nor consent to make a sport of my own.

"*Sir Hargrave*.—D—n your coolness, sir! I cannot bear—

"*Sir Charles*.—Curse not your safety, Sir Hargrave.

"*Mr. Jordan*.—Indeed, Sir Charles, I could not bear such an air of superiority—

"*Sir Charles*.—It is more than an air, Mr. Jordan. The

man who can think of justifying one violent action by another must give a real superiority against himself. Let Sir Hargrave confess his fault; I have put him in the way of doing it, with all the credit to himself that a man can have who has committed a fault, and I offer him my hand.

"*Sir Hargrave.*—Damnab! insult! What! own a fault to a man who, without any provocation, has dashed my teeth down my throat; and, as you see—gentlemen—say, Can I, ought I now to have patience?

"*Sir Charles.*—I intended not to do you any of this mischief, Sir Hargrave. I drew not my sword to return a pass made by yours—actually received a raking on my shoulder from a sword that was aimed at my heart. I sought nothing but to hinder you from doing that mischief to me which I was resolved not to do to you. This, Sir Hargrave, this, gentlemen, was the state of the case, and the cause such as no man of honour could refuse engaging in. And now, sir, I meet you, upon my own invitation, in your own house, unattended and alone, to show you that I have the same disposition as I had from the first, to avoid doing you injury; and this it is, gentlemen, that gives me a superiority to Sir Hargrave, which he may lessen by behaving as I, in this case, would behave to him.

"*Mr. Bagenhall.*—By G— this is nobly said.

"*Mr. Jordan.*—I own, Sir Hargrave, that I would sooner veil to such a man as this than to a king on his throne.

"*Sir Hargrave.*—D—n me if I forgive him, with these marks about me! I insist upon your taking one of these pistols, sir. Gentlemen, my friends, he boasts of his advantages: he may have some from his cursed coolness; he can have none any other way. Bear witness, I forgive him if he lodges a brace of bullets in my heart. Take one of those pistols, sir. They are equally loaded. Bear witness, if I die, that I have provoked my fate. But I will die like a man of honour.

"*Sir Charles.*—To die like a man of honour, Sir Hargrave,

you must have lived like one. You should be sure of your cause. But these pistols are too ready a mischief. Were I to meet you in your own way, Sir Hargrave, I should not expect that a man so enraged would fire his over my head as I should be willing to do mine over his. Life I would not put upon the perhaps involuntary twitch of a finger.

"*Sir Hargrave*.—Well, then. The sword. You came, though undressed, with your sword on.

"*Sir Charles*.—I did, and for the reason I gave to Mr. Bagenhall. I draw it not, however, but in my own defence.

"*Sir Hargrave* (rising from his seat).—Will you favour me with your company into my own garden? Only you and I, Sir Charles. Let the gentlemen, my friends, stay here. They shall only look out of the windows if they please. Only to that grass-plot, sir [pointing, as I saw]. If you fall, I shall have the worst of it from the looks of the matter—killing a man in my own garden; if I fall, you will have the evidence of my friends to bring you off.

"*Sir Charles*.—I need not look at the place, Sir Hargrave. And since, gentlemen, it is allowed that the pistols may be dismissed, and since, by their lying loaded on the table, they seem but to stimulate to mischief, you will all excuse me; and you, Sir Hargrave, will forgive me.

"And so saying, he arose with great tranquillity, as I saw, and taking the pistols, lifted up the sash that was next to that at which Sir Hargrave stood, and discharged them both out of the window.

"By the report, the writer is sure they were well loaded.

"In ran a crowd of servants, men and women, in dismay. The writer sat still in the closet, knowing the matter to be no worse. One of the men cried out, 'This is the murderer!' And they all (not seeing their master, as I suppose, at the window beyond Sir Charles, and who afterwards owned himself too much surprised to stir or speak) were for making up to Sir Charles.

"Sir Charles then retiring, put his hand upon his sword, but mildly said, 'My friends, your master is safe. Take care I hurt not any of you.'

"*Sir Hargrave*.—I am safe. Begone, scoundrels!

"*Mr. Bagenhall*.—Begone! Quit the room. Sir Hargrave is safe.

"*Mr. Merceda*. }  
"*Mr. Jordan*. } Begone! Begone!

"The servants, as I saw, crowded out as fast as they came in.

"Sir Charles, then stepping towards Sir Hargrave, said, 'You will, some time hence, sir, think the discharge of those pistols much happier than if they had been put to the use designed when they were loaded. I offer you my hand; it is an offer that is not to be twice refused. If you have malice to me, I have none to you. I invited myself to breakfast with you. You and your friends shall be welcome to dine with me. My time is near expired' (looking at his watch)—for Sir Hargrave seemed too irresolute either to accept or refuse his hand.

"*Mr. Jordan*.—I am astonished! Why, Sir Charles, what a tranquillity must you have within you! The devil take me, Sir Hargrave, if you shall not make up matters with such a noble adversary.

"*Mr. Merceda*.—He has won me to his side. By the great God of heaven, I had rather have Sir Charles Grandison for my friend than the greatest prince on earth.

"*Mr. Bagenhall*.—Did I not tell you, gentlemen? D—n me if I have not hitherto lived to nothing but to my shame! I had rather be Sir Charles Grandison in this one past hour than the Great Mogul all my life.

"Sir Hargrave even sobbed, as I could hear by his voice, like a child. 'D—n my heart,' said he, in broken sentences. 'And must I thus put up—and must I be thus overcome? By G—, by G—, Grandison; you must, you must walk down

with me into the garden. I have something to propose to you, and it will be in your own choice either to compromise, or to give me the satisfaction of a gentleman; but you must retire with me into the garden.'

"*Sir Charles*.—With all my heart, Sir Hargrave.

"And taking off his sword he laid it on the table.

"*Sir Hargrave*.—And must I do so too? D—n me if I do! Take up your sword, sir.

"*Sir Charles*.—I will, to oblige you, Sir Hargrave. It will be always in my choice to draw it or not.

"*Sir Hargrave*.—D—n me if I can live to be thus treated! Where the devil have you been till now? But you must go down with me into the garden.

"*Sir Charles*.—Show me the way, Sir Hargrave.

"They all interposed, but Sir Charles said, 'Pray, gentlemen, let Sir Hargrave have his way. We will attend you presently'

"The writer then came out, by the gentlemen's leave, who stayed behind, at the windows. They expressed their admiration of Sir Charles, and Mr. Merceda and Mr. Bagenhall (the writer mentions it to their honour) reproached each other, as if they had no notion of what was great and noble in man till now.

"Sir Charles and Sir Hargrave soon appeared in sight, walking, and as conversing earnestly. The subject, it seems, was some proposals made by Sir Hargrave about the lady, which Sir Charles would not comply with. And when they came to the grass plot, Sir Hargrave threw open his coat and waistcoat and drew, and seemed by his motions to insist upon Sir Charles drawing likewise. Sir Charles had his sword in one hand, but it was undrawn; the other was stuck in his side—his frock was open. Sir Hargrave seemed still to insist upon his drawing, and put himself into a fencing attitude. Sir Charles then, calmly stepping towards him, put down Sir Hargrave's sword with his hand, and put his left arm under

Sir Hargrave's sword arm. Sir Hargrave lifted up the other



*Sir Charles then, calmly stepping towards him, put down Sir Hargrave's sword with his hand.*

arm passionately, but Sir Charles, who was on his guard,



immediately laid hold of it, and seemed to say something mildly to him, and letting go his left hand, led him towards the house, his drawn sword still in his hand. Sir Hargrave seemed to expostulate, and to resist being led, though but faintly, and as a man overcome with Sir Charles' behaviour; and they both came up together, Sir Charles' arm still within his sword arm. [The writer retired to his first place.] 'D—n me,' said Sir Hargrave, as he entered the room; 'this man, this Sir Charles is the devil. He has made a mere infant of me. Yet, he tells me, he will not be my friend neither in the point my heart is set upon.' He threw his sword upon the floor. 'This only I will say, as I said below, Be my friend in that one point, and I will forgive you with all my soul.'

"*Sir Charles.*—The lady is, must be her own mistress, Sir Hargrave. I have acquired no title to any influence over her. She is an excellent woman. She would be a jewel in the crown of a prince. But you must allow me to say she must not be terrified. I do assure you that her life has been once in danger already; all the care and kindness of my sister and a physician could hardly restore her.

"*Sir Hargrave.*—The most inflexible man—devil I should say—I ever saw in my life! But you have no objection to my seeing her. She shall see—yet how can I forgive you that?—what I have suffered in my person for her sake. If she will not be mine, these marks shall be hers, not yours. And though I will not terrify her, I will see if she has no pardon, no pity for me. She knows, she very well knows that I was the most honourable of men to her when she was in my power. By all that's sacred, I intended only to make her Lady Pollexfen. I saw she had as many lovers as visitors, and I could not bear it. You, Sir Charles, will stand my friend, and if money and love will purchase her, she shall yet be mine.

"*Sir Charles.*—I promise you no friendship in this case, Sir Hargrave. All her relations leave her, it seems, to her

own discretion; and who shall offer to lead her choice? What I said below, when you would have made that a condition, I repeat—I think she ought not to be yours; nor ought you, either for your own sake or hers, to desire it. Come, come, Sir Hargrave; consider the matter better. Think of some other woman, if you are disposed to marry. Your figure——

“*Sir Hargrave*.—Yes, by G—, I make a pretty figure now, don’t I?

“*Sir Charles*.—Your fortune will make you happier in marriage with any other woman, after what has happened, than this can make you. For my own part, let me tell you, Sir Hargrave, I would not marry the greatest princess on earth if I thought she did not love me above all other men, whether I deserved her love or not.

“*Sir Hargrave*.—And you have no view to yourself in the advice you give? Tell me that—I insist upon your telling me that.

“*Sir Charles*.—Whenever I pretend to give advice, I should abhor myself if I did not wholly consider the good of the person who consulted me, and if I had any retrospection to myself which might in the least affect that person.

“The breakfast was then brought in. This that follows was the conversation that passed at and after breakfast.

“*Mr. Bagenhall*.—See what a Christian can do, Merceda. After this, will you remain a Jew?

“*Mr. Merceda*.—Let me see such another Christian, and I will give you an answer. You, Bagenhall, I hope, will not think yourself intitled to boast of your Christianity.

“*Mr. Bagenhall*.—Too true! We have been both of us sad dogs.

“*Sir Hargrave*.—And I have been the most innocent man of the three, and yet—that’s the devil of it—am the greatest sufferer. Curse me if I can bear to look at myself in the glass.

"*Mr. Jordan.*—You should be above all that, Sir Hargrave. And let me tell you, you need not be ashamed to be overcome as you are overcome. You really appear to me a greater, and not a less, man than you did before by your compromising with such a noble adversary.

"*Sir Hargrave.*—That's some comfort, Jordan. But, d—n me, Sir Charles, I will see the lady, and you shall introduce me to her, too.

"*Sir Charles.*—That cannot be. What! shall I introduce a man to a woman whom I think he ought no more to see than she should see him? If I thought you would go, I might, if she requested it, be there, lest, from what she has suffered already, she should be too much terrified.

"*Sir Hargrave.*—What, sir! You would not turn Quixote again?

"*Sir Charles.*—No need, Sir Hargrave. You would not again be the giant who should run away with the lady.

"The gentlemen laughed.

"*Sir Hargrave.*—By G—, sir, you have carried your matters very triumphantly.

"*Sir Charles.*—I mean not triumph, Sir Hargrave. But where either truth or justice is concerned I hope I shall never palliate.

"*Mr. Bagenhall.*—Curse me if I believe there is such another man in the world.

"*Sir Charles.*—I am sorry to hear you say that, Mr. Bagenhall. Occasion calls not out every man equally.

"*Sir Hargrave.*—Why did I not strike him? D—n me, that must have provoked you to fight.

"*Sir Charles.*—Provoked, in that case, I should have been, Sir Hargrave. I told you that I would not bear to be insulted. But, so warranted to take other methods, I should not have used my sword. The case has happened to me before now, but I would be upon friendly terms with you, Sir Hargrave.

"*Sir Hargrave.*—Curse me if I can bear my own littleness.

"*Sir Charles*.—When you give this matter your cool attention, you will find reason to rejoice that an enterprise begun in violence, and carried on so far as you carried it, concluded not worse. Every opportunity you will have for exerting your good qualities, or for repenting of your bad, will contribute to your satisfaction to the end of your life. You could not have been happy had you prevailed over me. Think you that a murderer ever was a happy man? I am the more serious, because I would have you think of this affair. It might have been a very serious one.

"*Sir Hargrave*.—You know, Sir Charles, that I would have compromised with you below. But not one point.

"*Sir Charles*.—Compromise, Sir Hargrave! As I told you, I had no quarrel with you. You proposed conditions which I thought should not be complied with. I aimed not to carry any point. Self-defence, I told you, was the whole of my system.

"*Mr. Bagenhall*.—You have given some hints, Sir Charles, that you have not been unused to affairs of this kind.

"*Sir Charles*.—I have before now met a challenger, but it was when I could not avoid it, and with the resolution of standing only on my own defence, and in the hope of making an enemy of a friend. Had I——

"*Mr. Bagenhall*.—What poor toads, Merceda, are we!

"*Mr. Merceda*.—Be silent, Bagenhall; Sir Charles had not done speaking. Pray, Sir Charles——

"*Sir Charles*.—I was going to say that had I ever pre-meditatedly given way to a challenge that I could have declined, I should have considered the acceptance of it as the greatest blot of my life. I am naturally choleric; yet, in this article, I hope I have pretty much subdued myself. In the affair between Sir Hargrave and me, I have the pleasure to reflect that passion, which I hold to be my most dangerous enemy, has not had, in any one moment, an ascendancy over me.

"*Sir Hargrave*.—No, by my soul! And how should it? You came off too triumphantly; you were not hurt; you have no marks to show. May I be cursed if, in forgiving you, which yet I know not how to do, I do not think myself the greater hero.

"*Sir Charles*.—I will not contest that point with you, Sir Hargrave. There is no doubt but the man who can subdue his passion and forgive a real injury is a hero. Only remember, sir, that it was not owing to your virtue that I was not hurt, and that it was not my intention to hurt you.

"*Mr. Jordan*.—I am charmed with your sentiments, Sir Charles. You must allow me the honour of your acquaintance. We all acknowledge duelling to be criminal, but no one has the courage to break through a bad custom.

"*Sir Charles*.—The empty, the false glory that men have to be thought brave, and the apprehension of being deemed cowards among men, and among women too, very few men aim to get above.

"*Mr. Jordan*.—But you, Sir Charles, have shown that reputation and conscience are entirely reconcilable.

"*Mr. Bagenhall*.—You have, by Heaven! And I beg of you, sir, to allow me to claim your further acquaintance. You may save a soul by it. Merceda, what say you?

"*Mr. Merceda*.—Say! What a devil can I say? But the doctrine would have been nothing without the example.

"*Sir Hargrave*.—And all this at my expense! But, Sir Charles, I must, I will have Miss Byron.

"*Mr. Jordan*.—I think everything impertinent that hinders me from asking questions, for my information and instruction, of a man so capable of giving both on a subject of this importance. Allow me, Sir Charles, to ask a few questions, in order to confirm me quite your proselyte.

"*Sir Charles* (taking out his watch, as I saw).—Time wears. Let my servant be called in. The weather is cold. I directed him to attend before the door.

"It was immediately ordered, with apologies.

"*Sir Charles*.—Ask me, Mr. Jordan, what questions you please.

"*Mr. Jordan*.—You have been challenged more than once, I presume?

"*Sir Charles*.—I am not a quarrelsome man, but as it was early known that I made it a principle not to engage in a duel, I was the more subjected, I have reason to think, for that to inconveniences of this nature.

"*Mr. Jordan*.—Had you always, Sir Charles, that magnanimity, that intrepidity, that steadiness—I know not what to call it—which we have seen and admire in you?

"*Sir Charles*.—I have always considered spirit as the distinction of a man. My father was a man of spirit. I never feared man since I could write man. As I never sought danger, or went out of my way to meet it, I looked upon it when it came as an unavoidable evil, and as a call upon me for fortitude; and hence I hardly ever wanted that presence of mind in it which a man ought to show, and which sometimes, indeed, was the means of extricating me from it.

"*Sir Hargrave*.—An instance of which this morning, I suppose you think, has produced?

"*Sir Charles*.—I had not that in my head. In Italy, indeed, I should hardly have acted as in the instance you hint at. But in England—and, Sir Hargrave, I was willing to think, in Cavendish Square—I could not but conclude myself safe. I know my own heart. I wished you no evil, sir. I was calm. I expected to meet you full of fire, full of resentment; but it is hard, thought I (as some extraordinary step seems necessary to be taken), if I cannot content myself with that superiority (excuse me, Sir Hargrave) which my calmness and Sir Hargrave's passion must give me over him or any man. My sword was in my power. Had I even apprehended assassination, the house of an English gentleman could not have been the place for it, and when a confidence

was reposed. But one particular instance, I own, I had in my mind when I said what I did.

"All the gentlemen besought him to give it.

"*Sir Charles*.—In the raging of the war, now, so seasonably for all the powers at variance, concluded, I was passing through a wood in Germany, on my way to Mannheim. My servant, at some distance before me, was endeavouring to find out the right road, there being more than one. He rode back affrighted, and told me he had heard a loud cry of murder, succeeded by groans, which grew fainter and fainter, as those of a dying person, and besought me to make the best of my way back. As I was thinking to do so (though my way lay through the wood, and I had got more than half way in it), I beheld six Pandours issue from that inner part of the wood, into which, in all probability, they had dragged some unhappy passenger, for I saw a horse bridled and saddled, without a rider, grazing by the roadside. They were well armed. I saw no way to escape. They probably knew every avenue in and out of the wood: I did not. They stopped when they came within two musket-shots of me, as if they had waited to see which way I took. Two of them had dead poultry slung across their shoulders, which showed them to be common plunderers. I took a resolution to ride up to them. I bid my servant, if he saw me attacked, make the best of his way for his own security, while they were employed either in rifling or murdering me; but, if they suffered me to pass, to follow me. He had no portmanteau to tempt them. That, and my other baggage, I had caused to be sent by water to Mannheim. 'I am an Englishman, gentlemen,' said I (judging, if Austrians, as I supposed they were, that plea would not disavail me): 'I am doubtful of my way. Here is a purse,' holding it out. 'As soldiers you must be gentlemen. It is at your service, if one or two of you will be so kind as to escort and guide me through this wood.' They looked upon one another. I was loth they

should have time to deliberate. 'I am upon business of great consequence. Pray direct me the nearest way to Mannheim. Take these florins.'

"At last one that seemed of authority among them held out his hand, and, taking the purse, said something in Slavonian; and two of them, with their pieces slung on their shoulders, and their sabres drawn, led me out of the wood in safety, but hoped, at parting, my farther generosity. I found a few more florins for them, and they rode back into the wood, I suppose to their fellows; and glad I was to come off so well. Had I either seemed afraid of them, or endeavoured to escape, probably I had been lost. Two persons were afterwards found murdered in the wood—one of them, perhaps, the unhappy man whom my servant had heard cry out and groan.

"*Mr. Jordan.*—I feel now very sensibly, Sir Charles, your danger and escape. Your fortitude, indeed, was then of service to you.

"*Sir Hargrave.*—But, Sir Charles, methinks I shall be easier in myself if you give me one instance of your making before now an enemy a friend. Have you one in point?

"*Sir Charles.*—Stories of this nature come very ill from a man's own mouth.

"*Sir Hargrave.*—I must have it, Sir Charles. A brother-sufferer will better reconcile me to myself.

"*Sir Charles.*—If you will not excuse me then, I will tell you the story.

"*Mr. Jordan.*—Pray, sir——

"*Sir Charles.*—I had a misunderstanding at Venice with a young gentleman of the place. He was about twenty-two. I was a year younger.

"*Mr. Bagenhall.*—At the Carnival, I suppose. About a lady, Sir Charles?

"*Sir Charles.*—He was the only son of a noble Venetian



family, who had great expectations from him. He was a youth of genius. Another noble family at Urbino, to which he was to be allied in marriage, had also an interest in his welfare. We had made a friendship together at Padua. I was at Venice by his invitation, and stood well with all his family. He took offence against me at the instigation of a designing relation of his—to own the truth, a lady, as you suppose, Mr. Bagenhall—his sister. He would not allow me to defend my innocence to the face of the accuser, nor yet to appeal to his father, who was a person of temper as well as sense. On the contrary, he upbraided me in a manner that I could hardly bear. I was resolved to quit Venice, and took leave of his whole family, the lady excepted, who would not be seen by me. The father and mother parted with me with regret. The young gentleman had so managed that I could not with honour appeal to them ; and at taking leave of him in their presence, under pretence of a recommendatory letter, he gave into my hand a challenge. The answer I returned, after protesting my innocence, was to this effect: ‘I am setting out for Verona in a few hours. You know my principles, and I hope will better consider of the matter. I never, while I am master of my temper, will give myself so much cause of repentance to the last hour of my life as I should have were I to draw my sword to the irreparable injury of any man’s family, or to run the same risk of injuring my own, and of incurring the final perdition of us both.’

“*Mr. Merceda.*—This answer rather provoked than satisfied, I suppose?

“*Sir Charles.*—Provocation was not my intention. I designed only to remind him of the obligations we were under to our respective families, and to throw in a hint of a still superior consideration. It was likely to have more force in that Roman Catholic country than, I am sorry to say it, it would in this Protestant one.

“*Sir Hargrave.*—How, how, Sir Charles, did it end?

"*Sir Charles*.—I went to Verona. He followed me thither, and endeavoured to provoke me to draw. 'Why should I draw?' said I. 'Will the decision by the sword be certainly that of justice? You are in a passion. You have no reason to doubt either my skill or my courage' (on such an occasion, gentlemen, and with such a view, a man may perhaps be allowed to give himself a little consequence); 'and solemnly once more do I avow my innocence, and desire to be brought face to face with my accusers.'

"He raved the more for my calmness. I turned from him with intent to leave him. He thought fit to offer me a personal insult. I now, methinks, blush to tell it. He gave me a box on the ear, to provoke me to draw.

"*Mr. Merceda*.—And did you draw, sir?

"*Mr. Bagenhall*.—To be sure you then drew?

"*Mr. Jordan*.—Pray, Sir Charles, let us know. You could not then help drawing? This was a provocation that would justify a saint.

"*Sir Charles*.—He had forgot in that passionate moment that he was a gentleman. I did not remember that I was one. But I had no occasion to draw.

"*Sir Hargrave*.—What a plague! You did not cane him?

"*Sir Charles*.—He got well after a fortnight's lying-by.

"*Sir Hargrave*.—Damnation!

"*Sir Charles*.—I put him into possession of the lodgings I had taken for myself, and into proper and safe hands. He was indeed unable for a day or two to direct for himself. I sent for his friends. His servant did me justice as to the provocation. Then it was that I was obliged in a letter to acquaint the father of a discovery I had made, which the son had refused to hear, which, with the lady's confession, convinced them all of my innocence. His father acknowledged my moderation, as the young gentleman himself did, desiring a renewal of friendship; but as I thought the affair

had gone too far for a cordial reconciliation, and knew that he would not want instigators to urge him to resent an indignity which he had, however, brought upon himself by a greater offered to me, I took leave of him and his friends, and revisited some of the German courts, that of Vienna in particular, where I resided some time.

"In the meanwhile the young gentleman married. His lady, of the Altieri family, is an excellent woman. He had a great fortune with her. Soon after his nuptials he let me know that, as he doubted not, if I had drawn my sword I should, from his violence at the time, have had his life in my power, he could not but acknowledge that he owed all his acquisitions and the best of wives, as well as the happiness of both families, with that life, to me.

"I apply not this instance ; but, Sir Hargrave, as I hope to see you married and happy, though it can never be, I think, to Miss Byron, such generous acknowledgments as misbecome not an Italian I shall then hope for from an Englishman.

"*Sir Hargrave*.—And had your Italian any marks left him, sir? Depend upon it, I shall never look into a glass but I shall curse you to the very pit.

"*Sir Charles*.—Well, Sir Hargrave, this only I will add, that be as sensible as you will, and as I am, of the happy issue of this untoward affair, I will never expect a compliment from you that shall tend to your abasement.

"*Mr. Jordan*.—Your hand, Sir Hargrave, to Sir Charles.

"*Sir Hargrave*.—What ! without terms? Curse me, if I do ! But let him bring Miss Byron in his hand to me (that is the least he can do) ; then may I thank him for my wife.

"Sir Charles made some smiling answer, but the writer heard it not.

"Sir Charles would then have taken leave, but all the gentlemen, Sir Hargrave among the rest, were earnest with him to stay a little longer.

"*Mr. Jordan*.—My conversion must be perfected, Sir

Charles. This is a subject that concerns us all. We shall remember every tittle of the conversation, and think of it when we do not see you. Let me beg of you to acquaint me how you came to differ from all other men of honour in your practice, as well as in your notions, upon this subject.

"*Sir Charles*.—I will answer your question, Mr. Jordan, as briefly as I can.

"My father was a man of spirit. He had high notions of honour, and he inspired me early with the same. I had not passed my twelfth year when he gave me a master to teach me what is called the science of defence. I was fond of the practice, and soon obtained such a skill in the weapons as pleased both my father and master. I had strength of body beyond my years; the exercise added to it. I had agility; it added to my agility; and the praises given me by my father and master so heightened my courage, that I was almost inclined to wish for a subject to exercise it upon. My mother was an excellent woman; she had instilled into my earliest youth, almost from infancy, notions of moral rectitude and the first principles of Christianity, now rather ridiculed than inculcated in our youth of condition. She was ready sometimes to tremble at the consequences which she thought might follow from the attention which I paid (thus encouraged and applauded) to this practice, and was continually reading lectures to me upon true magnanimity, and upon the law of kindness, benevolence, and forgiveness of injuries. Had I not lost her so soon as I did I should have been a more perfect scholar than I am in these noble doctrines. As she knew me to be naturally hasty and very sensible of affronts, and as she had observed, as she told me, that even in the delight she had brought me to take in doing good I showed an over-readiness, even to rashness, which she thought might lead me into errors that would more than overbalance the good I aimed to do, she redoubled her efforts to keep me right; and on this particular acquirement of a skill in the management of the

weapons she frequently enforced upon me an observation of Mr. Locke: 'That young men, in their warm blood, are often forward to think they have in vain learned to fence if they never show their skill in a duel.'

"This observation, insisted upon and inculcated as she knew how, was very seasonable at that time of danger; and she never forgot to urge upon me, that the science I was learning was a science properly called of defence and not of offence, at the same time endeavouring to caution me against the low company into which a dexterity at my weapons might lead me, as well as against the diversions themselves exhibited at the infamous places where those brutal people resorted—infamous even by name,<sup>1</sup> as well as in the nature of them.

"From her instructions I had an early notion that it was much more noble to forgive an injury than to resent it, and to give a life than to take it. My father (I honour his memory!) was a man of gaiety, of munificence. He had great qualities. But my mother was my oracle. And he was always so just to her merit as to command me to consider her as such; and the rather, he used to say, as she distinguished well between the false glory and the true, and would not have her boy a coward.

"*Mr. Merceda*.—A good beginning, by my life!

"*Mr. Jordan*.—Pray proceed, Sir Charles. I am all attention.

"*Sir Hargrave*.—Ay, ay, we all listen.

"*Mr. Bagenhall*.—Curse him that speaks next to interrupt you.

"*Sir Charles*.—But what indelibly impressed upon my heart my mother's lessons was an occurrence which, and the consequences of it, I shall ever deplore. My father having taken leave of my mother on a proposed absence of a few days, was in an hour after brought home, as it

<sup>1</sup> Hockley in the Hole, Bear-Garden, &c.

was thought, mortally wounded in a duel. My mother's surprise on this occasion threw her into fits, from which she never after was wholly free; and these, and the dangerous way he continued in for some time, brought her into an ill state of health, broke, in short, her constitution, so that in less than a twelvemonth my father, to his inexpressible anguish of mind (continually reproaching himself on the occasion), lost the best of wives, and my sisters and I the best of mothers and instructors.

"My concern for my father, on whom I was an hourly attendant throughout the whole time of his confinement, and my being by that means a witness of what both he and my mother suffered, completed my abhorrence of the vile practice of duelling. I went on, however, in endeavouring to make myself a master of the science, as it is called; and, among the other weapons, of the staff, the better to enable me to avoid drawing my sword, and to empower me, if called to the occasion, to give and not take a life, and the rather as the custom was so general that a young man of spirit and fortune, at one time or other, could hardly expect to escape a provocation of this sort.

"My father once had a view, at the persuasion of my mother's brother, who was a general of note and interest in the Imperial service, and who was very fond of a military life and of me, to make a soldier of me, though an only son; and I wanted not, when a boy, a turn that way. But the disgust I had conceived on the above occasion against duelling, and the consideration of the absurd alternative which the gentlemen of our army are under, either to accept a challenge, contrary to laws divine and human, or to be broke if they do not (though a soldier is the least master of himself, or of his own life, of any man in the community), made me think the English service, though that of my country, the least eligible of all services. And for a man who was born to so considerable a stake in it to devote

himself to another, as my uncle had done, from principles which I approved not, I could not but hesitate on the proposal, young as I was. As it soon became a maxim with me not to engage, even in a national cause, without examining the justice of it, it will be the less wondered at that I could not think of any foreign service.

"*Mr. Bagenhall.*—Then you have never seen service, Sir Charles?

"*Sir Charles.*—Yes, I made one campaign as a volunteer, notwithstanding what I have said. I was then in the midst of marching armies, and could not tell how to abate the ardour those martial movements had raised in my breast. But unless my country were to be unjustly invaded by a foreign enemy, I think I would not, on any consideration, be drawn into the field again.

"*Mr. Jordan.*—But you lead from the point, Mr. Bagenhall. Sir Charles was going to say somewhat more on the subject of duelling.

"*Sir Charles.*—When I was thus unhappily deprived of my mother, my father, in order to abate my grief (I was very much grieved), was pleased to consent to my going abroad, in order to make the grand tour, as it is called, having first visited all the British dominions in Europe, Gibraltar and Minorca excepted. I then, supposing I might fall into circumstances that might affect the principles my mother had been so careful to instil into me, and to which my father's danger and her death had added force, it was natural for me to look into history for the rise and progress of a custom so much and so justly my aversion, and which was so contrary to all laws divine and human, and particularly to that true heroism which Christianity enjoins when it recommends meekness, moderation, and humility as the glory of the human nature. But I am running into length.

"Again Sir Charles took out his watch. They were clamorous for him to proceed.

“When I found, continued he, that this unchristian custom owed its rise to the barbarous northern nations, who had, however, some plea to make in excuse which we have not, as they were governed by particular lords, and were not united under one head or government, to which, as to a last resort, persons supposing themselves aggrieved might appeal for legal redress, and that these barbarous nations were truly barbarous and enemies to all politeness, my reasoning on this occasion added new force to prejudices so well founded.

“The gentlemen seemed afraid that Sir Charles had done speaking. They begged he would go on.

“I then had recourse, proceeded he, to the histories of nations famous for their courage. That of the Romans, who by that quality obtained the empire of the world, was my first subject. I found not any traces in their history which could countenance the savage custom. When a dispute happened, the challenge from both parties generally was, ‘that each should appear at the head of the army the next engagement, and give proofs of his intrepidity against the common foe.’ The instance of the Horatii and Curiatii, which was a public, a national combat, as I may call it, affords not an exception to my observation. And yet even that, in the early ages of Rome, stands condemned by a better example. For we read that Tullus challenged Albanus, general of the Albans, to put the cause of the two nations upon the valour of each captain’s arm, for the sake of sparing a greater effusion of blood; but what was the answer of Albanus, though the inducement to the challenge was so plausible?—‘that the cause was a public, not a private one; and the decision lay upon the two cities of Alba and Rome.’

“Many ages afterwards Augustus received a challenge from Mark Antony. Who, gentlemen, thought of branding as a coward that prince on his answering, ‘that if Antony were weary of his life, he might find many other ways to end it than by his sword?’



"Metellus, before that challenged by Sertorius, answered with his pen, not his sword, 'that it was not for a captain to die the death of a common soldier.'

"The very Turks know nothing of this savage custom, and they are a nation that raised themselves by their bravery, from the most obscure beginnings, into one of the greatest empires on the globe, as at this day. They take occasion to exalt themselves above Christians in this very instance, and think it a scandal upon Mussulmans to quarrel, and endeavour to wreak their private vengeance on one another.

"All the Christian doctrines, as I have hinted, are in point against it. But it is dreadful to reflect that the man who would endeavour to support his arguments against this infamous practice of duelling by the laws of Christianity, though the most excellent of all laws (Excuse me, Mr. Merceda, your own are included in them), would subject himself to the ridicule of persons who call themselves Christians. I have mentioned, therefore, heathens and Mahometans, though in this company, perhaps; but I hope I need not, however, remind anybody here that that one doctrine of returning good for evil is a nobler and more heroic doctrine than either of those people, or your own, Mr. Merceda, ever knew.

"*Mr. Jordan.*—You have shown it, Sir Charles, by example, by practice, to be so. I never saw a hero till now.

"*Sir Charles.*—One modern instance, however, of a challenge refused I recollect, and which may be given, by way of inference, at least, to the advantage of my argument. The army of the famous Mareschal Turenne, in revenge for injuries more than hostile, as was pretended, had committed terrible depredations in the Palatinate. The elector, incensed at the unsoldierly destruction, challenged the mareschal to a single combat. The mareschal's answer was to this effect, 'that if the trust which the king his master had reposed in him would permit him to accept of his challenge he would not refuse

it, but, on the contrary, would deem it an honour to measure his arms with those of so illustrious a prince, but that, for the sake of his master's service, he must be excused.'

"Now, though I think the mareschal might have returned a still better answer (though this was not a bad one for a military man), yet where we can as Christians and as men plead the divine laws, and have not when we meet, as private subjects, the mareschal's, nor even the Goth's, excuse, I think the example worthy consideration.

"And if, gentlemen, I have argued before now, or should I hereafter argue, as follows, to a challenger, shall I deserve either to be branded or insulted?

"Of what use are the laws of society if magistracy may be thus defied? Were I to accept of your challenge, and were you to prevail against me, who is to challenge you, and if you fall, who him by whose sword you perish? Where, in short, is the evil to stop? But I will not meet you: my system is self-defence, and self-defence only. Put me upon that, and I question not but you will have cause to repent it. A premeditated revenge is that which I will not meet you to gratify. I will not dare to risk the rushing into my Maker's presence from the consequences of an act which cannot, in the man that falls, admit of repentance, and leaves for the survivor's portion nothing but bitter remorse. I fear not any more the reproaches of men than your insults on this occasion. Be the latter offered to me at your peril. It is perhaps as happy for you as for myself that I have a fear of a higher nature. Be the event what it will, the test you would provoke me to can decide nothing as to the justice of the cause on either side. Already you will find me disposed to do you the justice you pretend to seek. For your own sake, therefore, consider better of the matter, since it is not impossible but, were we to meet and both survive, you may exchange what you will think a real disgrace for an imaginary one.

"And thus, gentlemen, have I almost syllogistically argued with myself on this subject :

"Courage is a virtue ; inordinate passion is a vice : such passion, therefore, cannot be courage.

"Does it not, then, behove every man of true honour to show that reason has a greater share than resentment in the boldness of his resolves ?

"And what, by any degree, is so reasonable as a regard to our duty ?

"You called upon me, gentlemen, to communicate my notions on this important subject. I have the more willingly obeyed you, as I hope Sir Hargrave, on the occasion that brought us to this not unhappy breakfasting, will be the better satisfied that it has so ended ; and as, if you are so good as to adopt them, they may be of service to others of your friends in case of debates among them. Indeed, for my own sake, I have always been ready to communicate my notions on this head, in hopes sometimes to be spared provocation ; for, as I have owned, I am passionate, I have pride, I am often afraid of myself ; and the more, because I am not naturally, I will presume to say, a timid man.

"*Mr. Bagenhall.*—'Fore God, Sir Hargrave, somebody has escaped a scouring, as the saying is.

"*Mr. Merceda.*—Ay, by my life, Sir Hargrave, you had like to have caught a Tartar.

"*Sir Charles.*—The race is not always to the swift, gentlemen. Sir Hargrave's passion would, doubtless, have laid him under disadvantage. Defence is guarded, offence exposes itself.

"*Mr. Bagenhall.*—But, Sir Charles, you despise no man, I am sure, for differing from you in opinion. I am a Catholic——

"*Sir Charles.*—A Roman Catholic. No religion teaches a man evil. I honour every man who lives up to what he professes.

"*Mr. Bagenhall.*—But that is not the case with me, I doubt.

"*Mr. Merceda.*—That is out of doubt, Bagenhall.

"*Mr. Jordan.*—The truth is, Mr. Bagenhall has found his convenience in changing. He was brought up a Protestant. These dispensations, Mr. Bagenhall!

"*Mr. Merceda.*—Ay, and they were often an argument in Bagenhall's mouth for making me his proselyte.

"*Sir Charles.*—Mr. Bagenhall, I perceive, is rather of the religion of the Court than of that of the Church of Rome.

"*Mr. Bagenhall.*—But what I mean by telling you I am a Catholic, is this: I have read the opinion of some of our famous casuists that, in some cases, a private man may become his own avenger, and challenge an enemy into the field.

"*Sir Charles.*—Bannes and Cajetan, you mean; one a Spaniard, the other an Italian. But the highest authority of your Church is full against them in this point. The Council of Trent treats the combatants who fall as self-murderers, and denies them Christian burial. It brands them, and all those who by their presence countenance and abet this shocking and unchristian practice, with perpetual infamy, and condemns them to the loss of goods and estates. And furthermore, it deprives, *ipso jure*, all those sovereign princes who suffer such acts of violence to be perpetrated with impunity in the lands and cities which they hold of the Church of all the territories so held. I need not add to this that Lewis the Fourteenth's edict against duelling was the greatest glory of his reign. And permit me to conclude with observing that the base arts of poisoning by the means of treacherous agents, and the cowardly practice of assassination by bravoës hired on purpose to wreak a private revenge, so frequent in Italy, are natural branches of this old Gothic tree. And yet (as I have before hinted) the barbarous northern nations had pleas to make in behalf of duelling from their polity which we have not from ours, Christianity out of the question.

"The gentlemen said they would very seriously reflect upon all that had passed in this uncommon conversation.

"*Sir Hargrave*.—Well, but, Sir Charles, I must rectify to my old note. Miss Byron—she must be mine. And I hope you will not stand in my way.

"*Sir Charles*.—The lady is her own mistress. I shall be glad to see any and all of you, gentlemen, in St. James's Square.

"*Mr. Bagenhall*.—One thing I believe it is proper to mention to Sir Charles Grandison. You know, sir, that I brought a young man to your house to take minutes of the conversation that passed between you and me there, in apprehension of consequences. In like apprehensions I prevailed upon Sir Hargrave.

"*Sir Hargrave*.—And now, Bagenhall, I could curse you for it. The affair—confound it!—that I meant to be recorded for my own justification, has turned out to his honour. Now am I down in black and white for a tame—fool. Is it not so?

"*Mr. Jordan*.—By no means. If you think so, Sir Hargrave, you have but ill profited by Sir Charles's noble sentiments.

"*Sir Charles*.—How is this, Mr. Bagenhall?

"*Mr. Bagenhall*.—I prevailed upon Sir Hargrave to have the same young man, who is honest, discreet, and one of the swiftest shorthand writers of the age, to take a faithful account of everything that has passed, and he is in that closet.

"*Sir Charles*.—I must say this is very extraordinary; but as I always speak what I think, if I am not afraid of my own recollection, I need not of any man's minutes.

"*Mr. Bagenhall*.—You need not in this case, Sir Charles. Nothing has passed, as Sir Hargrave observes, but what makes for your honour. We that set him to work have more need to be afraid than you. We bid him be honest, and not spare any of us. We little thought matters would have ended so amicably.

"*Mr. Jordan.*—Thank God they have!

"*Mr. Merceda.*—A very happy ending, I think.

"*Sir Hargrave.*—Not except Miss Byron consents to wipe out these marks.

"*Mr. Bagenhall.*—Mr. Cotes, your task is over. Pray step in with what you have done.

"The writer obeyed. Mr. Bagenhall asked if the minutes should be read. Sir Hargrave swore 'No,' except, as he said, he had made a better figure in the debate. Sir Charles told them he could not stay to hear them, but that as they were written, and as he had been allowed before a copy of what passed between him and Mr. Bagenhall, he should be glad to have one now, and the rather as Sir Hargrave should have an instance, after he had perused it, of his readiness to condemn himself, if he found he had been wanting either to his own character or to that of any man present.

"They consented that I should send Sir Charles the first fair copy. Sir Charles then took his leave.

"The gentlemen all stood silent for several minutes, when they returned from attending him to the door, looking upon one another as if each expected the other to speak; but when they spoke, it was all in praise of Sir Charles, as the most modest, the most polite, the bravest and noblest of men. Yet his maxims, they said, were confoundedly strange, impossible for such sorry dogs as them (that was their phrase) to practise.

"But Sir Hargrave seemed greatly disturbed and dejected. He could not, he said, support himself under the consciousness of his own inferiority. 'But what could I do?' said he. 'The devil could not have made him fight. Plague take him! he beat me out of my play.'

"'And yet,' said Mr. Merceda, 'a tilting-bout seems no more to him than a game at pushpin.'

"'You would have thought so,' said Sir Hargrave, 'had you observed with what a sleight and with what unconcernedness

he pushed down my drawn sword with his hand (though he would grant me nothing), and took me under the arm, and led me in to you, as though he had taken me prisoner. The devil has long,' continued he, 'owed me a shame, but who would have thought he had so much power over Sir Charles Grandison as to get him to pay it me? But, however, I never will be easy till Miss Byron is'. dy Pollexfen.'

"I take leave, honoured sir to observe that a few things are noted in this copy which, to avoid giving offence, will not be in that I shall write for the gentlemen. I was ordered to show it to Mr. Bagenhall before you had it, but for this reason I shall excuse myself, as having not remembered that command.

"This, therefore, is a true copy of all that passed, taken to the best of the ability of, sir, give me leave to subscribe,

"Your very great admirer and most humble servant,

"HENRY COTES."

#### CONTINUATION OF MISS BYRON'S LETTER.

What a packet, including the shorthand writer's paper, transcribed by my cousin Reeves, shall I send you this time! I will not swell it by reflections on that paper (that would be endless), but hasten to give you some account of the visitors I mentioned.

Sir Hargrave Pollexfen came, without any previous notice, about nine o'clock.

My heart sank when his chair stopped at the door, and I was told who was in it.

He was shown into the great parlour. My cousin Reeves soon attended him. He made great apologies to them (and so Mr. Reeves said he ought) for the disturbance he had given them.

He laid all to love—prostituted name! made a cover to all acts of violence, indiscretion, folly, in both sexes!

I was in my own apartment. Mrs. Reeves came up to me.



*Mrs. Reeves came up to me. She found me in terror.*

She found me in terror, and went down and told him so, and begged that he would not insist upon seeing me.



The whole intent of this visit, he said, was to beg me to forgive him. It was probable that I should have the same emotion upon his first visit at any other time, and he entreated the favour of seeing me. He had a right, he said, to see me : he was a sufferer for my sake. They saw, he told them, that he was not the man he had been ; and as he had been denied, and been brought to deny himself, the satisfaction due to a gentleman from a man whom he had never offended, he insisted on having the opportunity given him of seeing me and receiving my forgiveness, as what would consolidate his reconciliation with Sir Charles Grandison.

There was no resisting this plea, and down I trembled—I can hardly say walked.

Notwithstanding all my little reasoning with myself to behave with the dignity of an injured person, yet the moment I saw him approach me at my entrance into the parlour I ran to Mr. Reeves and caught hold of his arm, with looks, I doubt not, of terror. Had Sir Charles Grandison been there, I suppose I should have run to him in the same manner.

“Ever dear and adorable goodness!” (were his words, coming to me) “how sweet is this terror, and how just! I have forgiven worse injuries”—pointing to his mouth. “I meant nothing but honour to you.”

“Honour, sir ; cruelty, sir ; barbarity, sir ! How can you wish to see the creature whom you so wickedly treated?”

“I appeal to yourself, madam, if I offered the least indecency! For all I have suffered by my mad enterprise, what but disgrace——”

“Disgrace, sir, was your portion, sir” (half out of breath). “What would you, sir? Why this visit? What am I to do?”

I hardly knew what I said, and still I held Mr. Reeves’ arm.

“Forgive me, madam ; that is what you are to do. Pardon me : on my knee I beg your pardon.” And he dropped down on one knee.

“Kneel not to me, sir. Pray do not kneel. You bruised,



Chris. Hampton  
July '95

*And he dropped down on one knee.*

you hurt, you terrified me, sir—and, Lord bless me! I was in danger of being your wife, sir!”

Was not this last part of my answer a very odd one? But the memory of what I suffered at the time, and of the narrow escape I had, left me not the least presence of mind on his address to me, kneeling.

He arose. "In danger of being my wife, madam! Only that the method I took was wrong, madam!"

"Miss Byron, you see, is in terror, Sir Hargrave. Sit down, my love" (taking my hand, and leading me to the fireside). "How you tremble, my dear! You see, Sir Hargrave, the terror my cousin is in. You see——"

"I do—I do, and am sorry for the occasion. We will all sit down. Compose yourself, dear Miss Byron; and" (holding up his clasped hands to me), "I beseech you, forgive me."

"Well, sir, I forgive you—I forgive you, sir."

"Were you not in so much disorder, madam—were it to be seasonable now—I would tell you what I have further to beg. I would——"

"Speak, sir, now; and never let me——"

"Suffer an interruption, madam. I am too apprehensive of that word never. You must allow of my address; I ask you not any favour, but as I shall behave myself in future."

"Yes, yes, sir—your behaviour. But, sir, were you to become the best man in the world, this—this is the last time that I ever——"

"Dear Miss Byron!" And then he pleaded his passion, his fortune, his sufferings. A wretch! Yet I had now and then a little pity for his disfigured mouth and lip—his resolutions to be governed by me in every act of his life—the settlement of one-half of his estate upon me. The odious wretch mentioned children, my dear—younger children. He ran on in such a manner as if he had been drawing up marriage articles all the way hither.

Upon my absolutely renouncing him, he asked me if Sir Charles Grandison had not made an impression on my heart.

What, Lucy, could make me inwardly fret at this question?

I could hardly have patience to reply. I now see, my dear, that I have indeed a great deal of pride.

"Surely, Sir Hargrave, I am not accountable to you——"

"You are not, madam ; but I must insist upon an answer to this question. If Sir Charles Grandison has made an application to you for favour, I can have no hope."

"Sir Charles Grandison, sir, is absolutely disinterested. Sir Charles Grandison has made——" there I stopped : I could not help it.

"No application to my cousin, I assure you, Sir Hargrave," said Mr. Reeves. "He is the noblest of men. Had he any such thoughts, I dare say he would be under difficulties to break his mind, lest such a declaration should be thought to lessen the merit of his protection."

A good thought of Mr. Reeves. And who knows, my Lucy, but there may be some foundation for it?

"Protection! D—n it! But I am the easier upon this assurance. Let me tell you, Mr. Reeves, that, had I not found him to be a wonder of a man, matters should not have ended as they seem at present to have done."

"But, Sir Hargrave," said Mrs. Reeves, "permit me to say, as I know Miss Byron's mind, that there cannot be the least room to imagine that Miss Byron——"

"Dear Mrs. Reeves, forgive me ; but I cannot receive a denial from any other mouth than hers. Is there no room for a sincere penitent to hope for mercy from a sweetness so angelic, and who is absolutely disengaged?"

"You have had mine already, Sir Hargrave," said I ; "I am amazed that, knowing my mind before your wicked insult upon me, you should have any expectation of this kind after it."

He again vowed his passion, and such stuff.

I think, Lucy, I never shall be able for the future to hear with patience any man talk of love, of passion, and such nonsense.

Let me summarily add, for I am tired of the subject,

that he said a hundred impertinent things, sillier than any of those said by Mr. Grandison in my praise (indeed, everything of this nature now appears silly to me). He insisted upon a preference to Mr. Greville, Mr. Fenwick, Mr. Orme. He resolved not to despair, as his sufferings for my sake had given him (as he said he presumed to tell me) some merit in his own opinion, if not in mine, and as his forgiveness of the man who had injured him ought, he thought, to have some weight in his favour.

He took leave of my cousins and me in a very respectful manner. I wish him no harm, but I hope I shall never see him again.

And now, Lucy, with the end of this very disagreeable visit I will conclude my letter, and shall have another long one ready for the next post.

LETTERS V.—IX. (Vol. ii.), *are mainly occupied with a return to the "D." proposals, and in a less degree with those of Sir Hargrave, who refuses to desist. Mrs. Selby, Harriet's aunt, and Mrs. Shirley, her grandmother, while not insisting on the "D." marriage, recommend Miss Byron to give her very best consideration to it. Harriet, who has accepted an invitation to the Grandisons' house at Colnebrook, replies as follows:—*

## LETTER X [ii]

MISS HARRIET BYRON TO MRS. SELBY

*Colnebrook, Tuesday, March 7.*

I HAVE the favour of yours and of my dear grandmamma's just brought me. The contents are so affecting that, though in full assembly as I may say, in this delightful family, I

begged to be permitted to withdraw to write to them. Miss Grandison saw my confusion, my puzzle—what shall I call it? To be charged so home, my dear aunt! Such apparent struggles—and were they, madam, so very apparent? A young, a new passion—and so visibly increasing. Pray, madam, if it be so, it is not at its height—and is it not, while but in its progress, conquerable? But have I been guilty of affectation? of reserves? If I have, my uncle has been very merciful to the awkward girl.

And you think it impossible, madam, but he has seen women whom he could love before he saw me? Very likely. But was it kind to turn the word gratitude upon me in such a manner?

I do see what an amiable openness of heart there is in Lady D. I admire her for it, and for her other matronly qualities. What can you do, madam? What can I do? That is the question, called upon as I am by my grandmamma, as well as by you, to speak still plainer—plain as in your opinion I had spoken, and indeed in my own, now I read the free sentence, drawn out and separated from the rest of the letter. My grandmamma forgives and even praises me for this sentence. She encourages me to speak still plainer. It is no disgrace, she says, for a woman of virtue to be in love with a worthy man. Love is a natural passion, she tells me, yet cautions me against suffering it to triumph over my reason—in short, not to love till there shall be a certainty of return. And so I can love as I will, when I will, nay, whom I will; for if he won't have me, I am desired not to resolve against marrying some other—Lord D., for example, if he will be so good as to have me.

Well, but upon a full examination of my heart, how do I find it, now I am called upon by my two most venerable friends to undraw the curtain and to put off the disguises through which every child in love matters finds me out? Shall I speak my whole heart? To such sympathising friends

surely I ought. Well, then, I own to you, my honoured grandmamma and aunt, that I cannot think of encouraging any other address. Yet have I no hope. I look upon myself as presumptuous, upon him as too excellent and too considerable; for he has a great estate and still greater expectations, and as to personal and intellectual merit, what woman can deserve him? Even in the article of fortune only, you think that, in prudence, a man so munificent should look higher.

Be pleased, therefore, madam, in conformity to my grandmamma's advice, to tell Lady D. from me "that I think her laudable openness deserves like openness; that your Harriet was disengaged in her affections—absolutely disengaged—when you told her that she was. Tell her what afterwards happened; tell her how my gratitude engaged me—that at first it was no more; but that now, being called upon, on this occasion I have owned my gratitude exalted" (it may not, I hope, be said, debased the object so worthy) "into—love." Yes, say love, since I act too awkwardly in the disguises I have assumed. "That, therefore, I can no more in justice, than by inclination, think of any other man; and own to her that her ladyship has, however, engaged my respectful love, even to reverence, by her goodness to me in the visit she honoured me with; and that, for her sake, had I seen nothing objectionable in Lord D. upon an interview and further acquaintance, I could have given ear to this proposal, preferably to any other that had yet been made me, were my heart as free as it was when she made her first proposal." And yet I own to you, my venerable friends, that I always think of Mr. Orme with grateful pity, for his humble, for his modest perseverance. What would I give to see Mr. Orme married to some very worthy woman, with whom he could be happy!

Finally, bespeak for me her ladyship's favour and friendship, but not to be renewed till my lord is married. And

may his nuptials be as happy as wished to be by a mother so



*Don't mind this great blot. Forgive it. It would fall.*

worthy! But tell her, at the same time, that I would not,



for twelve times my lord's £12,000 a year, give my hand to him, or to any man, while another had a place in my heart, however unlikely it is that I may be called by the name of the man I prefer.

But tell Lady D. all this in confidence, in the strictest confidence, among more general reasons regarding the delicacy of our sex, for fear the family I am with, who now love, should hate, and, what would be still worse, despise, your Harriet for her presumption! I think I could not bear that! Don't mind this great blot. Forgive it. It would fall. My pen found it before I saw it.

. . . . .

As to myself, whatever be my lot I will endeavour to reap consolation from these and other passages in the two precious letters before me.

"If you love, be not ashamed to own it to us. The man is Sir Charles Grandison."

✓ { "My affection is laudable; the object of it is a man not mean in understanding, nor profligate in morals, nor sordid in degree. All my friends are in love with him as well as I."

"My love is a love of the purest kind."

"And I ought to acquiesce, because Sir Charles, compared to us, is as the public to the private. Private considerations, therefore, should be as nothing to me."

Noble instruction, my dearest two mammas, to which I will endeavour to give their full weight.

And now let me take it a little unkindly that you call me your orphan girl! You two, and my honoured uncle, have supplied all wanting relations to me; continue, then, to pray for, and to bless, not your orphan, but your real daughter, in all love and reverence.

HARRIET BYRON-SHIRLEY-SELBY. —

*The next eighteen letters (XI.-XXVIII., Vol. ii.) are occupied with an elaborate "History of the Grandison Family," conveyed in letters from Harriet to Lucy. The points of most real importance to the story are that Sir Thomas Grandison, the father, though a man of parts and of some amiable traits, was flighty and a libertine, so that he broke the heart, or nearly so, of his angelic and affectionate wife; that Charles, the only son, had been early sent on his travels, and not allowed to return from Italy lest his presence should be irksome to his father; that Sir Thomas had used great severity to his daughters, Caroline and Charlotte, after their mother's death, to prevent the marriage of the former to Lord "L."; that he himself died suddenly at his Essex seat with a mistress in the house; and that Sir Charles, arriving too late to see his father, surprised and abashed his sisters by the gentleness of his behaviour towards this woman, as well as by his generosity towards themselves, and the general perfection of his character. Caroline Grandison has become Lady "L."; Charlotte is still a spinster. But in the last letters of the volume, after references to the "D." affair, and an account of the setting up and marriage of the penitent servant Wilson, Charlotte Grandison's concerns come on. In a sort of family conclave, with Harriet, rather to her discomfiture, present, Charlotte is taxed by her brother with concealing an affection, or at least coquetting, between her two known suitors, Lord "G." and Sir Walter Watkyns. Matters rise to some heat between the brother and sister, and Sir Charles mentions the name of a certain Captain Anderson. She is overcome, and leaves the room, Harriet following her; but after a time returns, and confesses that she has engaged herself to this adventurer, for whom she has no real affection, and from whom Sir Charles promises to disengage her.*

## LETTER XXIX [ii]

MISS BYRON. IN CONTINUATION

Miss Grandison desired me to return to the company. I did. She soon followed me, took her seat, and, with an air of mingled dignity and concern, delivered herself after this manner :

“If it be not too late, after a perseverance in error so obstinate, to reinstate myself in my brother’s good opinion, dearer to me than that of the whole world besides, my ingenuousness shall make atonement for that error.”

*Sir Charles.*—“I would spare my sister the——”

*Miss Grandison.*—“I will not be spared, sir. Pray hear me. I would not, in order to extenuate my own faults (I hope I have not many), seek to throw blame upon the absent, much less upon the everlastingly absent, and yet my brother’s piety must not be offended if I am obliged to say something that may seem to cast a shade on a memory. Be not hurt, sir. I will be favourable to that memory, and just to my own fault. You, Harriet, would no more excuse me than my brother if I failed in either.”

I bowed and blushed. Sir Charles looked at me with a benign aspect.

“My father,” proceeded she, “thought fit to be, or to seem to be, displeased with something that passed between him and Lord L. on the application made by my lord to him for my sister.”

*Sir Charles.*—“He was not willing, perhaps, that a treaty of marriage should be begun but at his own first motion, however unexceptionable the man or the proposal.”

*Miss Grandison.*—“Every one knows that my father had great abilities, and they were adorned with a vivacity and spirit that, wherever pointed, there was no resisting. He took his

two daughters to task upon this occasion ; and being desirous to discourage in them, at that time, any thoughts of marriage, he exerted, besides his authority, on this occasion (which I can truly say had due weight with us both), that vein of humour and raillery for which he was noted, insomuch that his poor girls were confounded, and unable to hold up their heads. My sister, in particular, was made to be ashamed of a passion that surely no young woman, the object so worthy, ought to be ashamed of. My father also thought fit (perhaps for wise reasons) to acquaint us that he designed for us but small fortunes, and this depreciated me with myself. My sister had a stronger mind, and had better prospects. I could not but apprehend from what my sister suffered what must be my sufferings in turn, and I thought I could be induced to take any step, however rash, where virtue was not to be wounded, rather than undergo what she underwent from the raillery of a man so lively, and so humorous, and who stood in so venerable a degree of relation to me. While these impressions were strong in my mind, Captain Anderson, who was quartered near us, had an opportunity to fall into my company at an assembly. He is a sprightly man, and was well received by everybody and particularly a favourite of three young ladies, who could hardly be civil to each other on his account ; and this, I own, when he made assiduous court to me, in preference to them, and to every other woman, gave him some consequence with me ; and then, being the principal officer in that part of the country, he was caressed as if he were a general. A daughter of Sir Thomas Grandison was deemed a prize worthy of his ambition by everybody, as well as by himself ; while this poor daughter, dreading the difficulties that her sister had met with, and being led to think, by what her father declared to both sisters, that two or three thousand pounds would be the height of her fortune, had only to apprehend that a captain, either of horse or foot, who had been perhaps for years a frequenter of public places, both in

town and country, in hopes of raising his fortune, would think



Chris. Hammond  
July. '95.

*His poor girls were confounded, and unable to hold up their heads.*

himself but poorly paid for his pains (were she even to obtain

her father's pardon) should she engage without waiting for his consent, as she was urged to do by letters which he found ways unsuspectedly to send her. I hope, sir—I hope, my lord, and you, my two sisters, that you will now from what I have said acquit me of insincerity, though you cannot of past indiscretion.

“Nevertheless, my pride at times was piqued. Sometimes I declared off, at other times was prevailed upon by arts which men are masters of to go on again, till I found myself entangled, and at a loss to know how to go either backward or forward. The gentleman was indeed of a genteel family, but the object of my sister's regard had so much to be said for him, stood so well with my brother and even with my father, was so much the man of quality in every respect, that a rash step in me, I could not but think, would be looked upon as the more disgraceful on that account, and that if I married Captain Anderson I must be rejected, scorned for a while, if not for ever.

“‘And what title,’ often thought I, when I permitted myself seriously to think, ‘have I to give my father a son, my brother, my sister, my Lord L. (should he and my sister marry) a brother whom they would not have chosen, nor will probably own? Have not they a better right to reject him for their relation than I have to choose him for my husband? And shall Charlotte Grandison, the daughter of the most prudent of mothers, take a step that shall make her be looked upon as the disgrace of her family? Shall she be obliged to follow a soldier's fortune into different quarters, and perhaps distant regions?’

“Such as these were at times my reasonings, and perhaps they would have had the less force with me had I, in giving myself a husband, had none of these relations living on whom to obtrude a new one, to their dislike, by my marriage.

“Hence I could not bear to reveal the matter to my sister, who in her choice had so much advantage over me.

---

I thought within these few weeks past I could reveal it to my new-found sister, and it was one of my motives to come hither, at your invitation, Lord and Lady L., when you told me she was so obliging as to accompany you down; but she was everlastingly writing; and I was shy of forcing an opportunity, as none agreeably offered——”

*Sir Charles.*—“I would not interrupt you, Charlotte, but may I ask if this whole affair was carried on by letter? Did you not sometimes see each other?”

*Miss Grandison.*—“We did; but our meetings were not frequent, because he was at one time quartered in Scotland, at another was sent to Ireland, where he stayed six or seven months; at others, in distant parts of the kingdom.”

*Sir Charles.*—“In what part of the king’s dominions is the captain now?”

*Miss Grandison.*—“Dear sir, could not the person who acquainted you with the affair inform you of that?”

*Sir Charles* (smiling).—“The person could, madam, and did. He is in London.”

*Miss Grandison.*—“I hope my brother, after the freedom of my confession, and an ingenuousness that is not often found in such cases as this, will not be so unkind as to imagine that I ought to have traps laid for me, as if I were not now at last frank and unreserved.”

*Sir Charles.*—“Exceedingly just, Charlotte—exceedingly just! I beg your pardon. I said we had all something to be forgiven for. I am not, however, questioning you with intent to cast a stone, but to lend you a hand.”

*Miss Grandison.*—“Oh that we had had liberty granted to us, having such a brother, to correspond with him! Happy shall I be if I can atone——”

There she stopped.

*Sir Charles.*—“Proceed with your story, my dear Charlotte. Greatly does the atonement overbalance the fault.”

*Miss Grandison* (bowing to her brother).—“Captain

Anderson is in town. I have seen him twice. I was to have seen him at the play had I not come down to Colnebrook. Not a tittle of the truth will I hide from you. Now I have recovered the right path, not one wry step will I ever again wilfully take. I have suffered enough by those I had taken, though I endeavoured to carry it off as well as I could (even sometimes by a spirit of bravery) when it lay heavy here"—putting her hand to her heart.

Sir Charles rose from his seat, and taking one of his sister's hands between both his—"Worthy sister! Amiable Charlotte! After this noble frankness, I must not permit you to accuse yourself. An error gracefully acknowledged is a victory won. If you think Captain Anderson worthy of your heart, he shall have a place in mine; and I will use my interest with Lord and Lady L. to allow of his relation to them. Miss Byron and Dr. Bartlett will look upon him as their friend."

He sat down again, his countenance shining with brotherly love.

*Miss Grandison.*—"Oh, sir, what shall I say? You add to my difficulties by your goodness. I have told you how I had entangled myself. Captain Anderson's address began with hopes of a great fortune, which he imagined a daughter of Sir Thomas Grandison could not fail, first or last, to have. That this was his principal motive has been on many occasions (on too many for his advantage) visible to me. My allowance of his address, as I have hinted, was owing to my apprehensions that I should not be a fortune worthy of a more generous man. At that time our life was a confined one, and I girlishly wished for liberty—matrimony and liberty—girlish connection, as I have since thought."

We could none of us help smiling at this lively sally, but she went on more seriously.

"I thought at first that I could break with him when I would, but he holds me to it, and the more since he has



heard of your goodness to me, and builds great hopes of future preferment on the alliance."

*Sir Charles.*—"But do you not love Captain Anderson, my sister?"

*Miss Grandison.*—"I believe I love him as well as he loves me. His principal view, as I have said, has come out avowedly to be to my fortune. If I regulate my esteem for him by his for me, I ought not, for the very reason that he likes me, to approve of him."

*Sir Charles.*—"I do not wonder that the captain is desirous to hold you to it, to use your words; but, my dear Charlotte, answer me: Have you had less liking to Captain Anderson since your fortune is ascertained, and absolutely in your own power, than you had before?"

*Miss Grandison.*—"Not on that account, if I know my heart; but he has been a much more earnest suitor since your goodness to me was generally known than before. When public report had made me absolutely dependent on my brother, and diminished (beyond the truth, as it has proved) the circumstances of the family, and when my sister and I were unhappy between our fears and our hopes, I then heard but little from Captain Anderson, and that little was so prudent and so cold—but I had found out the man before."

Lord and Lady L., with warmth of voice, called him unworthy man. I thought him so, and so, by his looks, did Dr. Bartlett.

*Sir Charles.*—"Poor man! He seems to have been too prudent to trust even to Providence. But what, my sister, are now your difficulties?"

*Miss Grandison.*—"They proceed from my folly. Captain Anderson appeared to me at first a man of sense, as well as an agreeable man in his person and air. He had a lively and easy elocution. He spoke without doubt, and I had therefore the less doubt of his understanding. The man who knows how to say agreeable things to a woman in an agreeable manner

has her vanity on his side, since to doubt his veracity would be to question her own merit. When he came to write, my judgment was even still more engaged in his favour than before. But when he thought himself on a safe footing with me, he then lost his handwriting, and his style, and even his orthography. I blush to say it, and I then blushed to see it."

*Sir Charles*.—"Men will be men. It is natural for us, when we find out our imperfections, to endeavour to supply them, or to gloss them over to those whose good opinion of us we wish to engage. I have known men who are not so ready as the captain seems to have been, to find out their own defects. Captain Anderson perhaps lost his letter-writer by the shifting of quarters. But it is strange that a man of family, as the captain is, should be so very illiterate."

*Miss Grandison*.—"His early wildnesses, as I afterwards heard, made him run from school before he had acquired common school-learning. His friends bought him a pair of colours. That was all they would ever do for him; and his father marrying a second wife, by whom he had children, considered not him as one. This came out to be his story. But he displayed himself to me in very different lights. He pretended to have a pretty estate, which, though not large, was well conditioned, and capable of improvement, besides very considerable expectations. A mind that would not impose on another, must least bear to be imposed upon itself; but I could not help despising him when I found myself so grossly imposed upon by the letters he had procured to be written for him, and that he was not either the man of sense or learning that he would have had me think him."

*Sir Charles*.—"But what was the safe footing, my sister, that he thought he was upon with you?"

*Miss Grandison*.—"Oh, sir, while all these good appearances held in his favour, he had teased me into a promise. And when he had gained that point, then it was, or soon after,

that he wrote to me with his own hand. And yet, though he convinced me by doing so that he had before employed another, it was a point agreed upon that our intercourse was to be an absolute secret; and I trembled to find myself exposed to his scribe, a man I knew not, and who must certainly despise the lover whom he helped to all his agreeable flourishes, and, in despising him, must probably despise me. Yet I will say that my letters were such as I can submit to the severest eye. It was indeed giving him encouragement enough that I answered him by pen and ink; and he presumed enough upon it, or he had never dared to tease me for a promise, as he did for months before I made him one."

*Sir Charles.*—"Women should never be drawn in to fetter themselves by promises. On the contrary, they ought always to despise, and directly to break with, the man who offers to exact a promise from them. To what end is a promise of this kind endeavoured to be obtained if the urger suspects not the fitness of his addresses in the eyes of those who have a right to be consulted, and if he did not doubt either his own merit or the lady's honour, and feared her returning discretion—therefore wanted to put it out of her own power to be dutiful, or (if she had begun to swerve, by listening to a clandestine address) to recover herself? Your father, my dear (but you might not know that), could have absolved you from this promise.<sup>1</sup> You have not now, however, anybody to control you; you are absolutely your own mistress; and I see not but a promise—but, pray, of what nature was this promise?"

*Miss Grandison.*—"O my folly! I declared that I never would marry any other man without his consent while he was single. By this means (to my confusion) I own that I made him my father, my guardian, my brother; at least I made the influences over me of such of them as had been living of no

<sup>1</sup> Num. xxx. 3-5.

avail in the most material article of my life—teazed, as I told you, into it, and against my judgment.

“Soon after he let me know, as I said, in his own handwriting, what an illiterate, what a mere superficial man I had entered into treaty with; and ever since I have been endeavouring by pen, as well as in person, to get him to absolve me from my rash promise; and this was my view<sup>+</sup> and endeavour before I had a title to the independence in which, sir, you was so good as to establish me.

“I once thought,” proceeded she, “that he would easily have complied, and have looked out elsewhere for a wife; for I sought not to fetter him, as you justly call it. He was not of so much consequence with me, and this renders me, perhaps, the less excusable; but you held me not long enough in suspense, as to the great things you intended to do for me, to enable me to obtain that release from Captain Anderson which I was meditating to procure, before he knew what those were.

“All this time I kept my own secret. I had not confidence enough in the steps I had so rashly taken (indeed, had not humility enough) to make any living creature acquainted with my situation; and this was the reason, I suppose, that I never was guessed at or found out. The proverb says, ‘Two can keep a secret when one is away;’ but my Harriet knows” (I bowed) “that I, very early in my knowledge of her, dropped hints of an entanglement, as I ludicrously called it; for I could not, with justice, say love.”

*Sir Charles.*—“Charming frankness! How do your virtues shine through your very mistakes! But there are many women who have suffered themselves to be worse entangled, even beyond recovery, when they have not had to plead the apprehensions which you had at entering into this affair.”

*Miss Grandison.*—“You are Sir Charles Grandison. Sir, I need not say more. We often dread, in rash engagements,

to make those communications which only can be a means to extricate us from the difficulties into which we have plunged ourselves. Had I for the last six or seven years of my life known my brother as I now know him, had I been indulged in a correspondence with him in his absence, not a step would I have taken but with his approbation."

*Sir Charles.*—"Perhaps I was too implicit on this occasion; but I always thought it more safe, in a disputable case, to check than to give way to an inclination. My father knew the world. He was not an ill-natured man. He loved his daughters. I had not the vanity to imagine that my sisters, the youngest near as old as myself, would want my advice in material articles; and to break through a father's commands for the sake merely of gratifying myself—I could not do it; and as a considerate person, when he has lost a dear friend, and more particularly a parent, is apt to recollect with pleasure those instances in which he has given joy to the departed, and with pain the contrary, methinks I am the more satisfied with myself for having obeyed a command that however, at the time, I knew not how to account for."

*Miss Grandison.*—"You are happy, brother, in this recollection. I should be more unhappy than I am (on your principles) had I vexed my father in this affair. Thank God, he knew nothing of it! But now, sir, I have told you the whole truth. I have not aggravated the failings of Captain Anderson, nor wish to do so; for the man that once I had but the shadow of a thought to make one day my nearest relation, is entitled, I think, to my good wishes, though he prove not quite so worthy as I once believed him."

"Permit me, however, to add that Captain Anderson is passionate, overbearing. I have never of late met him but with great reluctance. Had I not come to Colnebrook, I should have seen him, as I confessed; but it was with the resolution that I had for a considerable time past avowed to him never to be his, and to be a single woman all my life,

if he would not disengage me of my rash, my foolish promise. And now be pleased" (looking round her to every one present) "to advise me what to do."

*Lord L.*—"I think the man utterly unworthy of you, sister Charlotte. I think you are right to resolve never to have him."

*Lady L.*—"Without waiting for my brother's opinion, I must say that he acts most ungenerously and unworthily to hold you to an unequal promise—a promise the like of which you offered not to bind him by. I cannot, Charlotte, think you bound by such a promise; and the poor trick of getting another person to write his letters for him, and exposing my sister to a stranger, and against stipulation—how I should hate him! What say you, sister Harriet?"

*Harriet.*—"I should be unworthy of this kind confidence if, thus called upon, I did not say something, though it came out to be next to nothing. There seems not to have been any strong affection, any sympathy of soul, if I may so express myself, at any time, Miss Grandison, between you and Captain Anderson, I think?"

*Sir Charles.*—"A very proper question."

*Miss Grandison.*—"There was not on either side, I believe. I have hinted at my motives and at his. In every letter of his he gave me cause to confirm what I have said of his self-interestedness; and now his principal plea to hold me to my promise is his interest. I would not to him—I never did—plead mine, though his example would excuse me if I did."

*Lord L.*—"Was the promise given in writing, sister?"

*Miss Grandison.*—"Indeed it was." She looked down.

*Harriet.*—"May I be pardoned, madam? The substance of your promise was that you would never marry any other man without his consent while he remained unmarried. Did you promise that if ever you did marry at all it should be to him?"

*Miss Grandison.*—"No. He wanted me to promise that, but I refused. And now, my Harriet, what is your advice?"

*Harriet.*—"I beg to hear Dr. Bartlett's opinion, and yours, sir" (to Sir Charles), "before I presume to give mine."

Sir Charles looked at the doctor. The doctor referred himself to him.

*Sir Charles.*—"Then, doctor, you must set me right if I am wrong. You are a casuist.

"As to what Lord L. has said, I think with his lordship that Captain Anderson appears not in any of his conduct to be worthy of Miss Grandison; and, in truth, I don't know many who are. If I am partial, excuse the brother."

She bowed. Every one was pleased that Miss Grandison was enabled to hold up her head as she did on this compliment from her brother.

*Sir Charles.*—"I think also, if my sister esteems him not, she is in the right to resolve never to be his. But what shall we say as to her promise, never to be the wife of any other man without his consent while he remains unmarried? It was made, I apprehend, while her father was living, who might, I believe, doctor, you will allow, have absolved her from it; but then, her very treating with him since to dispense with it shows that in her own conscience she thinks herself bound by it."

Every one being silent, he proceeded.

"Lady L. is of opinion that he acts ungenerously and unworthily to endeavour to hold her to an unequal promise; but what man, except a very generous one indeed, having obtained an advantage over such a woman as Charlotte" (she reddened), "would not try to hold it? Must he not, by giving up this advantage, vote against himself? Women should be sure of the men in whom they place a confidence that concerns them highly. Can you think that the man who engages a woman to make a promise does not intend to hold her to it? When he teases her to make it he as

good as tells her he does, let what will happen to make her wish she had not."

*Miss Grandison.*—"Oh, my brother. The repetition of that word 'teazes'! Are you not raillying me? Indeed, I deserve it."

*Sir Charles.*—"Men gain all their advantages by teasing, by promises, by importunities. Be not concerned, my Charlotte, that I use your word."

*Miss Grandison.*—"Oh, my brother, what shall I do if you railly me on my folly?"

*Sir Charles.*—"I mean not to railly you, but I know something of my own sex, and must have been very negligent of my opportunities if I know not something of the world" (I thought, Lucy, he would here have used the word other, instead of the word world). "We have heard her reason for not binding the captain by a like promise, which was that she did not value him enough to exact it: and was not that his misfortune?"

"She is apprehensive of blame on this head, but her situation will be considered: I must not repeat the circumstances. I was grieved to hear that my sisters had been in such circumstances. What pity that those who believe they best know the sex think themselves entitled to treat it with least respect." (How we women looked upon one another!) "I should hope in charity" (in charity, Lucy!), "and for the true value I bear it, as I think a good woman one of the greatest glories of the creation, that the fault is not generally in the sex."

"As to the captain's artifice to obtain a footing by letters of another man's writing, that was enough, indeed, to make a woman, who herself writes finely, despise him when she knew it. But to what will not some persons stoop to gain a point on which their hearts are fixed? This is no new method. One signal instance I will mention. Madam Maintenon, it is reported, was employed in this way by a



favourite mistress of Louis XIV. ; and this was said to be the means of introducing her to the monarch's favour, on the ruins of her employer. Let me repeat that women should be sure of their men before they embark with them in the voyage of love. 'Hate the man,' says Lady L., for exposing her to the letter-writer. Exposing! Let me say that women who would not be exposed should not put themselves out of their own power. Oh, Miss Byron" (turning, to my confusion, to me, who was too ready to apply the first part of the caution), "be so good as to tell my Emily that she must never love a man of whose love she is not well assured, that she must never permit a man to know his consequence with her till she is sure he is grateful, just, and generous, and that she must despise him as a mean and interested man, the first moment he seeks to engage her in a promise. Forgive me, Charlotte. You so generously blame yourself that you will not scruple to have your experience pleaded for an example to a young creature who may not be able, if entangled, to behave with your magnanimity."

Seasonably did he say this last part, so immediately after his reference to me ; for I made Miss Grandison's confusion a half-cover for my own—and I fear but a half-cover.

I find I must not allow myself to be long from you, my dear friends—at least in this company. Miss Cantillon, Miss Barnevelt, and half-a-dozen more misses and masters, with whose characters and descriptions I first paraded, where are you? Where can I find you? My heart, when I saw you at Lady Betty Williams's, was easy and unapprehensive ; I could then throw my little squibs about me at pleasure, and not fear by their return upon me the singeing of my own clothes.

## LETTER XXX [ii]

MISS BYRON. IN CONTINUATION

"BUT now what remains to be done for our sister?" asked Lady L. Charlotte looked round her, as seconding the question. Every one referred to Sir Charles.

"In the first place, let me assure you, my dear Charlotte," resumed he, "that if you have but the shadow of a preference for Captain Anderson, and if you believe, from what has passed between you and from the suspense you have kept him in (which may have been a hindrance to his fortune or preferment), that you ought to be his, whether in justice or by inclination, I will amicably meet him, in order to make and to receive proposals. If we do not find him grateful or generous, we will make him so by our example, and I will begin to set it."

Every one was affected, Dr. Bartlett as much as anybody. Miss Grandison could hardly sit still—her chair was uneasy to her; while her brother looked like one who was too much accustomed to acts of beneficence to suppose he had said anything extraordinary.

Miss Grandison, after some hesitation, replied: "Indeed, sir, Captain Anderson is not worthy of being called your brother. I will not enter into the particulars of his unworthiness, because I am determined not to have him. He knows I am, nor does my promise engage me to be his. Had he virtue, had he generosity—but indeed he has not either, in the degree that would make me respect him as a woman should respect her husband."

*Sir Charles.*—"Well, then, Charlotte, I would have you excuse yourself, if you have given him hopes of meeting him. Let him know that you have acquainted me with all that has passed between you, and that you refer yourself wholly to me,

but with a resolution (if such be your resolution) never to be his."

*Miss Grandison.*—"I shall dread his violent temper."

*Sir Charles.*—"Dread nothing. Men who are violent to a woman when they have a point to carry by being so, are not always violent to men. But I shall treat him civilly. If the man ever hoped to call you his, he will be unhappy enough in losing such a prize. You may tell him that I will give him a meeting wherever he pleases. Meantime, it may not be amiss if you have no objection to show me some of the letters that have passed between you, of those particularly in which you have declared your resolution not to be his: the farther backward the better, if from the date of such you have always been of the same mind."

*Miss Grandison.*—"You shall see the copies of all my letters and all his, if you please; and you will gather from both, sir, that it was owing to the unhappy situation I thought myself in, from the unkind treatment my sister met with, and to the being forbidden to expect a fortune that would entitle me to look up to a man of figure in the world, that I was ever approachable by Captain Anderson."

*Sir Charles.*—"Unhappy! But let us look forward. I will meet Captain Anderson. If there are any letters in which he has treated my sister unhandsomely, you must not let me see them. My motive for looking into any of them is service to you, Charlotte, and not curiosity. But let me, nevertheless, see all that is necessary to the question, that I may not, when I meet him, hear anything from him that I have not heard from you, and which may make for him and against you. I do assure you that I will allow in his favour all that shall appear favourable to him, though against my sister. I may meet him prejudiced but not determined; and I hope you see by my behaviour to you, Charlotte, that were you and he to have been fond lovers in your letters, you need not be afraid of my eye. I never am severe on lovers' foibles.

Our passions may be made subservient to excellent purposes. Don't think you have a supercilious brother. A susceptibility of the passion called love, I condemn not as a fault but the contrary. Your brother, ladies" (looking upon all three), "is no stoic."

"And have you been in love, Sir Charles Grandison?" thought I to myself. Shall I, Lucy, be sorry, or shall I be glad, if he has? But after all is it not strange that in all this time one knows so little of his history while he was abroad? And yet he said that he was not angry at his sister, for questioning him on the subject. Had I been his sister, questions of that sort would not have been to be now asked.

But here is a new task for her brother. I shall long to know how this affair will end.

The trial of Miss Grandison, as she called it, being thus happily over, and Miss Emily and Mr. Grandison desired to walk in, Sir Charles took notice, with some severity on our sex, on the general liking which women have for military men. He did not know, he said, whether the army were not beholden to this approbation and to the gay appearance officers were expected to make, rather than to a true martial spirit, for many a gallant man.

"What say you, Emily?" said he. "Do not a cockade and a scarlet coat become a fine gentleman, and help to make him so in your eyes?"

"Be pleased, sir, to tell me how such a one should look in my eyes, and I will endeavour to make them conform to your lessons."

He bowed to the happy girl. "For my part," said he, "I cannot but say that I dislike the life of a soldier in general, whose trade is in blood, who must be as much a slave to the will of his superiors in command as he is almost obliged to be a tyrant to those under him.

"But as to the sex, if it were not that ladies, where love

and their own happiness interfere, are the most incompetent judges of all others for themselves—pardon me——”

“Your servant, sir,” said Lady L.; and we all bowed to him.

“How can a woman,” proceeded he, “who really loves her husband subject herself of choice to the necessary absences, to the continual apprehensions which she must be under for his safety, when he is in the height of what is emphatically called his duty?” He stopped. No answer being made, “Perhaps,” resumed he, “it may be thus accounted for: women are the most delicate part of the creation. Conscious of the weakness of their sex, and that they stand in need of protection (for apprehensiveness, the child of prudence, is as characteristic in them as courage in a man), they naturally love brave men. And are not all military men supposed to be brave?”

“But how are they mistaken in their main end, supposing this to be it!”

“I honour a good, a generous, a brave, a humane soldier; but were such a one to be the bravest of men, how can his wife expect constant protection from the husband who is less his own, and consequently less hers, than almost any other man can be (a sailor excepted), and who must therefore, oftener than any other man, leave her exposed to those insults from which she seems to think he can best defend her?”

*Lady L.* (smiling).—“But may it not be said, sir, that those women who make soldiers their choice deserve, in some degree, a rank with heroes, when they can part with their husbands for the sake of their country’s glory?”

*Sir Charles.*—“Change your word glory for safety, Lady L., and your question will be strengthened. The word and thing called glory—what mischief has it not occasioned! As to the question itself, were you serious, let every one, I answer, who can plead the motive, be entitled to the praise that is due to it.”

*Miss Grandison.*—"There is so much weight in what my brother has said that I thank Heaven I am not in danger of being the wife of a soldier."

We, who knew what she alluded to, smiled at it; and Mr. Grandison looked about him as if he wanted to find more in the words than they could import to him, and then was very earnest to know how his cousin had come off.

*Sir Charles.*—"Triumphantly, cousin. Charlotte's supposed fault has brought to light additional excellences."

*Mr. Grandison.*—"I am sorry for that with all my soul. There was no bearing her before. And now what will become of me?"

*Miss Grandison.*—"You have nothing new to fear, Mr. Grandison, I assure you. I have been detected in real faults. I have been generously treated, and repent of my fault. Let me have an instance of like ingenuousness in you, and I will say there are hopes of us both."

*Mr. Grandison.*—"Your servant, cousin. Either way I must have it. But were you to follow the example by which you own yourself amended, I might have the better chance, perhaps, of coming up to you in ingenuousness."

*Lord L.*—"Upon my word, sister Charlotte, Mr. Grandison has said a good thing."

*Miss Grandison.*—"I think so too, my lord. I will put it down. And if you are wise, sir" (to him), "ask me to sew up your lips till to-morrow dinner-time."

Mr. Grandison looked offended.

*Sir Charles.*—"Fie, Charlotte."

"I am glad," thought I, "my good Miss Grandison, that you have not lost much spirit by your trial!"

Miss Grandison has showed me some of the letters that passed between Captain Anderson and her. How must she have despised him had she been drawn in to give him her hand

—and the more for the poor figure he would have made as a



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*Miss Grandison . . . showed me some of the letters.*

brother to her brother. How must she have blushed at

every civility paid him in such a family! Yet from some passages in his letters, I dare say, he would have had the higher opinion of himself, first for having succeeded with her, and next for those very civilities.

And thus had Sir Thomas Grandison, with all his pride, like to have thrown his daughter, a woman of high character, fine understanding, and an exalted mind, into the arms of a man who had neither fortune nor education, nor yet good sense nor generosity of heart, to countenance his pretensions to such a lady, or her for marrying beneath herself.

This is a copy of what Miss Grandison has written to send to Captain Anderson.

"SIR,—Had I had a generous man to deal with I needed not to have exposed myself to the apprehended censures of a brother whose virtues made a sister, less perfect than himself, afraid that he would think her unworthy of that tender relation to him from the occasion. But he is the noblest of brothers. He pities me, and undertakes to talk with you in the most friendly manner, at your own appointment, upon a subject that has long greatly distressed me, as well you know. I will not recriminate, as I might; but this assurance I must, for the hundredth time, repeat, that I never can, never will be to you any other than

"CHARLOTTE GRANDISON."

She is dissatisfied with what she has written, but I tell her I think it will do very well.

LETTERS XXXI.—XXXVIII. (Vol. ii.) *begin with two from Harriet to Lucy describing a long conversation between the former and the Grandison sisters (Sir Charles and his ward Emily Jervois intervening later) on Charlotte's affections and a good*  
VOL. I. O



*many other matters. The next is from Sir Charles to Charlotte, telling how he has carried his point with his usual success in an interview with Captain Anderson and some of the Captain's brother-officers, and has obtained the dissolution of the engagement. Some miscellaneous matters, an account by Sir Charles of his dealings with a certain Mr. Danby and his family, and by Dr. Bartlett of Sir Charles's behaviour abroad to a Mr. Lorimer and a Mr. Beauchamp, complete the volume.*

VOL. III., LETTERS I.-III.—*The Third Volume begins with reflections on love and with some remarks on Emily Jervois by Miss Byron, these occurring in two letters to Lucy Selby, separated by one from Sir Charles to Dr. Bartlett, partly referring to Emily and Harriet and partly communicating the necessity of his going to Bologna.*

## LETTER IV [iii]

SIR CHARLES GRANDISON TO DR. BARTLETT

*(Enclosed in the preceding)*

March 18.

I HAVE had a visit, my dear and reverend friend, from Emily's mother. She will very probably make one also at Colnebrook before I can be so happy as to get thither. I despatch this therefore to apprise you and Lord L. of such a probability, which is the greater as she knows Emily to be there, through the inadvertence of Saunders, and finds me to be in town. I will give you the particulars of what passed between us, for your better information, if she goes to Colnebrook.

I was preparing to attend Lord W. as by appointment, when she sent in her name to me.

I received her civilly. She had the assurance to make up to me with a full expectation that I would salute her; but I took, or rather received her ready hand, and led her to a chair by the fireside. You have never seen her. She thinks herself still handsome, and, did not her vices make her odious, and her whole aspect show her heart, she would not be much mistaken.

"How does Emily, sir?" gallanting her fan. "Is the girl here? Bid her come to me. I will see her."

"She is not here, madam."

"Where is she, then? She has not been at Mrs. Lane's for some time."



Chris Hammond  
July '95

*She had the assurance to make up to me with a full expectation  
that I would salute her.*

"She is in the best protection: she is with my two sisters."

"And pray, Sir Charles Grandison, what do you intend to do with her? The girl begins to be womanly."

She laughed, and her heart spoke out at her eyes.

"Tell me what you propose to do with her? You know," added she, affecting a serious air, "that she is my child."

"If, madam, you deserve to be thought her mother, you will be satisfied with the hands she is in."

"Pish! I never loved you good men: where a fine girl comes in their way, I know what I know——"

She looked wantonly, and laughed again.

"I am not to talk seriously with you, Mrs. Jervois: but what have you to say to my ward?"

"Say! Why, you know, sir, I am her mother, and I have a mind to have the care of her person myself. You must (so her father directed) have the care of her fortune, but I have a mind, for her reputation's sake, to take the girl out of the hands of so young a guardian. I hope you will not oppose me."

"If this be all your business, madam, I must be excused. I am preparing, as you see, to dress."

"Where is Emily? I will see the girl."

"If your motive be motherly love, little, madam, as you have acted the mother by her, you shall see her when she is in town. But her person and reputation, as well as fortune, must be my care."

"I am married, sir, and my husband is a man of honour."

"Your marriage, madam, gives a new reason why Emily must not be in your care."

"Let me tell you, sir, that my husband is a man of honour, and as brave a man as yourself, and he will see me righted."

"Be he who he will, he can have no business with Emily. Did you come to tell me you are married, madam?"

"I did, sir. Don't you wish me joy?"

"Joy, madam! I wish you to deserve joy, and you will then perhaps have it. You'll excuse me—I shall make my friends wait."

I could not restrain my indignation. This woman marries, as she calls it, twice or thrice a year.

"Well, sir, then you will find time perhaps to talk with Major O'Hara. He is of one of the best families in Ireland, and he will not let me be robbed of my daughter."

"Major O'Hara, madam, has nothing to do with the daughter of my late unhappy friend, nor have I anything to say to him. Emily is in my protection, and I am sorry to say that she never had been so were not the woman who calls herself her mother the person least fit to be intrusted with her daughter. Permit me the favour of leading you to your chair."

She then broke out into the language in which she always concludes these visits. She threatened me with the resentments of Major O'Hara, and told me he had been a conqueror in half-a-dozen duels.

I offered my hand. She refused it not. I led her to her chair.

"I will call again to-morrow afternoon," said she (threatening with her head)—"perhaps with the major, sir; and I expect you will produce the little harlotry."

I left her in silent contempt. Vile woman!

But let nothing of this escape you to my Emily. I think she should not see her but in my presence. The poor girl will be terrified into fits, as she was the last time she saw her, if she comes and I am not there. But possibly I may hear no more of this wicked woman for a month or two. Having a power to make her annuity either one or two hundred pounds, according to her behaviour, at my own discretion, the man she has married, who could have no inducement but the annuity, if he has married her, will not suffer her to incur such a reduction of it; for, you know, I have always hitherto paid her two hundred pounds a year. Her threatening to see me to-morrow may be to amuse me while she goes. The woman is a foolish woman, but, being accustomed to intrigue, she aims at cunning and contrivance.

I am now hastening to Lord W. I hope his woman will not be admitted to his table, as she generally is, let who will be present—yet, it seems, knows not how to be silent, whatever be the subject. I have never chosen either to dine or sup with my lord, that I might not be under a necessity of objecting to her company; and were I not to object to it, as I am a near kinsman to my lord, and know the situation she is in with him, my complaisance might be imputed to motives altogether unworthy of a man of spirit.

Yours of this morning was brought to me just as I was concluding. I am greatly interested in one paragraph in it.

You hint to me that my sisters, though my absences are short, would be glad to receive now and then a letter from me. You, my dear friend, have engaged me into a kind of habit which makes me write to you with ease and pleasure. To you, and to our Beauchamp, methinks, I can write anything. Use, it is true, would make it equally agreeable to me to write to my sisters. I would not have them think that there is a brother in the world that better loves his sisters than I do mine; and now, you know, I have three. But why have they not signified as much to me? Could I give pleasure to any whom I love, without giving great pain to myself, it would be unpardonable not to do it.

I could easily carry on a correspondence with my sisters, were they to be very earnest about it; but then it must be a correspondence: the writing must not be all of one side. Do they think I should not be equally pleased to hear what they are about from time to time, and what, occasionally, their sentiments are upon persons and things? If it fall in your way, and you think it not a mere temporary wish (for young ladies often wish and think no more of the matter), then propose the condition. But caution them that the moment I discover that they are less frank and more reserved than I am, there will be an end of the correspondence. My three sisters are most amiably frank for women. But, thus challenged,

dare they enter the lists upon honour with a man, a brother, upon equal terms? Oh no! They dare not. It is not in women to be unreserved in some points, and (to be impartial) perhaps they should not; yet surely there is now and then a man, a brother to be met with who would be the more grateful for the confidence reposed in him.

Were this proposal to be accepted, I could write to them many of the things that I communicate to you. I have but few secrets; I only wish to keep from relations so dear to me things that could not possibly yield them pleasure. I am sure I could trust to your judgment the passages that might be read to them from my letters to you.

Sometimes, indeed, I love to divert myself with Charlotte's humorous curiosity, for she seems, as I told her lately, to love to suppose secrets where there are none, for a compliment to her own sagacity, when she thinks she has found them out; and I love at such times to see her puzzled and at a fault, as a punishment for her declining to speak out.

You have told me heretofore, in excuse for the distance which my two elder sisters observe to their brother, when I have complained of it to you, that it proceeded from awe, from reverence for him. But why should there be that awe, that reverence? Surely, my dear friend, if this is spontaneous and invincible in them, there must be some fault in my behaviour, some seeming want of freedom in my manner, with which you will not acquaint me: it is otherwise impossible that between brothers and sisters, where the love is not doubted on either side, such a distance should subsist. You must consult them upon it, and get them to explain themselves on this subject to you; and when they have done so, tell me of my fault, and I will endeavour to render myself more agreeable (more familiar, shall I say?) to them. But I will not by any means excuse them, if they give me cause to think that the distance is owing to the will and the power I have been blessed with to do my duty by them. What would this be but indirectly to declare that

once they expected not justice from their brother? But no more of this subject at present. I am impatient to be with you all at Colnebrook: you cannot think how impatient. Self-denial is a very hard doctrine to be learned, my good Dr. Bartlett. So, in some cases, is it found to be by your

CHARLES GRANDISON.

### LETTER V [iii]

MISS BYRON TO MISS SELBY

COLNEBROOK, *Sunday evening.*

POOR Emily! her heart is almost broken. This ignoble passion, what a mean-spirited creature had it like to have made me. Be quiet, be quiet, Lucy! I will call it ignoble. Did you ever know me before so little? And had it not like to have put me upon being hard-hearted, envious, and I can't tell what, to a poor fatherless girl, just starting into woman, and therefore into more danger than she ever was in before; wanting to be protected—from whom? From a mother. Dreadful circumstance! Yet I was ready to grudge the poor girl her guardian and her innocent prattle. But let me be despised by the man I love, if I do not conquer this new-discovered envy, jealousy, littleness—at least with regard to this unhappy girl, whose calamity endears her to me.

Dear child, sweet Emily, you shall go down with me if it be proposed. My grandmamma, and uncle and aunt will permit me to carry you with me. They are generous, they have no little passion to mislead their beneficence, they are what I hope to be, now I have found myself out. And what if her gratitude shall make her heart overflow into love—has she not excuse for it, if Harriet has any?

Well, but to the occasion of the poor Emily's distress.



About twelve this day, soon after Lord L. and the two sisters and I came from church (for Emily happened not to go), a coach and four stopped at the gate, and a servant in a sorry livery, alighting from behind it, inquired for Lord L. Two gentlemen, who by their dress and appearance were military men, and one lady, were in it.

My lord ordered them to be invited to alight, and received them with his usual politeness.

Don't let me call this unhappy woman Emily's mother. O'Hara is the name she owns.

She addressed herself to my lord. "I am the mother of Emily Jervois, my lord; this gentleman—Major O'Hara is my husband."

The major bowed, strutted, and acknowledged her for his wife. "And this gentleman, my lord, is Captain Salmonet, a very brave man. He is in foreign service. His lady is my own sister."

My lord took notice of each.

"I understand, my lord, that my daughter is here. I desire to see her."

One of my lord's servants at that time passing by the door, which was open, "Pray, sir," said she to him, "let Miss Jervois know that her mamma is come to see her. Desire her to come to me."

*Major.*—"I long to see my new daughter. I hear she is a charming young lady. She may depend upon the kindness of a father from me."

*Captain.*—"De man of honour and good nature be my broder's general cha-ract-er, I do assure your lordship."

He spoke English as a Frenchman, my lord says, but pronounced the word character as an Irishman.

*Major* (bowing).—"No need of this, my dear friend. My lord has the cha-ract-er of a fine gentleman himself, and knows how to receive a gentleman who waits upon him with due respect."

*Lord L.*—"I hope I do. But, madam, you know whose protection the lady is in."

*Mrs. O'Hara.*—"I do, my lord. Sir Charles Grandison is a very fine gentleman."

*Captain.*—"De vinest cha-ract-er in de world. By my salvation, everybody say so."

*Mrs. O'Hara.*—"But Sir Charles, my lord, is a very young gentleman to be a guardian to so young a creature, especially now that she is growing into woman. I have had some few faults, I own. Who lives that has not? But I have been basely scandalised. My first husband had his, and much greater than I had. He was set against me by some of his own relations—vile creatures. He left me and went abroad, but he has answered for all by this time, and for the scanty allowance he made me, his great fortune considered; but as long as my child will be the better for it, that I can forgive. Emily, my dear——"

She stepped to the door on hearing the rustling of silks, supposing her at hand; but it was Miss Grandison, followed by a servant with chocolate, to afford her a pretence to see the visitors, and at the same time having a mind to hint to them that they were not to expect to be asked to stay to dinner.

It is to Miss Grandison that I owe the description of each, the account of what passed, and the broken dialect.

Mrs. O'Hara has been a handsome woman, but well might Sir Charles be disgusted with her aspect. She has a leering, sly, yet confident eye, and a very bold countenance. She is not ungenteel, yet her very dress denotes her turn of mind. Her complexion—sallowish, streaked with red—makes her face (which is not so plump as it once has been) look like a withering John-apple that never ripened kindly.

Miss Grandison has a way of saying ill-natured things in such a good-natured manner that one cannot forbear smiling, though one should not altogether approve of them; and yet,

sometimes, one would be ready to wonder how she came by her images.

The major is pert, bold, vain, and seemed particularly fond of his new scarlet coat and laced waistcoat. He is certainly, Miss Grandison says, a low man, though a soldier. "Anderson," added she, "is worth fifty of him." His face, fiery and highly pimpled, is set off to advantage by an enormous solitaire. His bad and straggling teeth are shown continually by an affected laugh, and his empty discourse is interlarded with oaths, which, with my uncle's leave, I shall omit.

Captain Salmonet, she says, appeared to her in a middle way between a French beau and a Dutch boor—aiming at gentility, with a person and shape uncommonly clumsy.

They both assumed military airs, which, not sitting naturally, gave them what Miss Grandison called the swagger of soldierly importance.

Emily was in her own apartment, almost fainting with terror; for the servant, to whom Mrs. O'Hara had spoken to bid her daughter come to her, had officiously carried up the message.

To what Mrs. O'Hara had said in defence of her own character, my lord answered, "Mr. Jervois had a right, madam, to do what he pleased with a fortune acquired by his own industry. A disagreement in marriage is very unhappy; but in this case, as in a duel, the survivor is hardly ever in fault. I have nothing to do in this matter. Miss Jervois is very happy in Sir Charles Grandison's protection. She thinks so, and so does everybody that knows her. It is your misfortune if you do not."

*Mrs. O'Hara.*—"My lord, I make no dispute of Sir Charles's being the guardian of her fortune, but no father can give away the authority a mother has, as well as himself, over her child."

*Major.*—"That child a daughter, too, my lord."

*Lord L.*—"To all this I have nothing to say. You will

not be able, I believe, to persuade my brother Grandison to give up his ward's person to you, madam."

*Mrs. O'Hara.*—"Chancery may, my lord——"

*Lord L.*—"I have nothing to say to this, madam. No man in England knows better what is to be done in this case than Sir Charles Grandison, and no man will be readier to do what is just and fitting without law; but I enter not into the case: you must not talk to me on this subject."

*Miss Grandison.*—"Do you think, madam, that your marriage entitles you the rather to have the care of Miss Jervois?"

*Major* (with great quickness).—"I hope, madam, that my honour, and my cha-ract-er——"

*Miss Grandison.*—"Be they ever so unquestionable will not entitle you, sir, to the guardianship of Miss Jervois's person."

*Major.*—"I do not pretend to it, madam. But I hope that no father's will, no guardian's power is to set aside the natural authority which a mother has over her child."

*Lord L.*—"This is not my affair. I am not inclined to enter into a dispute with you, madam, on this subject."

*Mrs. O'Hara.*—"Let Emily be called down to her mother. I hope I may see my child. She is in this house, my lord. I hope I may see my child."

*Major.*—"Your lordship and you, madam, will allow that it would be the greatest hardship in the world to deny to a mother the sight of her child."

*Captain.*—"De very greatest hardship of all hardships. Your lordship will not refuse to let de daughter come to her moder."

*Lord L.*—"Her guardian perhaps will not deny it. You must apply to him. He is in town. Miss Jervois is here, but as a guest. She will be soon in town. I must not have her alarmed. She has very weak spirits."

*Mrs. O'Hara.*—"Weak spirits my lord! A child to have

spirits too weak to see her mother." And she felt for her handkerchief.

*Miss Grandison.*—"It sounds a little harshly, I own, to deny to a mother the sight of her daughter; but unless my brother were present, I think, my lord, it cannot be allowed."

*Major.*—"Not allowed, madam!"

*Captain.*—"A moder to be denied to see her daughter. Jesu!"—and he crossed himself.

*Mrs. O'Hara* (putting her handkerchief to hide her eyes, for it seems she wept not).—"I am a very unhappy mother indeed——"

*Major* (embracing her).—"My dearest honey! My love! I must not bear these tears. Would to God Sir Charles was here, and thought fit—but I came not here to threaten. You, my lord, are a man of the greatest honour; so is Sir Charles. But whatever were the misunderstandings between husband and wife, they should not be kept up and propagated between mother and child. My wife at present desires only to see her child: that's all, my lord. Were your brother present, madam, he would not deny her this." Then again embracing his wife, "My dear soul, be comforted. You will be allowed to see your daughter—no doubt of it. I am able to protect and right you. My dear soul, be comforted."

She sobbed, Miss Grandison says, and the good-natured Lord L. was moved. "Let Miss Jervois be asked," said he, "if she chooses to come down."

"I will go to her myself," said Miss Grandison.

She came down presently again.

"Miss Byron and Miss Jervois," said she, "are gone out together in the chariot."

*Major.*—"Nay, madam——"

*Captain.*—"Upon my salvation this must not pass." And he swaggered about the room.

Mrs. O'Hara looked with an air of incredulity.

It was true, however, for the poor girl being ready to



Chas. Hammond.  
24.25

*"Oh, save me, save me, dear madam," said Miss Emily to me, wringing her hands.*

faint I was called in to her. Lady L. had been making a visit in the chariot, and it had just brought her back. "Oh, save me, save me, dear madam," said Miss Emily to me, wringing her hands. "I cannot, I cannot see my mother out of my guardian's presence. And she will make me own her new husband. I beseech you, save me, hide me."

I saw the chariot from the window, and, without asking any questions, I hurried Miss Emily downstairs, and conducted the trembling dear into it, and stepping in after her, ordered the coachman to drive anywhere, except towards London; and then the poor girl threw her arms about my neck, smothering me with her kisses, and calling me by all the tender names that terror and mingled gratitude could suggest to her.

Miss Grandison told the circumstances pretty near as above, adding, "I think, my lord, that Miss Emily wants not apology for her terror on this occasion. That lady, in her own heart, knows that the poor girl has reason for it."

"Madam," said the major, "my wife is cruelly used. Your brother—but I shall talk to him upon the subject. He is said to be a man of conscience and honour; I hope I shall find him so. I know how to protect and right my wife."

"And I will stand by my broder and his lady," said the captain, "to de very last drop of my blood." He looked fierce, and put his hand on his sword.

*Lord L.*—"You don't by these airs mean to insult me, gentlemen. If you do——"

*Major.*—"No, no, my lord. But we must seek our remedy elsewhere. Surprising that a mother is denied the sight of her daughter. Very surprising!"

*Captain.*—"Very surprising, indeed. Ver dis to be done in my country—in France—English liberty. Begar ver pretty liberty! A daughter to be supported against her moder. Whew! Ver pretty liberty, by my salvation!"

*Mrs. O'Hara.*—"And is indeed my vile child run away to avoid seeing her mother? Strange! Does she always intend to do thus? She must see me. And dearly shall she repent it!"

And she looked fierce and particularly spiteful, and then declared that she would stay there till Emily came back, were it midnight.

*Lord L.*—"You will have my leave for that, madam?"

*Major.*—"Hád we not best go into our coach, and let that drive in quest of her? She cannot be far off. It will be easy to trace a chariot."

*Lord L.*—"Since this matter is carried so far, let me tell you that, in the absence of her guardian, I will protect her. Since Miss Jervois is thus averse, she shall be indulged in it. If you see her, madam, it must be by the consent and in the presence of her guardian."

*Major.*—"Well, my dear, since the matter stands thus, since your child is taught to shun you thus, let us see what Sir Charles Grandison will say to it. He is the principal in this affair, and is not privileged. If he thinks fit"—and there he stopped, and blustered, and offered his hand to his bride—"I am able both to protect and right you, madam; and I will. But you have a letter for the girl, written on a supposition that she was not here. Little did you or I think that she was in the house when we came, and that she should be spirited away to avoid paying her duty to her mother."

"Very true." And, "Very true," said each; and Mrs. O'Hara pulled out the letter, laying it on one of the chairs, and desired it might be given to her daughter. And then they all went away, very much dissatisfied, the two men muttering and threatening, and resolving, as they said, to make a visit to Sir Charles.

I hope we shall see him here very soon. I hope these wretches will not insult him, or endanger a life so precious. Poor Emily! I pity her from my heart. She is as much grieved



on this occasion as I was in dread of the resentment of Sir Hargrave Pollexfen.

Let me give you some account of what passed between Emily and me : you will be charmed with her beautiful simplicity.

When we were in the chariot, she told me that the last time she saw her mother it was at Mrs. Lane's. The bad woman made a pretence of private business with her daughter, and withdrew with her into another room, and then insisted that she should go off with her unknown to anybody. "And because I desired to be excused," said she, "my mother laid her hands upon me, and said she would trample me under her foot. It is true (unhappy woman!) she was"—then the dear girl whispered me, though nobody was near us—sweet modest creature, loth to reveal this part of her mother's shame, even to me, aloud, and blushed as she spoke—"she was in her cups. My mamma is as naughty as some men in that respect; and I believe she would have been as good as her word; but on my screaming (for I was very much frightened), Mrs. Lane, who had an eye upon us, ran in with two servants and one of her daughters, and rescued me. She had torn my cap. Yet it was a sad thing, you know, madam, to see one's mother put out of the house against her will. And then she raised the neighbourhood. Lord bless me! I thought I should have died. I did fall into fits. Then was Mrs. Lane forced to tell every one what a sad woman my mother was. It was such a disgrace to me! It was a month before I could go to church, or look anybody in the face. But Mrs. Lane's character was on her side, and my guardian's goodness was a help—shall I say a help against my mother? Poor woman! we heard afterwards she was dead, but my guardian would not believe it. If it would please God to take me, I should rejoice. Many a tear does my poor mother, and the trouble I give to the best of men, cost me when nobody sees me; and many a time do I cry myself to sleep, when I think it impossible I should get such a kind relief."

I was moved at the dear girl's melancholy tale. I clasped



*"My mother laid her hands upon me, and said she would trample  
me under her foot."*

my arms about her, and wept on her gentle bosom. Her

calamity, which was the greatest that could happen to a good child, I told her, had endeared her to me: I would love her as my sister.

And so I will: dear child, I will for ever love her. And I am ready to hate myself for some passages in my last letter. Oh, how deceitful is the heart! I could not have thought it possible that mine could have been so narrow.

The dear girl rejoiced in my assurances, and promised grateful love to the latest hour of her life.

"Indeed, madam, I have a grateful heart," said she, "for all I am so unhappy in a certain relation. I have none of those sort of faults that give me a resemblance in any way to my poor mother. But how shall I make out what I say? You will mistrust me, I fear: you will be apt to doubt my principles. But will you promise to take my heart in your hand, and guide it as you please? Indeed, it is an honest one. I wish you saw it through and through. If ever I do a wrong thing, mistrust my head, if you please, but not my heart. But in everything I will be directed by you, and then my head will be as right as my heart."

I told her that good often resulted from evil. It was a happy thing perhaps for both that her mother's visit had been made. "Look upon me, my dear Emily, as your entire friend. We will have but one heart between us."

Let me add, Lucy, that if you find me capable of drawing this sweet girl into confessions of her infant love, and of making ungenerous advantage of them, though the event were to be fatal to my peace if I did not, I now call upon all you, my dear friends, to despise and renounce the treacherous friend in Harriet Byron.

She besought me to let her write to me, to let her come to me for advice, as often as she wanted it, whether here, in my dressing-room or chamber, or at Mr. Reeves's when I went from Colnebrook.

I consented very cheerfully, and at her request ("for

indeed," said she, "I would not be an intruder for the world") promised, by a nod at her entrance, to let her know if she came when I was busy, that she must retire and come another time.

"You are too young a lady," added she, "to be called my mamma. Alas! I have never a mamma, you know; but I will love you, and obey you on the holding up of your finger, as I would my mother, were she as good as you."

Does not the beautiful simplicity of this charming girl affect you, Lucy? But her eyes swimming in tears, her earnest looks, her throbbing bosom, her hands now clasped about me, now in one another, added such graces to what she said that it is impossible to do justice to it; and yet I am affected as I write.

Indeed, her calamity has given her an absolute possession of my heart. I, who had such good parents, and have had my loss of them so happily alleviated, and even supplied by a grandmamma and an aunt so truly maternal, as well as by the love of every one to whom I have the happiness to be related, how unworthy of such blessings should I be if I did not know how to pity a poor girl who must reckon a living mother as her heaviest misfortune!

Sir Charles, from the time of the disturbance which this unhappy woman made in Mrs. Lane's neighbourhood, and of her violence to his Emily, not only threatened to take from her that moiety of the annuity which he is at liberty to withdraw, but gave orders that she should never again be allowed to see his ward but in his presence; and she has been quiet till of late, only threatening and demanding. But now she seems, on this her marriage with Major O'Hara, to have meditated new schemes, or is aiming perhaps at new methods to bring to bear an old one, of which Sir Charles had private intimation given him by one of the persons to whom, in her cups, she once boasted of it, which

was, that as soon as Miss Emily was marriageable she would endeavour, either by fair means or foul, to get her into her hands, and if she did, but for one week, she should the next come out the wife of a man she had in view, who would think half the fortune more than sufficient for himself, and make over the other half to her; and then she should come into her right, which she deems to be half of the fortune of which her husband died possessed.

This that follows is a copy of the letter left for Emily by this mother, which, though not well spelled, might have been written by a better woman, who had hardships to complain of which might have entitled her to pity.

*“Saturday, March 18.*

“MY DEAR EMILY,—If you have any love, any duty left for an unhappy mother, whose faults have been barbarously aggravated, to justify the ill-usage of a husband who was not faultless, I conjure you to insist upon making me a visit, either at my new lodgings in Dean Street, Soho, or that you will send me word where I can see you, supposing I am not permitted to see you as this day, or that you should not be at Colnebrook, where, it seems, you have been some days. I cannot believe that your guardian, for his own reputation's sake, as well as for justice' sake, as he is supposed to be a good man, will deny you if you insist upon it, as you ought to do, if you have half the love for me that I have for you.

“Can I doubt that you will insist upon it? I cannot. I long to see you; I long to lay you in my bosom. And I have given hopes to Major O'Hara, a man of one of the best families in Ireland, and a very worthy man, and a brave man too, who knows how to right an injured wife if he is put to it, but who wishes to proceed amicably, that you will not scruple, as my husband, to call him father.

"I hear a very good account of your improvements, Emily, and I am told that you are grown very tall and pretty. Oh, my Emily! What a grievous thing is it to say that I am told these things, and not to have been allowed to see you, and to behold your growth, and those improvements, which must rejoice my heart, and do, though I am so basely belied as I have been! Do not you, Emily, despise her that bore you. It is a dreadful thing, with such fortunes as your father left, that I must be made poor and dependent, and then be despised for being so.

"But if you, my child, are taught to be, and will be one of these—what, though I have such happy prospects in my present marriage, will be my fate but a bitter death, which your want of duty will hasten? For what mother can bear the contempts of her child? And in that case your great fortune will not set you above God's judgments. But better things are hoped of my Emily by her indulgent, though heretofore unhappy mother,

"HELEN O'HARA."

My lord thought fit to open this letter. He is sorry that he did, because the poor girl is so low-spirited that he does not choose to let her see it, but will leave it to her guardian to give it to her or not, as he pleases.

Miss Grandison lifted up her hands and eyes as she read it. "Such a wretch as this," said she, "to remind Emily of God's judgments, and that line written as even as the rest! How was it possible, if her wicked heart could suggest such words, that her fingers could steadily write them? But indeed she verifies the words of the wise man, 'There is no wickedness like the wickedness of a woman.'"

We all long to see Sir Charles. Poor Emily, in particular, will be unhappy till he comes.

While we expect a favoured person, though rich in the company of the friends we are with, what a diminution does

it give to enjoyments that would be complete were it not for that expectation? The mind is uneasy, not content with itself, and always looking out for the person wanted.

Emily was told that her mother left a letter for her, but is advised not to be solicitous to see it till her guardian comes. My lord owned to her that he had opened it, and pleaded tenderness, as he justly might, in excuse of having taken that liberty. She thanked his lordship, and said it was for such girls as she to be directed by such good and kind friends.

She has just now left me. I was writing, and wanted to close. I gave her a nod with a smile, as agreed upon a little before. "Thank you, thank you, dear madam," said she, "for this freedom." She stopped at the door, and, with it in her hand, in a whispering accent, bending forwards, "Only tell me that you love me as well as you did in the chariot."

"Indeed, my dear, I do, and better, I think, if possible, because I have been putting part of our conversation upon paper, and so have fastened your merits on my memory."

"God bless you, madam, I am gone," and away she tripped.

But I will make her amends before I go to rest, and confirm all that I said to her in the chariot, for most cordially I can. I am, my dear Lucy, and will be, ever yours,

HARRIET BYRON.

LETTER VI. (Vol. iii.) *introduces a new epistoler, Mr. Deane, the lawyer-squire, who is a kind of guardian to Miss Byron. He has visited Sir Charles, and auguring from the conversation that the young man has an inclination to Harriet, he communicates the fact to the Northamptonshire relations. In the next, Harriet and Emily / discuss their idol, and in the eighth, Miss Byron informs*

- \ *Miss Selby that Sir Charles is too good for her to accept. IX.-XI., from Sir Charles to Dr. Bartlett, contain the account of the manner in which the former freed his uncle, Lord W., from a tyrannical housekeeper-mistress, and XII., written by Harriet to Lucy, recurs to the subject of his benefactions to the Danby family.*

## LETTER XIII [iii]

SIR CHARLES GRANDISON TO DR. BARTLETT

*Monday night, March 20.*

I AM very much dissatisfied with myself, my dear Dr. Bartlett. What pains have I taken to conquer those sudden gusts of passion to which, from my early youth, I have been subject, as you have often heard me confess; yet to find at times that I am unequal—to myself, shall I say? To myself I will say, since I have been so much amended by your precepts and example. But I will give you the occasion.

My guests and you had but just left me when the wretched Jervois and her O'Hara, and another bullying man, desired to speak with me.

I bade the servant show the woman into the drawing-room next my study, and the men into the adjoining parlour; but they both followed her into the drawing-room. I went to her, and, after a little stiff civility (I could not help it), asked if these gentlemen had business with me.

"That gentleman is Major O'Hara, sir: he is my husband. That gentleman is Captain Salmonet: he is the major's brother-in-law. He is an officer of equal worth and bravery."

They gave themselves airs of importance and familiarity, and the major motioned, as if he would have taken my hand.



I encouraged not the motion. "Will you, gentlemen, walk this way?"

I led the way to my study. The woman arose, and would have come with them.

"If you please to stay where you are, madam, I will attend you presently."

They entered, and, as if they would have me think them connoisseurs, began to admire the globes, the orrery, the pictures, and busts.

I took off that sort of attention. "Pray, gentlemen, what are your commands with me?"

"I am called Major O'Hara, sir; I am the husband of the lady in the next room, as she told you."

"And what, pray, sir, have I to do, either with you or your marriage? I pay that lady, as the widow of Mr. Jervois, £200 a year. I am not obliged to pay her more than one. She has no demands upon me, much less has her husband."

The men had so much the air of bullies, and the woman is so very wicked, that my departed friend, and the name by which she so lately called the poor Emily, were in my head, and I had too little command of my temper.

"Look ye, Sir Charles Grandison, I would have you to know——"

And he put his left hand upon his sword-handle, pressing it down, which tilted up the point with an air extremely insolent.

"What am I to understand by that motion, sir?"

"Nothing at all, Sir Charles. D—n me if I mean anything by it."

"You are called major, you say, sir. Do you bear the king's commission, sir?"

"I have borne it, sir, if I do not now."

"That, and the house you are in, give you a title to civility. But, sir, I cannot allow that your marriage with the lady in the next room gives you pretence to business with

me. If you have on any other account, pray let me know what it is."

The man seemed at a loss what to say, but not from bashfulness. He looked about him as if for his woman, set his teeth, bit his lip, and took snuff, with an air so like defiance that, for fear I should not be able to forbear taking notice of it, I turned to the other. "Pray, Captain Salmonet," said I, "what are your commands with me?"

He spoke in broken English, and said he had the honour to be Major O'Hara's brother: he had married the major's sister.

"And why, sir, might you not have favoured me with the company of all your relations? Have you any business with me, sir, on your own account?"

"I come, I come," said he, "to see my brother righted, sir."

"Who has wronged him? Take care, gentlemen, how— But, Mr. O'Hara, what are your pretensions?"

"Why, look ye, Sir Charles Grandison" (throwing open his coat, and sticking one hand in his side, the other thrown out with a flourish)—"look ye, sir," repeated he.

I found my choler rising. I was afraid of myself.

"When I treat you familiarly, sir, then treat me so; till when, please to withdraw."

I rang; Frederick came in.

"Show these gentlemen into the little parlour. You will excuse me, sirs; I attend the lady."

They muttered, and gave themselves brisk and angry airs, nodding their heads at each other, but followed the servant into that parlour.

I went to Mrs. O'Hara, as she calls herself.

"Well, madam, what is your business with me now?"

"Where are the gentlemen, sir? Where is my husband?"

"They are both in the next room, and within hearing of all that shall pass between you and me."

"And do you hold them unworthy of your presence, sir?"

"Not, madam, while you are before me, and if they had any business with me, or I with them."

"Has not a husband business where his wife is?"

"Neither wife nor husband has business with me."

"Yes, sir; I am come to demand my daughter. I come to demand a mother's right."

"I answer not to such a demand: you know you have no right to make it."

"I have been at Colnebrook; she was kept from me; my child was carried out of the house, that I might not see her."

"And have you then terrified the poor girl?"

"I have left a letter for her, and I expect to see her upon it. Her new father, as worthy and as brave a man as yourself, sir, longs to see her."

"Her new father! madam. You expect to see her, madam! What was your behaviour to her, unnatural woman, the last time you saw her? But if you do see her, it must be in my presence, and without your man, if he form pretensions on your account that may give either her or me disturbance."

"You are only, sir, to take care of her fortune—so I am advised. I, as her mother, have the natural right over her person. The Chancery will give it to me."

"Then seek your remedy in Chancery. Let me never hear of you again, but by the officers of that court."

I opened the door leading into the room where the two men were.

They are not officers, I dare say: common men of the town I doubt not, new dressed for the occasion. O'Hara, as she calls him, is probably one of her temporary husbands only.

"Pray walk in, gentlemen," said I. "This lady intimates to me that she will apply to Chancery against me. The Chancery, if she has any grievance, will be a proper recourse. She can have no business with me after such a declaration. Much less can either of you."

And opening the drawing-room door that led to the hall, "Frederick," said I; "attend the lady and the gentlemen to their coach."

I turned from them to go into my study.

The major, as he was called, asked me with a fierce air, his hand on his sword, if this were treatment due to gentlemen.

"This house, in which, however, you are an intruder, sir, is your protection; or that motion, and that air, if you mean anything by either, would cost you dear."

"I am, sir, the protector of my wife: you have insulted her, sir."

"Have I insulted your wife, sir?" And I stepped up to him, but just in time recovered myself, remembering where I was. "Take care, sir. But you are safe here. Frederick, wait upon the gentlemen to the door."

Frederick was not in hearing. The well-meaning man, apprehending consequences, went, it seems, into the offices to get together some of his fellow-servants.

Salmonet, putting himself into violent motion, swore that he would stand by his friend, his brother, to the last drop of his blood; and, in a posture of offence, drew his sword half-way.

"I wish, friend," said I (but could hardly contain myself), "that I were in your house instead of your being in mine. But if you would have your sword broken over your head, draw it quite."

He did, with a vapour. D—n him, he said, if he bore that. My own house, on such an insult as this, should not be my protection; and, retreating, he put himself into a posture of defence.

"Now, major! Now, major!" said the wicked woman.

Her major also drew, making wretched grimaces.

I was dressed. I knew not but the men were assassins. I drew, put by Salmonet's sword, closed with him, disarmed him, and, by the same effort, laid him on the floor.

O'Hara, skipping about as if he watched for an opportunity to make a push with safety to himself, lost his sword by the



*I . . . laid him on the floor.*

usual trick whereby a man, anything skilled in his weapons, knows how, sometimes, to disarm a less skilful adversary.

The woman screamed, and ran into the hall.

I turned the two men—first one, then the other—out of the room, with a contempt that they deserved; and Frederick, Richard, and Jerry, who by that time were got together in the hall, a little too roughly perhaps, turned them into the square.

They limped into the coach they came in. The woman, in terror, was already in it. They cursed, swore, and threatened.

The pretended captain, putting his body half-way out of the coach, bid my servants tell me that I was—that I was—and avoiding a worse name, as it seemed—no gentleman, and that he would find an opportunity to make me repent the treatment I had given to men of honour, and to a lady.

The major, in eagerness to say something, by way of resentment and menace likewise (beginning with damning his blood), had his intended threatening cut short by meeting the captain's head with his, as the other, in a rage, withdrew it after his speech to the servant; and each cursing the other, one rubbing his forehead, the other putting his hand to his head, away drove the coach.

They forgot to ask for their swords, and one of them left his hat behind him.

You cannot imagine, my dear Dr. Bartlett, how much this idle affair has disturbed me. I cannot forgive myself—to be provoked by two such men, to violate the sanctity of my own house. Yet they came, no doubt, to bully and provoke me, or to lay a foundation for a demand that they knew, if personally made, must do it.

My only excuse to myself is that there were two of them, and that, though I drew, yet I had the command of myself so far as only to defend myself when I might have done anything with them. I have generally found that those that are the readiest to give offence are the unfittest, when brought to the test, to support their own insolence.

But my Emily! my poor Emily! How must she be terrified! I will be with you very soon. Let not her know anything of this idle affair, nor anybody but Lord L.

*Tuesday morning.*

I have just parted with one Blgrave, an attorney, who already had been ordered to proceed against me; but, out of regard to my character, and having, as he owned, no great opinion of his clients, he thought fit to come to me in person, to acquaint me of it, and to inform himself from me of the whole affair.

The gentleman's civility entitled him to expect an account of it. I gave it him.

He told me "that if I pleased to restore the swords and the hat by him, and would promise not to stop the future quarterly payments of the £200 a year, about which they were very apprehensive, he dared to say that, after such exertion of spirit," as he called a choleric excess, "I should not hear any more of them for one while; since he believed they had only been trying an experiment, which had been carried farther, he dared to say, than they had designed it should."

He hinted his opinion that the men were common men of the town, and that they had never been honoured with commissions in any service.

The woman (I know not by what name to call her, since it is very probable that she has not a real title to that of O'Hara) was taken out of the coach in violent hysterics, as O'Hara told him; who, in consulting Mr. Blgrave, may be supposed to aggravate matters in order to lay a foundation for an action of damages.

She accused the men of cowardice, before Mr. Blgrave, and that in very opprobrious terms.

They excused themselves, as being loth to hurt me, which they said they easily could have done, especially before I drew.

They both pretended to Mr. Blgrave personal damages, but I hope their hurts are magnified.

I am (however that be) most hurt, for I am not at all pleased with myself. They, possibly, though they have no cause to be satisfied with their parts in the fray, have been more accustomed to such scuffles than I, and are above, or rather beneath all punctilio.

Mr. Blgrave took the swords and the hat with him in the coach that waited for him.

If I thought it would not have looked like a compromise and encouraged their insolence, I could freely have sent them more than what belonged to them. I am really greatly hurt by the part I acted to such men.

As to the annuity, I bid Mr. Blgrave tell the woman that the payment of that depended upon her future good behaviour, and yet that I was not sure that she was entitled to it, but as the widow of my friend.

However, I told this gentleman that no provocation should hinder me from doing strict justice, though I were sure that they would go to law with the money I should cause to be paid to them quarterly. "You will therefore know, sir," added I, "that the fund which they have to depend upon to support a lawsuit, should they commence one, and think fit to employ in it so honest a man as you seem to be, is £100 a year. It would be madness, if not injustice, to pay the other £100 for such a purpose, when it was left to my discretion to pay it or not, with a view to discourage that litigious spirit, which is one of an hundred of this poor woman's bad qualities."

And thus for the present stands this affair. I look upon my trouble from this woman as over, till some new scheme arises, either among these people or from others whom she may consult or employ. You and I, when I have the happiness to attend you and my other friends, will not renew the subject. I am, &c.



LETTERS XIV.-XIX. (Vol. iii.), *all addressed by Miss Byron to Miss Selby, contain accounts of her sojourn with the complete Grandison family at Colnebrook. Sir Charles is entrusted with many of her former letters to the Selbys, and reads them. There is some bickering between him and Miss Grandison. Finally he invites Harriet into the library at Lord L.'s, and opens the subject of his Italian visit to her.*

## LETTER XX [iii]

MISS BYRON. IN CONTINUATION

"I do not intend, madam, to trouble you with a history of all that part of my life which I was obliged to pass abroad from about the seventeenth to near the twenty-fifth year of my age, though perhaps it has been as busy a period as could well be in the life of a man so young, and who never sought to tread in oblique or crooked paths. After this entrance into it, Dr. Bartlett shall be at liberty to satisfy your curiosity in a more particular manner; for he and I have corresponded for years with an intimacy that has few examples between a youth and a man in advanced life. And here let me own the advantages I have received from his condescension; for I found the following questions often occur to me, and to be of the highest service in the conduct of my life: 'What account shall I give of this to Dr. Bartlett?' 'How, were I to give way to this temptation, shall I report it to Dr. Bartlett?' Or, 'Shall I be a hypocrite, and only inform him of the best, and meanly conceal from him the worst?'

"Thus, madam, was Dr. Bartlett in the place of a second

conscience to me: and many a good thing did I do, many a bad one avoid, for having set up such a monitor over my conduct. And it was the more necessary that I should, as I am naturally passionate, proud, ambitious, and as I had the honour of being early distinguished (pardon, madam, the seeming vanity) by a sex of which no man was ever a greater admirer; and possibly the more distinguished, as, for my safety's sake, I was as studious to decline intimacy with the gay ones of it, however dignified by rank or celebrated for beauty, as most young men are to cultivate their favour.

"Nor is it so much to be wondered at that I had advantages which every one who travels has not. Residing for some time at the principal courts, and often visiting the same places, in the length of time I was abroad, I was considered, in a manner, as a native, at the same time that I was treated with the respect that is generally paid to travellers of figure, as well in France as Italy. I was very genteelly supported; I stood in high credit with my countrymen, to whom I had many ways of being serviceable. They made known to everybody my father's affection for me, his magnificent spirit, the ancient families on both sides from which I was descended. I kept the best company, avoided intrigues, made not myself obnoxious to serious or pious people, though I scrupled not to avow, when called upon, my own principles. From all these advantages I was respected beyond my degree.

"I should not, madam, have been thus lavish in my own praise, but to account to you for the favour I stood in with several families of the first rank, and to suggest an excuse for more than one of them, which thought it no disgrace to wish me to be allied with them.

"Lord L. mentioned to you, madam, and my sisters, a Florentine lady by the name of Olivia. She is, indeed, a woman of high qualities, nobly born, generous, amiable in her features, genteel in her person, and mistress of a great fortune in possession, which is entirely at her own disposal; having

not father, mother, brother, or other near relations. The first time I saw her was at the opera. An opportunity offered in her sight where a lady, insulted by a lover made desperate by her just refusal of him, claimed and received my protection. What I did on the occasion was generally applauded : Olivia, in particular, spoke highly of it. Twice afterwards, I saw her in company where I was a visitor. I had not the presumption to look up to her with hope ; but my countryman Mr. Jervois gave me to understand that I might be master of my own fortune with Lady Olivia. I pleaded difference of religion : he believed, he said, that matter might be made easy. But could I be pleased with the change, would she have made it, when passion, not conviction, was likely to be the motive ? There could be no objection to her person : nobody questioned her virtue, but she was violent and imperious in her temper. I had never left mind out of my notions of love ; I could not have been happy with her had she been queen of the globe. I had the mortification of being obliged to declare myself to the lady's face. It was a mortification to me, as much for her sake as my own. I was obliged to leave Florence upon it for some time, having been apprised that the spirit of revenge had taken place of a gentler passion, and that I was in danger from it.

“ How often did I lament the want of that refuge in a father's arms, and in my native country, which subjected me to evils that were more than a match for my tender years, and to all the inconveniences that can attend a banished man ! Indeed, I often considered myself in this light ; and, as the inconveniences happened, was ready to repine ; and the more ready as I could not afflict myself with the thought of having forfeited my father's love ; on the contrary, as the constant instances which I received of his paternal goodness made me still more earnest to acknowledge it at his feet.”

Ought I to have forbore, Lucy, showing a sensibility at my eyes on this affecting instance of filial gratitude ? If I ought,

I wish I had had more command of myself : but consider, my dear, the affecting subject we were upon. I was going to apologise for the trickling tear, and to have said, as I truly might, "Your filial goodness, sir, affects me ;" but, with the consciousness that must have accompanied the words, would not that, to so nice a discernor, have been to own that I thought the tender emotion wanted an apology ? These little tricks of ours, Lucy, may satisfy our own punctilio, and serve to keep us in countenance with ourselves (and that, indeed, is doing something) ; but, to a penetrating eye, they tend only to show that we imagined a cover, a veil wanting ; and what is that veil but a veil of gauze ?

What makes me so much afraid of this man's discernment ? Am I not an honest girl, Lucy ?

He proceeded.

"From this violent lady I had great trouble, and to this day. But this part of my story I leave to Dr. Bartlett to acquaint you with. I mention it as a matter that yet gives me concern, for her sake, and as what I find has given some amusement to my sister Charlotte's curiosity.

"But I hasten to the affair which, of all others, has most embarrassed me ; and which, engaging my compassion, though my honour is free, gives torture to my very soul."

I found myself not well : I thought I should have fainted. The apprehension of his taking it as I wished him not to take it (for indeed, Lucy, I don't think it was that) made me worse. Had I been by myself, this faintishness might have come over my heart. I am sure it was not that, but it seized me at a very unlucky moment, you'll say.

With a countenance full of tender concern he caught my hand and rang. In ran his Emily. "My dear Miss Jervois," said I, leaning upon her. "Excuse me, sir ;" and I withdrew to the door ; and, when there, finding my faintishness going off, I turned to him who attended me thither. "I am better, sir,

already ; I will return instantly. I must beg of you to proceed with your interesting story."

I was well the moment I was out of the study. It was kept too warm, I believe ; and I sat too near the fire—that was it, to be sure, and I said so on my return, which was the moment I had drank a glass of cold water.

How tender was his regard for me ! He did not abash me by causelessly laying my disorder on his story, and by offering to discontinue or postpone it. Indeed, Lucy, it was not owing to that ; I should easily have distinguished it if it had ; on the contrary, as I am not generally so much affected at the moment when anything unhappy befalls me as I am upon reflection, when I extend, compare, and weigh consequences, I was quite brave in my heart. "Anything," thought I, "is better than suspense. Now will my fortitude have a call to exert itself, and I warrant I bear as well as he an evil that is inevitable." At this instant, this trying instant, however, I found myself thus brave ; so, my dear, it was nothing but the too great warmth of the room which overcame me.

I endeavoured to assume all my courage, and desired him to proceed, but held by the arm of my chair to steady me, lest my little tremblings should increase. The faintness had left some little tremblings upon me, Lucy ; and one would not care, you know, to be thought affected by anything in his story. He proceeded.

"At Bologna, and in the neighbourhood of Urbino, are seated two branches of a noble family, marquises and counts of Porretta, which boasts its pedigree from Roman princes, and has given to the Church two cardinals—one in the latter age, the other in the beginning of this.

"The Marchese della Porretta, who resides in Bologna, is a nobleman of great merit. His lady is illustrious by descent, and still more so for her goodness of heart, sweetness of temper, and prudence. They have three sons and a daughter."

(“Ah! that daughter,” thought I.)

“The eldest of the sons is a general officer in the service of the King of the Two Sicilies, a man of equal honour and bravery, but passionate and haughty, valuing himself on his descent. The second is devoted to the Church, and is already a bishop. The interest of his family and his own merits, it is not doubted, will one day, if he lives, give him a place in the Sacred College. The third, Signor Jeronymo (or, as he is sometimes called, the Barone) della Porretta, has a regiment in the service of the King of Sardinia. The sister is the favourite of them all. She is lovely in her person, gentle in her manners, and has high but just notions of the nobility of her descent, of the honour of her sex, and of what is due to her own character. She is pious, charitable, beneficent. Her three brothers preferred her interests to their own. Her father used to call her ‘the pride of his life,’ her mother, ‘her other self, her own Clementina.’”

(Clementina! Ah, Lucy, what a pretty name is Clementina.)

“I became intimate with Signor Jeronymo at Rome, near two years before I had the honour to be known to the rest of his family, except by his report, which he made run very high in my favour. He was master of many fine qualities, but had contracted friendship with a set of dissolute young men of rank, with whom he was very earnest to make me acquainted. I allowed myself to be often in their company; but, as they were totally abandoned in their morals, it was in hopes by degrees to draw him from them. But a love of pleasure had got fast hold of him, and his other companions prevailed over his good-nature. He had courage, but not enough to resist their libertine attacks upon his morals.

“Such a friendship could not hold while each stood his ground, and neither would advance to meet the other. In short we parted, nor held a correspondence in absence; but afterwards meeting by accident at Padua, and Jeronymo

having in the interim been led into inconveniences, he avowed a change of principles, and the friendship was renewed.

"It, however, held not many months. A lady, less celebrated for virtue than beauty, obtained an influence over him against warning, against promise.

"On being expostulated with and his promise claimed, he resented the friendly freedom. He was passionatè, and on this occasion less polite than it was natural for him to be: he even defied his friend. My dear Jeronymo, how generously has he acknowledged since the part his friend, at that time, acted! But the result was they parted, resolving never more to see each other.

"Jeronymo pursued the adventure which had occasioned the difference, and one of the lady's admirers, envying him his supposed success, hired Brescian bravoës to assassinate him.

"The attempt was made in the Cremonese. They had got him into their toils in a little thicket at some distance from the road. I, attended by two servants, happened to be passing, when a frightened horse ran cross the way, his bridle broken, and his saddle bloody. This making me apprehend some mischief to the rider, I drove down the opening he came from, and soon beheld a man struggling on the ground with two ruffians, one of whom was just stopping his mouth, the other stabbing him. I leapt out of the post-chaise and drew my sword, running towards them as fast as I could, and calling to my servants to follow me, indeed calling as if I had a number with me, in order to alarm them. On this they fled, and I heard them say, 'Let us make off: we have done his business.' Incensed at the villainy, I pursued and came up with one of them, who turned upon me. I beat down his trombone, a kind of blunderbuss, just as he presented it at me, and had wounded and thrown him on the ground; but seeing the other ruffian turning back to help his fellow, and on a sudden two others appearing with their horses,

I thought it best to retreat, though I would fain have secured one of them. My servants then seeing my danger hastened, shouting, towards me. The bravoës (perhaps apprehending there were more than two) seemed as glad to get off with their rescued companion as I was to retire. I hastened then to the unhappy man, but how much was I surprised when I found him to be the Barone della Porretta, who, in disguise, had been actually pursuing his amour !

"He gave signs of life. I instantly despatched one of my servants to Cremona for a surgeon. I bound up, meantime, as well as I could, two of his wounds—one in his shoulder, the other in his breast. He had one in his hip-joint, which disabled him from helping himself, and which I found beyond my skill to do anything with, only endeavouring with my handkerchief to stop its bleeding. I helped him into my chaise, stepped in with him, and held him up in it, till one of my men told me they had, in another part of the thicket, found his servant bound and wounded, his horse lying dead by his side. I then alighted and put the poor fellow into the chaise, he being stiff with his hurts and unable to stand.

"I walked by the side of it, and in this manner moved towards Cremona, in order to shorten the way of the expected surgeon.

"My servant soon returned with one. Jeronymo had fainted away. The surgeon dressed him, and proceeded with him to Cremona. Then it was that, opening his eyes, he beheld and knew me ; and being told by the surgeon that he owed his preservation to me, 'Oh, Grandison,' said he, 'that I had followed your advice ! that I had kept my promise with you ! How did I insult you ! Can my deliverer forgive me ? You shall be the director of my future life, if it please God to restore me.'

"His wounds proved not mortal, but he never will be the man he was, partly from his having been unskilfully treated



by this his first surgeon, and partly from his own impatience, and the difficulty of curing the wound in his hip-joint. Excuse this particularity, madam. The subject requires it, and Signor Jeronymo now deserves it, and all your pity.

"I attended him at Cremona till he was able to remove. He was visited there by his whole family from Bologna. There never was a family more affectionate to one another: the suffering of one is the suffering of every one. The barone was exceedingly beloved by his father, mother, sister, for the sweetness of his manners, his affectionate heart, and a wit so delightfully gay and lively that his company was sought by everybody.

"You will easily believe, madam, from what I have said, how acceptable to the whole family the service was which I had been so happy as to render their Jeronymo. They all joined to bless me, and the more when they came to know that I was the person whom their Jeronymo, in the days of our intimacy, had highly extolled in his letters to his sister and to both brothers, and who now related to them, by word of mouth, the occasion of the coldness that had passed between us, with circumstances as honourable for me as the contrary for himself. Such were his penitential confessions in the desperate condition to which he found himself reduced.

"He now, as I attended by his bed or his couch side, frequently called for a repetition of those arguments which he had till now derided. He besought me to forgive him for treating them before with levity and me with disrespect, next, as he said, to insult; and he begged his family to consider me not only as the preserver of his life but as the restorer of his morals. This gave the whole family the highest opinion of mine; and still more to strengthen it, the generous youth produced to them, though, as I may say, at his own expense (for his reformation was sincere), a letter which I wrote to lie by him, in hopes to enforce his temporary convictions, for he had a noble nature, and a lively sense of what was due to

his character, and to the love and piety of his parents, the bishop, and his sister, though he was loth to think he could be wrong in those pursuits in which he was willing to indulge himself.

"Never was there a more grateful family. The noble father was uneasy, because he knew not how to acknowledge, according to the largeness of his heart, to a man in genteel circumstances, the obligation laid upon them all. The mother, with a freedom more amiably great than the Italian ladies are accustomed to express, bid her Clementina regard as her fourth brother the preserver of the third. The barone declared that he should never rest nor recover till he had got me rewarded in such manner as all the world should think I had honour done me in it.

"When the barone was removed to Bologna the whole family were studious to make occasions to get me among them. The general made me promise, when my relations, as he was pleased to express himself, at Bologna, could part with me, to give him my company at Naples. The bishop, who passed all the time he had to spare from his diocese at Bologna, and who is a learned man, in compliment to his fourth brother, would have me initiate him into the knowledge of the English tongue.

"Our Milton has deservedly a name among them. The friendship that subsisted between him and a learned nobleman of their country endeared his memory to them. Milton, therefore, was a principal author with us. Our lectures were usually held in the chamber of the wounded brother, in order to divert him; he also became my scholar. The father and mother were often present, and at such times their Clementina was seldom absent. She also called me her tutor; and though she was not half so often present at the lectures as her brothers were, made a greater proficiency than either of them."

{Do you doubt it, Lucy?}

"The father, as well as the bishop, is learned ; the mother well read. She had had the benefit of a French education, being brought up by her uncle, who resided many years at Paris in a public character ; and her daughter had, under her own eye, advantages in her education which are hardly ever allowed or sought after by the Italian ladies. In such company, you may believe, madam, that I, who was kept abroad against my wishes, passed my time very agreeably. I was particularly honoured with the confidence of the marchioness, who opened her heart to me, and consulted me on every material occurrence. Her lord, who is one of the politest of men, was never better pleased than when he found us together ; and not seldom, though we were not engaged in lectures, the fair Clementina claimed a right to be where her mother was.

"About this time the young Count of Belvedere returned to Parma, in order to settle in his native country. His father was a favourite in the court of the Princess of Parma, and attended that lady to Madrid on her marriage with the late King of Spain, where he held a very considerable post, and lately died there immensely rich. On a visit to this noble family the young lord saw and loved Clementina.

"The Count of Belvedere is a handsome, a gallant, a sensible man ; his fortune is very great ; such an alliance was not to be slighted. The marquis gave his countenance to it ; the marchioness favoured me with several conversations upon the subject. She was of opinion perhaps that it was necessary to know my thoughts on this occasion, for the younger brother, unknown to me, declared that he thought there was no way of rewarding my merits to the family but by giving me a relation to it. Dr. Bartlett, madam, can show you, from my letters to him, some conversations which will convince you that in Italy, as well as in other countries, there are persons of honour, of goodness, of generosity, and who are above reserve, vindictiveness, jealousy, and those

other bad passions by which some mark indiscriminately a whole nation.

“For my own part, it was impossible (distinguished as I was by every individual of this noble family, and lovely as is this daughter of it, mistress of a thousand good qualities, and myself absolutely disengaged in my affections) that my vanity should not sometimes be awakened, and a wish arise that there might be a possibility of obtaining such a prize; but I checked the vanity the moment I could find it begin to play about and warm my heart. To have attempted to recommend myself to the young lady’s favour, though but by looks, by assiduities, I should have thought an infamous breach of the trust and confidence they all reposed in me.

“The pride of a family so illustrious in its descent, their fortunes unusually high for the country which, by the goodness of their hearts, they adorned, the relation they bore to the Church, my foreign extraction and interest, the lady’s exalted merits, which made her of consequence to the hearts of several illustrious youths, before the Count of Belvedere made known his passion for her—none of which the fond family thought worthy of their Clementina, nor any of whom could engage her heart; but, above all, the difference in religion: the young lady so remarkably steadfast in hers that it was with the utmost difficulty they could restrain her from assuming the veil; and who once declared in anger, on hearing me, when called upon, avow my principles, that she grudged to a heretic the glory of having saved the Barone della Porretta—all these considerations outweighed any hopes that might otherwise have arisen in a bosom so sensible of the favours they were continually heaping upon me.

“About the same time the troubles, now so happily appeased, broke out in Scotland. Hardly anything else was talked of in Italy but the progress, and supposed certainty of success, of the young invader. I was often obliged to stand the triumphs and exultations of persons of rank and

figure, being known to be warm in the interest of my country. I had a good deal of this kind of spirit to contend with, even in this more moderate Italian family; and this frequently brought on debates which I would gladly have avoided holding: but it was impossible. Every new advice from England revived the disagreeable subject; for the success of the rebels, it was not doubted, would be attended with the restoration of what they called the Catholic religion; and Clementina particularly pleased herself, that then her heretic tutor would take refuge in the bosom of his holy mother the Church; and she delighted to say things of this nature in the language I was teaching her, and which, by this time, she spoke very intelligibly.

"I took a resolution hereupon to leave Italy for a while, and to retire to Vienna, or to some one of the German courts that was less interested than they were in Italy in the success of the Chevalier's undertaking; and I was the more desirous to do so, as the displeasure of Olivia against me began to grow serious, and to be talked of, even by herself, with less discretion than was consistent with her high spirit, her noble birth, and ample fortune.

"I communicated my intention to the marchioness first. The noble lady expressed her concern at the thoughts of my quitting Italy, and engaged me to put off my departure for some weeks; but at the same time hinted to me, with an explicitness that is peculiar to her, her apprehensions and her lord's, that I was in love with her Clementina. I convinced her of my honour in this particular; and she so well satisfied the marquis in this respect that, on their daughter's absolute refusal of the Count of Belvedere, they confided in me to talk to her in favour of that nobleman. The young lady and I had a conference upon the subject: Dr. Bartlett can give you the particulars. The father and mother, unknown to us both, had placed themselves in a closet adjoining to the room we were in, and which communicated to another

as well as to that : they had no reason to be dissatisfied with what they heard me say to their daughter.

"The time of my departure from Italy drawing near, and the young lady repeatedly refusing the Count of Belvedere, the younger brother (still unknown to me, for he doubted not but I should rejoice at the honour he hoped to prevail upon them to do me) declared in my favour. They objected the more obvious difficulties in relation to religion and my country. He desired to be commissioned to talk to me on those subjects, and to his sister on her motives for refusing the Count of Belvedere ; but they would not hear of his speaking to me on this subject, the marchioness giving generous reasons on my behalf for her joining in the refusal, and undertaking herself to talk to her daughter, and to demand of her her reasons for rejecting every proposal that had been made her.

"She accordingly closeted her Clementina. She could get nothing from her but tears. A silence, without the least appearance of sullenness, had for some days before shown that a deep melancholy had begun to lay hold of her heart. She was, however, offended when love was attributed to her ; yet her mother told me that she could not but suspect that she was under the dominion of that passion without knowing it, and the rather as she was never cheerful but when she was taking lessons for learning a tongue which never, as the marchioness said, was likely to be of use to her."

("As the marchioness said"—ah ! my Lucy.)

"The melancholy increased. Her tutor, as he was called, was desired to talk to her. He did. It was a task put upon him that had its difficulties. It was observed that she generally assumed a cheerful air while she was with him, but said little, yet seemed pleased with everything he said to her ; and the little she did answer, though he spoke in Italian or French, was in her newly acquired language ; but the moment he was gone her countenance fell, and she was studious to find opportunities to get from company."

(What think you of my fortitude, Lucy? Was I not a good girl? But my curiosity kept up my spirits. "When I come to reflect," thought I, "I shall have it all upon my pillow.")

"Her parents were in the deepest affliction. They consulted physicians, who all pronounced her malady to be love. She was taxed with it, and all the indulgence promised her that her heart could wish as to the object; but still she could not with patience bear the imputation. Once she asked her woman, who told her that she was certainly in love, 'Would you have me hate myself?' Her mother talked to her of the passion in favourable terms, and as laudable; she heard her with attention, but made no answer.

"The evening before the day I was to set out for Germany the family made a sumptuous entertainment in honour of a guest on whom they had conferred so many favours. They had brought themselves to approve of his departure the more readily, as they were willing to see whether his absence would affect their Clementina, and, if it did, in what manner.

"They left it to her choice whether she would appear at table or not. She chose to be there. They all rejoiced at her recovered spirits. She was exceeding cheerful. She supported her part of the conversation during the whole evening with her usual vivacity and good sense, insomuch that I wished to myself I had departed sooner. 'Yet it is surprising,' thought I, 'that this young lady, who seemed always to be pleased, and, even since these reveries have had power over her, to be most cheerful in my company, should rejoice in my departure—should seem to owe her recovery to it, a departure which every one else kindly regrets: and yet there was nothing in her behaviour or looks that appeared in the least affected. When acknowledgments were made to me of the pleasure I had given to the whole family, she joined in them; when my health and happiness were wished, she added her wishes by cheerful bows, as she sat; when they wished

to see me again before I went to England, she did the same—so that my heart was dilated: I was overjoyed to see such a happy alteration. When I took leave of them she stood forward to receive my compliments with a polite French freedom. I offered to press her hand with my lips. ‘My brother’s deliverer,’ said she, ‘must not affect this distance,’ and, in a manner, offered her cheek, adding, ‘God preserve my tutor wherever he sets his foot’ (and in English, ‘God convert you too, chevalier). May you never want such an agreeable friend as you have been to us!’

“Signor Jeronymo was not able to be with us. I went up to take leave of him. ‘Oh, my Grandison,’ said he, and flung his arms about my neck; ‘and will you go? Blessings attend you! But what will become of a brother and sister when they have lost you?’

“‘You will rejoice me,’ replied I, ‘if you will favour me with a few lines by a servant whom I shall leave behind me for three or four days, and who will find me at Inspruck, to let me know how you all do, and whether your sister’s health continues.’

“‘She must, she shall be yours,’ said he, ‘if I can manage it. Why, why will you leave us?’

“I was surprised to hear him say this: he had never before been so particular.

“‘That cannot be,’ said I. ‘There are a thousand obstacles——’

“‘All of which,’ rejoined he, ‘that depend upon us, I doubt not to overcome. Your heart is not with Olivia?’

“They all knew, from that lady’s indiscretion, of the proposals that had been made me relating to her, and of my declining them. I assured him that my heart was free.

“We agreed upon a correspondence, and I took leave of one of the most grateful of men.

“But how much was I afflicted when I received at Inspruck the expected letter, which acquainted me that this



sunshine lasted no longer than the next day! The young lady's malady returned with redoubled force. Shall I, madam, briefly relate to you the manner in which, as her brother wrote, it operated upon her?

"She shut herself up in her chamber, not seeming to regard or know that her woman was in it, nor did she answer to two or three questions that her woman asked her; but, setting her chair with its back towards her, over against a closet in the room, after a profound silence she bent forwards, and in a low voice seemed to be communing with a person in the closet. 'And you say he is actually gone? Gone for ever? No, not for ever!'

"'Who gone, madam?' said her woman. 'To whom do you direct your discourse?'

"'We were all obliged to him, no doubt. So bravely to rescue my brother, and to pursue the braves; and, as my brother says, to put him in his own chaise, and walk on foot by the side of it. Why, as you say, assassins might have murdered him: the horses might have trampled him under their feet'—still looking as if she were speaking to somebody in the closet.

"Her woman stepped to the closet, and opened the door, and left it open, to take off her attention to the place, and to turn the course of her ideas; but still she bent forwards towards it, and talked calmly, as if to somebody in it: then breaking into a faint laugh, 'In love!—that is such a silly notion: and yet I love everybody better than I love myself.'

"Her mother came into the room just then. The young lady arose in haste and shut the closet door, as if she had somebody hid there, and, throwing herself at her mother's feet, 'My dear, my ever-honoured mamma,' said she, 'forgive me for all the trouble I have caused you. But I will, I must—you can't deny me. I will be God's child as well as yours. I will go into a nunnery.'

"It came out afterwards that her confessor, taking



“ ‘ Who gone, madam ? ’ said her woman. ‘ To whom do you direct your discourse ? ’ ”

advantage of confessions extorted from her of regard for her tutor, though only such as a sister might bear to a brother, but which he had suspected might come to be of consequence, had filled her tender mind with terrors that had thus affected her head. She is, as I have told you, madam, a young lady of exemplary piety.

"I will not dwell on a scene so melancholy. How I afflict your tender heart, my good Miss Byron!"

(Do you think, Lucy, I did not weep? Indeed, I did. Poor young lady! But my mind was fitted for the indulging of scenes so melancholy. "Pray, sir, proceed," said I. "What a heart must that be which bleeds not for such a distress! Pray, sir, proceed.")

"Be it Dr. Bartlett's task to give you further particulars. I will be briefer—I will not indulge my own grief.

"All that medicine could do was tried; but her confessor, who, however, is an honest, a worthy man, kept up her fears and terrors. He saw the favour her tutor was in with the whole family; he knew that the younger brother had declared for rewarding him in a very high manner. He had more than once put this favoured man upon an avowal of his principles; and, betwixt her piety and her gratitude, had raised such a conflict in her mind as her tender nature could not bear.

"At Florence lives a family of high rank and honour, the ladies of which have with them a friend noted for the excellency of her heart and her genius, and who, having been robbed of her fortune early in life by an uncle, to whose care she was committed by her dying father, was received both as a companion and a blessing by the ladies of the family she has now for many years lived with. She is an Englishwoman and a Protestant, but so very discreet that her being so, though at first they hoped to proselyte her, gives them not a less value for her; and yet they are all zealous Roman Catholics. These two ladies, and this their companion, were visiting one day at the Marchese della Porretta's, and there

the distressed mother told them the mournful tale. The ladies, who think nothing that is within the compass of human prudence impossible to their Mrs. Beaumont, wished that the young lady might be entrusted for a week to her care, at their own house at Florence.

"It was consented to as soon as proposed, and Signora Clementina was as willing to go, there having always been an intimacy between the families, and she (as everybody else) having a high opinion of Mrs. Beaumont. They took her with them on the day they set out for Florence.

"Here, again, for shortening my story, I will refer to Dr. Bartlett. Mrs. Beaumont went to the bottom of the malady: she gave her advice to the family upon it. They were resolved (Signor Jeronymo supporting her advice) to be governed by it. The young lady was told that she should be indulged in all her wishes. She then acknowledged what those were, and was the easier for the acknowledgment, and for the advice of such a prudent friend, and returned to Bologna much more composed than when she left it. The tutor was sent for by common consent, for there had been a convention of the whole family—the Urbino branch, as well as the general, being present. In that the terms to be proposed to the supposed happy man were settled; but they were not to be mentioned to him till after he had seen the lady—a wrong policy, surely.

"He was then at Vienna. Signor Jeronymo, in his letter, congratulated him in high terms, as a man whom he had it now at last in his power to reward; and he hinted in general that the conditions would be such as it was impossible but he must find his very great advantage in them—as to fortune, to be sure, he meant.

"The friend so highly valued could not but be affected with the news; yet, knowing the lady and the family, he was afraid that the articles of residence and religion would not be easily compromised between them. He therefore summoned

up all his prudence to keep his fears alive and his hope in suspense.

"He arrived at Bologna. He was permitted to pay his compliments to Lady Clementina in her mother's presence. How agreeable, how nobly frank was the reception from both mother and daughter! How high ran the congratulations of Jeronymo! He called the supposed happy man brother. The marquis was ready to recognise the fourth son in him. A great fortune additional to an estate bequeathed her by her two grandfathers was proposed. My father was to be invited over to grace the nuptials by his presence.

"But let me cut short the rest. The terms could not be complied with, for I was to make a formal renunciation of my religion and to settle in Italy—only once in two or three years was allowed, if I pleased, for two or three months to go to England; and as a visit of curiosity, once in her life, if their daughter desired it, to carry her thither, for a time to be limited by them.

"What must be my grief to be obliged to disappoint such expectations as were raised by persons who had so sincere a value for me! You cannot, madam, imagine my distress, so little as could be expected to be allowed by them to the principles of a man whom they supposed to be in an error that would inevitably cast him into perdition! But when the friendly brother implored my compliance—when the excellent mother, in effect, besought me to have pity on her heart, and on her child's head—and when the tender, the amiable Clementina, putting herself out of the question, urged me, for my soul's sake, to embrace the doctrines of her holy mother the Church—what, madam—but how I grieve you!"

(He stopped. His handkerchief was of use to him, as mine was to me. What a distress was here!)

"And what, and what, sir," sobbing, "was the result? Could you—could you resist?"

"Satisfied in my own faith, entirely satisfied! Having

insuperable objections to that I was wished to embrace! A lover of my native country too. Were not my God and my country to be the sacrifice if I complied! But I laboured, I studied for a compromise. I must have been unjust to Clementina's merit and to my own Character had she not been dear to me. And, indeed, I beheld graces in her then that I had before resolved to shut my eyes against: her rank next to princely; her fortune high as her rank; obstacles from religion, country, that had appeared to me insuperable, removed by themselves; and no apprehension left of a breach of the laws of hospitality, which had, till now, made me struggle to behold one of the most amiable and noble-minded of women with indifference. I offered to live one year in Italy, one in England, by turns, if their dear Clementina would live with me there; if not, I would content myself with passing only three months in every year in my native country. I proposed to leave her entirely at her liberty in the article of religion, and, in case of children by the marriage, the daughters to be educated by her, the sons by me: a condition to which his Holiness himself, it was presumed, would not refuse his sanction, as there were precedents for it. This, madam, was a great sacrifice to compassion, to love. What could I more!"

"And would not, sir, would not Clementina consent to this compromise?"

"Ah! the unhappy lady. It is this reflection that strengthens my grief. She would have consented; she was earnest to procure the consent of her friends upon these terms. This her earnestness in my favour, devoted as she was to her religion, excites my compassion and calls for my gratitude.

"What scenes, what distressful scenes followed! The noble father forgot his promised indulgence; the mother, indeed, seemed in a manner neutral; the youngest brother was still, however, firm in my cause. But the marquis, the

general, the bishop, and the whole Urbino branch of the family were not to be moved, and the less because they considered the alliance as derogatory to their own honour in the same proportion as they thought it honourable to me—a private, an obscure man—as now they began to call me. In short, I was allowed, I was desired to depart from Bologna, and not suffered to take leave of the unhappy Clementina, though on her knees she begged to be allowed a parting interview. And what was the consequence? Dr. Bartlett must tell the rest. Unhappy Clementina! Now they wish me to make them one more visit at Bologna! Unhappy Clementina! To what purpose?”

I saw his noble heart was too much affected to answer questions, had I had voice to ask any.

But, oh! my friends, you see how it is. Can I be so unhappy as he is? As his Clementina is? Well might Dr. Bartlett say that this excellent man is not happy. Well might he himself say that he has suffered greatly, even from good women. Well might he complain of sleepless nights. Unhappy Clementina! let me repeat after him, and not happy Sir Charles Grandison. And who, my dear, is happy? Not, I am sure, your

HARRIET BYRON.

LETTER XXI. (Vol. iii.) *continues the interview, gives some account of Harriet's own feelings on learning the prior attachment, and contains a reference to Dr. Bartlett for the rest of its history. The entire remainder of the volume, except one letter, consists of a packet of thirteen, from Dr. Bartlett to Miss Byron, communicated by her to Miss Selby, and containing an elaborate history of Sir Charles Grandison's relations with the Porretta family. (See Introduction.)*

LETTERS I.-III. (Vol. iv.), *from Harriet to Lucy, chiefly add strokes to the portrait of Sir Charles's perfections. He dines with and moralises over Sir Hargrave and his gay friends; plans a marriage for his uncle, Lord W., whose heir he is; undertakes the re-establishment of the fortunes of the Mansfield family, and interests himself in the career of the two sons of his father's mistress. He shows himself in yet a new light in the following letter.*

## LETTER IV [iv]

SIR CHARLES GRANDISON TO DR. BARTLETT

*(Enclosed in the preceding)*GRANDISON HALL, *Friday night, March 31.*

I ARRIVED at Sir Harry Beauchamp's about twelve this day. He and his lady expected me, from the letter which I wrote and showed you before I left the town—in which, you know, I acquainted Sir Harry with his son's earnest desire to throw himself at his feet, and to pay his duty to his mother in England, and engaged to call myself, either this day or to-morrow, for an answer.

Sir Harry received me with great civility and even affection. "Lady Beauchamp," said he, "will be with us in a moment. I am afraid you will not meet with all the civility from her on the errand you are come upon that a man of Sir Charles Grandison's character deserves to meet with from all the world. We have been unhappy together ever since we had your letter. I long to see my son: your friendship for him establishes him in my heart. But——" and then he cursed the apron-string tenure by which, he said, he held his peace.



"You will allow me, Sir Harry," said I, "to address myself in my own way to your lady. You give me pleasure in letting me know that the difficulty is not with you. You have indeed, sir, one of the most prudent young men in the world for your son. His heart is in your hand: you may form it as you please."

"She is coming! She is coming!" interrupted he. "We are all in pieces; we were in the midst of a feud when you arrived. If she is not civil to you——"

It swam the lady, her complexion raised, displeasure in her looks to me, and indignation in her air to Sir Harry, as if they had not had their contention out, and she was ready to renew it.

With as obliging an air as I could assume, I paid my compliments to her. She received them with great stiffness, swelling at Sir Harry, who sidled to the door in a moody and sullen manner, and then slipped out.

"You are Sir Charles Grandison, I suppose, sir," said she. "I never saw you before; I have heard much talk of you. But pray, sir, are good men always officious men? Cannot they perform the obligations of friendship without discomposing families?"

"You see me now, madam, in an evil moment, if you are displeased with me. But I am not used to the displeasure of ladies: I do my utmost not to deserve it; and let me tell you, madam, that I will not suffer you to be displeased with me."

I took her half-reluctant hand, and led her to a chair, and seated myself in another near her.

"I see, sir, you have your arts."

She took the fire-screen that hung by the side of the chimney and held it before her face, now glancing at me, now turning away her eye, as if resolved to be displeased.

"You come upon a hateful errand, sir; I have been unhappy ever since your officious letter came."

"I am sorry for it, madam. While you are warm with the remembrance of a past misunderstanding, I will not offer to reason with you ; but let me, madam, see less discomposure in your looks. I want to take my impressions of you from more placid features. I am a painter, madam. I love to draw ladies' pictures. Will you have this pass for a first sitting?"

She knew not what to do with her anger ; she was loth to part with it.

"You are impertinent, Sir Charles. Excuse me. You are impertinent."

"I do excuse you, Lady Beauchamp, and the rather as I am sure you do not think me so. Your freedom is a mark of your favour, and I thank you for it."

"You treat me as a child, sir——"

"I treat all angry people as children. I love to humour them. Indeed, Lady Beauchamp, you must not be angry with them. Can I be mistaken? Don't I see in your aspect the woman of sense and reason? I never blame a lady for her humoursomeness so much as, in my mind, I blame her mother."

"Sir!" said she. I smiled. She bit her lip to avoid returning a smile.

Her character, my dear friend, is not, you know, that of an ill-tempered woman, though haughty, and a lover of power.

"I have heard much of you, Sir Charles Grandison ; but I am quite mistaken in you. I expected to see a grave, formal young man, his prim mouth set in plaits ; but you are a joker, and a free man—a very free man, I do assure you."

"I would be thought decently free, madam, but not impertinent. I see with pleasure a returning smile. Oh that ladies knew how much smiles become their features! Very few causes can justify a woman's anger. Your sex, madam, was given to delight, not to torment us."

"Torment you, sir! Pray, has Sir Harry——"

"Sir Harry cannot look pleased when his lady is displeased. I saw that you were, madam, the moment I beheld you. I hope I am not an unwelcome visitor to Sir Harry for one hour (I intend to stay no longer), that he received me with so disturbed a countenance, and has now withdrawn himself, as if to avoid me."

"To tell you the truth, Sir Harry and I have had a dispute; but he always speaks of Sir Charles Grandison with pleasure."

"Is he not offended with me, madam, for the contents of the letter——"

"No, sir, and I suppose you hardly think he is. But I am——"

"Dear madam, let me beg your interest in favour of the contents of it."

She took fire—rose up.

I besought her patience. "Why should you wish to keep abroad a young man who is a credit to his family, and who ought to be, if he is not, the joy of his father? Let him owe to your generosity, madam, that recall which he solicits: it will become your character. He cannot be always kept abroad, be it your own generous work——"

"What, sir! Pray, sir"—with an angry brow.

"You must not be angry with me, madam" (I took her hand). "You can't be angry in earnest."

"Sir Charles Grandison, you are,"—she withdrew her hand—"you are," repeated she, and seemed ready to call names.

"I am the Grandison you call me, and I honour the maternal character. You must permit me to honour you, madam."

"I wonder, sir——"

"I will not be denied. The world reports misunderstandings between you and Mr. Beauchamp. That busy world that will be meddling, knows your power and his dependence. You must not let it charge you with an ill



*She took fire—rose up.*

*Chas. Hammond  
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use of that power. If you do, you will have its blame when you might have its praise : he will have its pity."

"What, sir, do you think your fine letters and smooth words will avail in favour of a young fellow who has treated me with disrespect?"

"You are misinformed, madam. I am willing to have a greater dependence upon your justice, upon your good-nature, than upon anything I can urge, either by letter or speech. Don't let it be said that you are not to be prevailed on. A woman not to be prevailed on to join in an act of justice, of kindness—for the honour of the sex, let it not be said."

"Honour of the sex, sir! Fine talking! Don't I know that, were I to consent to his coming over, the first thing would be to have his annuity augmented out of my fortune? He and his father would be in a party against me. Am I not already a sufferer through him in his father's love? You don't know, sir, what has passed between Sir Harry and me within this half-hour. But don't talk to me, I won't hear of it. The young man hates me : I hate him, and ever will."

She made a motion to go.

With a respectful air I told her she must not leave me. My motive deserved not, I said, that both she and Sir Harry should leave me in displeasure.

"You know but too well," resumed she, "how acceptable your officiousness (I must call it so) is to Sir Harry."

"And does Sir Harry, madam, favour his son's suit? You rejoice me. Let not Mr. Beauchamp know that he does. And do you, my dear Lady Beauchamp, take the whole merit of it to yourself. How will he revere you for your goodness to him! And what an obligation, if, as you say, Sir Harry is inclined to favour him, will you, by your generous first motion, lay upon Sir Harry."

"Obligation upon Sir Harry! Yes, Sir Charles Grandison,

I have laid too many obligations already upon him for his gratitude."

"Lay this one more. You own you have had a misunderstanding this morning. Sir Harry is withdrawn, I suppose, with his heart full. Let me, I beseech you, make up the misunderstanding. I have been happy in this way. Thus we will order it—we will desire him to walk in. I will beg your interest with him in favour of the contents of the letter I sent. His compliance will follow as an act of obligingness to you. The grace of the action will be yours. I will be answerable for Mr. Beauchamp's gratitude. Dear madam, hesitate not. The young gentleman must come over one day: let the favour of its being an early one be owing entirely to you."

"You are a strange man, sir. I don't like you at all. You would persuade me out of my reason."

"Let us, madam, as Mr. Beauchamp and I are already the dearest of friends, begin a family understanding. Let St. James's Square and Berkley Square, when you come to town, be a next-door neighbourhood. Give me the consideration of being the bondsman for the duty of Mr. Beauchamp to you, as well as to his father."

She was silent, but looked vexed and irresolute.

"My sisters, madam, are amiable women. You will be pleased with them. Lord L. is a man worthy of Sir Harry's acquaintance. We shall want nothing, if you would think so, but Mr. Beauchamp's presence among us."

"What! I suppose you design your maiden sister for the young fellow. But if you do, sir, you must ask me for——" There she stopped.

"Indeed, I do not. He is not at present disposed to marry. He never will, without his father's approbation, and, let me say—yours. My sister is addressed to by Lord G., and I hope will soon be married to him."

"And do you say so, Sir Charles Grandison? Why, then, you are a more disinterested man than I thought you in this

application to Sir Harry. I had no doubt but the young fellow was to be brought over to marry Miss Grandison, and that he was to be made worthy of her at my expense."

She enjoyed, as it seemed, by her manner of pronouncing the words "young fellow," that designed contempt, which was a tacit confession of the consequence he once was of to her.

"I do assure you, madam, that I know not his heart if he has at present any thoughts of marriage."

She seemed pleased at this assurance.

I repeated my wishes, that she would take to herself the merit of allowing Mr. Beauchamp to return to his native country, and that she would let me see her hand in Sir Harry's before I left them.

"And pray, sir, as to his place of residence, were he to come. Do you think he should live under the same roof with me?"

"You shall govern that point, madam, as you approve or disapprove of his behaviour to you."

"His behaviour to me, sir? One house cannot, shall not, hold him and me."

"I think, madam, that you should direct in this article. I hope, after a little while, so to order my affairs as constantly to reside in England. I should think myself very happy if I could prevail upon Mr. Beauchamp to live with me."

"But I must see him, I suppose?"

"Not, madam, unless you shall think it right, for the sake of the world's opinion, that you should."

"I can't consent."

"You can, madam. You do. I cannot allow Lady Beauchamp to be one of those women who, having insisted upon a wrong point, can be convinced, yet not know how to recede with a grace. Be so kind to yourself as to let Sir Harry know that you think it right for Mr. Beauchamp to return, but that it must be upon your own conditions. Then, madam, make

those conditions generous ones—and how will Sir Harry adore you! How will Mr. Beauchamp revere you! How shall I esteem you!”

“What a strange impertinent have I before me!”

“I love to be called names by a lady. If undeservedly, she lays herself by them under obligation to me, which she cannot be generous if she resolves not to repay. Shall I endeavour to find out Sir Harry, or will you, madam?”

“Was you ever, Sir Charles Grandison, denied by any woman to whom you sued for favour?”

“I think, madam, I hardly ever was; but it was because I never sued for a favour that it was not for a lady’s honour to grant. This is the case now; and this makes me determine that I will not be denied the grant of my present request. Come, come, madam! How can a woman of your ladyship’s good sense” (taking her hand, and leading her to the door) “seem to want to be persuaded to do a thing she knows in her heart to be right? Let us find Sir Harry.”

“Strange man! Unhand me—he has used me unkindly.”

“Overcome him then by your generosity. But, dear Lady Beauchamp,” taking both her hands, and smiling confidently in her face (I could, my dear Dr. Bartlett, do so to Lady Beauchamp), “will you make me believe that a woman of your spirit (you have a charming spirit, Lady Beauchamp) did not give Sir Harry as much reason to complain as he gave you? I am sure, by his disturbed countenance.”

“Now, Sir Charles Grandison, you are downright affronting. Unhand me.”

“This misunderstanding is owing to my officious letter. I should have waited on you in person. I should from the first have put it in your power to do a graceful and obliging thing. I ask your pardon. I am not used to make differences between man and wife.”

I took her hand. She withdrew it not. “Tell me, madam, I am forgiven. Your silence is encouraging. Now is my  
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friend Beauchamp permitted to return to his native country; now are Sir Harry and his lady reconciled. Come, come, madam—it must be so. What foolish things are the quarrels of married people! They must come to an agreement again, and the sooner the better—before hard blows are struck that will leave marks. Let us, dear madam, find out Sir Harry.”

And then with an air of vivacity that women, whether in courtship or out of it, dislike not, I was leading her once more to the door, and as I intended, to Sir Harry, wherever he could be found.

“Hold, hold, sir,” resisting, but with features far more placid than she had suffered to be before visible. “If I must be compelled—you are a strange man, Sir Charles Grandison—if I must be compelled to see Sir Harry—— But you are a strange man.” And she rang the bell.

Lady Beauchamp, Dr. Bartlett, is one of those who would be more ready to forgive an innocent freedom than to be gratified by a profound respect, otherwise I had not treated her with so little ceremony. Such women are formidable only to those who are afraid of their anger, or who make it a serious thing.

But when the servant appeared, she not knowing how to condescend, I said, “Go to your master, sir, and tell him that your lady requests the favour——”

“Requests the favour!” repeated she, but in a low voice, which was no bad sign.

The servant went with a message worded with more civility than perhaps he was used to carry to his master from his lady.

“Now, dear Lady Beauchamp, for your own sake, for Sir Harry’s sake, make happy and be happy. Are there not, dear madam, unhappinesses enow in life that we must wilfully add to them?”

Sir Harry came in sight. He stalked towards us with a

parade like that of a young officer wanting to look martial at the head of his company.

Could I have seen him before he entered my work would have been easier. But his hostile air disposed the lady to renew hostilities.

She turned her face aside, then her person, and the cloudy indignation with which she entered at first again overspread her features. Ought wrath, Dr. Bartlett, to be so ready to attend a female will? "Surely," thought I, "my lady's present airs, after what has passed between her and me, can be only owing to the fear of making a precedent, and being thought too easily persuaded."

"Sir Harry," said I, addressing myself to him, "I have obtained Lady Beauchamp's pardon for the officious letter." X

"Pardon, Sir Charles Grandison! You are a good man, and it was kindly intended." X

He was going on; anger from his eyes flashed upon his cheek-bones and made them shine. My lady's eyes struck fire at Sir Harry, and showed that she was not afraid of him.

"Better intended than done," interrupted I, "since my lady tells me that it was the occasion of a misunderstanding. But, sir, all will be right; my lady assures me that you are not disinclined to comply with the contents, and she has the goodness——"

"Pray, Sir Charles——" interrupted the lady.

"To give me hopes that she——"

"Pray, Sir Charles——"

"Will use her interest to confirm you in your favourable sentiments."

Sir Harry cleared up at once. "May I hope, madam," —and offered to take her hand.

She withdrew it with an air. Oh, Dr. Bartlett, I must have been thought an unpolite husband had she been my wife!

I took her hand. "Excuse this freedom, Sir Harry.

For Heaven's sake, madam," whispering, "do what I know you will do with a grace. Shall there be a misunderstanding, and the husband court a refused hand?" I then forced her half-unwilling hand into his, with an air that I intended should have both freedom and respect in it.

"What a man have we got here, Sir Harry! This cannot be the modest man that you have praised to me. I thought a good man must of necessity be bashful, if not sheepish; and here your visitor is the boldest man in England."

"The righteous, Lady Beauchamp," said Sir Harry, with an aspect but half-conceding, "is bold as a lion."

"And must I be compelled thus, and by such a man, to forgive you, Sir Harry? Indeed, you were very unkind."

"And you, Lady Beauchamp, were very cruel."

"I did not think, sir, when I laid my fortune at your feet——"

"Oh, Lady Beauchamp! You said cutting things—very cutting things."

"And did not you, Sir Harry, say it should be so—so very peremptorily?"

"Not, madam, till you as peremptorily——"

"A little recrimination," thought I, "there must be, to keep each in countenance on their past folly."

"Ah, Sir Charles! You may rejoice that you are not married," said Sir Harry.

"Dear Sir Harry," said I, "we must bear with ladies. They are meek, good creatures. They——"

"Meek, Sir Charles?" repeated Sir Harry, with a half-angry smile, and shrugging, as if his shoulder had been hurt with his wife's meekness. "I say meek!"

"Now, Sir Charles Grandison," said my lady, with an air of threatening.

I was desirous either of turning her displeasure into a jest, or of diverting it from the first object, in order to make her play with it till she had lost it.

"Women are of gentle natures," pursued I; "and, being accustomed to be humoured, opposition sits not easy upon them. Are they not kind to us, Sir Harry, when they allow of our superiority by expecting us to bear with their pretty perversenesses?"

"Oh, Sir Charles Grandison," said my lady, both her hands lifted up.

"Let us be contented," proceeded I, "with such their kind acknowledgments, and in pity to them, and in compliment to ourselves, bear with their foibles. See, madam, I ever was an advocate for the ladies."

"Sir Charles, I have no patience with you."

"What can a poor woman do," continued I, "when opposed? She can only be a little violent in words, and when she has said as much as she chooses to say, be perhaps a little sullen. For my part, were I so happy as to call a woman mine, and she happened to be in the wrong, I would endeavour to be in the right, and trust to her good sense to recover her temper: arguments only beget arguments. Those reconciliations are the most durable in which the lady makes the advances." <sup>^</sup> x

"What doctrine is this, Sir Charles? You are not the man I took you for. I believe in my conscience that you are not near so good a man as the world reports you."

"What, madam—because I pretend to know a little of the sex? Surely, Lady Beauchamp, a man of common penetration may see to the bottom of a woman's heart. A cunning woman cannot hide it; a good woman will not. You are not, madam, such mysteries as some of us think you. Whenever you know your own minds we need not be long doubtful—that is all the difficulty, and I will vindicate you as to that."

"As how, pray, sir?"

"Women, madam, were designed to be dependent, as well as gentle creatures, and of consequence, when left to their own wills they know not what to resolve upon."

"I was hoping, Sir Charles, just now, that you would stay

to dinner; but if you talk at this rate, I believe I shall be ready to wish you out of the house."

Sir Harry looked as if he were half willing to be diverted at what passed between his lady and me. It was better for me to say what he could not but subscribe to by his feeling than for him to say it. Though reproof seldom amends a determined spirit, such a one as this lady's, yet a man who suffers by it cannot but have some joy when he hears his sentiments spoken by a bystander. This freedom of mine seemed to save the married pair a good deal of recrimination.

"You remind me, madam, that I must be gone," rising, and looking at my watch.

"You must not leave us, Sir Charles," said Sir Harry.

"I beg excuse, Sir Harry. Yours also, madam," smiling. "Lady Beauchamp must not twice wish me out of the house."

"I will not excuse you, sir," replied she. "If you have a desire to see the matter completed"—she stopped—"you must stay to dinner, be that as it will."

"'Be that as it will,' madam! You shall not recede."

"Recede! I have not yet complied."

"Oh, these women—they are so used to courtship that they know not how to do right things without it—and, pardon me, madam, not always with it."

"Bold man! Have I consented——"

"Have you not, madam, given a lady's consent? That we men expect not to be very explicit, very gracious. It is from such non-negative consents that we men make silence answer all we wish."

"I leave Sir Charles Grandison to manage this point," said Sir Harry. "In my conscience I think the common observation just. A stander-by sees more of the game than he that plays."

"It ever will be so, Sir Harry. But I will tell you, my lady and I have as good as agreed the matter."

"I have agreed to nothing, Sir Harry."

"Hush, madam. I am doing you credit. Lady Beauchamp speaks aside sometimes, Sir Harry: you are not to hear anything she says that you don't like."

"Then I am afraid I must stop my ears for eight hours out of twelve."

"That was aside, Lady Beauchamp. You are not to hear that."

"To sit like a fool and hear myself abused—a pretty figure I make! Sir Charles Grandison, let me tell you that you are the first man that ever treated me like a fool."

"Excuse, madam, a little innocent raillery. I met you both with a discomposure on your countenances. I was the occasion of it, by the letter I sent to Sir Harry. I will not leave you discomposed. I think you a woman of sense, and my request is of such a nature that the granting of it will confirm to me that you are so. But you have granted it."

"I have not."

"That's charmingly said. My lady will not undervalue the compliment she is inclined to make you, Sir Harry. The moment you ask for her compliance she will not refuse to your affection what she makes a difficulty to grant to the entreaty of an almost stranger."

"Let it, let it be so, Lady Beauchamp," said Sir Harry; and he clasped his arms about her as she sat.

"There never was such a man as this Sir Charles Grandison in the world! It is a contrivance between you, Sir Harry——"

"Dear Lady Beauchamp," resumed I, "depreciate not your compliment to Sir Harry. There wanted not contrivance, I dare to hope (if there did, it had it not), to induce Lady Beauchamp to do a right, a kind, an obliging thing."

"Let me, my dearest Lady Beauchamp," said Sir Harry—"let me request——"

"At your request, Sir Harry; but not at Sir Charles's."

"This is noble," said I. "I thank you, madam, for the absent youth. Both husband and son will think themselves favoured by you, and the more as I am sure that you will, by the cheerful welcome which you will give the young man, show that it is a sincere compliment that you have made to Sir Harry."

"This man has a strange way of flattering one into acts of—of—what shall I call them? But, Sir Harry, Mr. Beauchamp must not, I believe, live with us."

Sir Harry hesitated.

I was afraid of opening the wound. "I have a request to make to you both," said I. "It is this, that Mr. Beauchamp may be permitted to live with me, and attend you, madam, and his father, as a visitor, at your own command. My sister, I believe, will be very soon married to Lord G."

"That is to be certainly so?" interrupted the lady.

"It is, madam."

"But what shall we say, my dear?" resumed Sir Harry. "Don't fly out again. As to the provision for my son?—two hundred a year. What is two hundred a year?"

"Why, then, let it be three," answered she.

"I have a handsome and improvable estate," said I. "I have no demands but those of reason upon me. I would not offer a plea for his coming to England (and I am sure he would not have come if I had) without his father's consent, in which, madam, he hoped for yours. You shall not, sir, allow him either the two or three hundred a year. See him with love, with indulgence (he will deserve both), and think not of anything else for my Beauchamp."

"There is no bearing this, my dear," said Sir Harry, leaning upon his lady's shoulder as he sat, tears in his eyes. "My son is already, as I have heard, greatly obliged to this his true friend. Do you, do you, madam, answer for me and for yourself."

She was overcome, yet pride had its share with generosity.

"You are," said she, "the Grandison I have heard of; but I will not be under obligations to you—not pecuniary ones, however. No, Sir Harry. Recall your son; I will trust to your love. Do for him what you please; let him be independent of this insolent man" (she said this with a smile that made it obliging); "and if we are to be visitors, friends, neighbours, let it be on an equal foot, and let him have nothing to reproach us with."

I was agreeably surprised at this emanation (shall I call it?) of goodness. She is really not a bad woman, but a perverse one—in short, one of those whose passions, when rightly touched, are liable to sudden and surprising turns.

"Generous, charming Lady Beauchamp," said I, "now are you the woman whom I have so often heard praised for many good qualities; now will the portrait be a just one."

Sir Harry was in raptures, but had like to have spoiled all by making me a compliment on the force of example.

"Be this," said I, "the result, Mr. Beauchamp comes over. He will be pleased with whatever you do. At your feet, madam, he shall acknowledge your favour. My home shall be his, if you permit it. On me he shall confer obligations; from you he shall receive them. If any considerations of family prudence restrain you from allowing him at present what your generosity would wish to do——"

Lady Beauchamp's colour was heightened; she interrupted me. "We are not, Sir Charles, so scanty in our fortune——"

"Well, my dear Lady Beauchamp, be all that as you please, not one retrospect of the past——"

"Yes, Sir Charles, but there shall. His allowance has been lessened for some years, not from considerations of family prudence—but—well, 'tis all at an end," proceeded she. "When the young man returns, you, Sir Harry, for my sake, and for the sake of this strange, unaccountable creature, shall pay him the whole arrear."

"Now, my dear Lady Beauchamp," said I, lifting her



hand to my lips, "permit me to give you joy. All doubts and misgivings so triumphantly got over, so solid a foundation laid for family harmony—what was the moment of your nuptials to this? Sir Harry, I congratulate you: you may be, and I believe you have been, as happy as most men; but now you will be still happier."

"Indeed, Sir Harry," said she, "you provoked me in the morning; I should not else——"

Sir Harry owned himself to blame, and thus the lady's pride was set down softly.

She desired Sir Harry to write, before the day concluded, the invitation of return to Mr. Beauchamp, and to do her all the credit in it that she might claim from the last part of the conversation, but not to mention anything of the first.

She afterwards abated a little of this right spirit by saying, "I think, Sir Harry, you need not mention anything of the arrears, as I may call them, but only the future £600 a year. One would surprise him a little, you know, and be twice thanked——"

Surprises of such a nature as this, my dear Dr. Bartlett—pecuniary surprises! I don't love them. They are double taxes upon the gratitude of a worthy heart. Is it not enough for a generous mind to labour under a sense of obligation? Pride, vain glory must be the motive of such narrow-minded benefactors; a truly beneficent spirit cannot take delight in beholding the quivering lip, indicating the palpitating heart; in seeing the downcast countenance, the uplifted hands, and working muscles of a fellow-creature, who, but for unfortunate accidents, would perhaps himself have had the will, with the power, of showing a more graceful benevolence.

I was so much afraid of hearing further abatements of Lady Beauchamp's goodness, so willing to depart with favourable impressions of her for her own sake, and at the same time so desirous to reach the Hall that night, that I got myself excused (though with difficulty) staying to dine; and,

accepting of a dish of chocolate, I parted with Sir Harry and my lady, both in equal good humour with themselves and me.

Could you have thought, my dear friend, that I should have succeeded so very happily as I have done in this affair, and at one meeting?

I think that the father and stepmother should have the full merit with our Beauchamp of a turn so unexpected. Let him not therefore ever see this letter, that he may take his impression of the favour done him from that which Sir Harry will write to him.

My cousin Grandison, whom I hoped to find here, left the Hall on Tuesday last, though he knew of my intention to be down. I am sorry for it. Poor Everard! He has been a great while pretty good. I am afraid he will get among his old acquaintance, and then we shall not hear of him for some months perhaps. If you see him in town, try to engage him till I return. I should be glad of his company to Paris, if his going with me will keep him out of harm's way, as it is called.

*Saturday, April 1.*

I have had compliments sent me by many of my neighbours who had hoped I was come to reside among them. They professed themselves disappointed on my acquainting them that I must go up early on Monday morning. I have invited myself to their Saturday assembly at the bowling-green house.

Our reverend friend Mr. Dobson has been so good as to leave with me the sermon he is to preach to-morrow on the opening of the church; it is a very good discourse. I have only exceptions to three or four compliments he makes to the patron in as many different places of it. I doubt not but he will have the goodness to omit them.

I have already looked into all that has been done in the



*I have already looked into all that has been done in the church.*

church, and all that is doing in the house and gardens. When both have had the direction and inspection of my dear Dr. Bartlett, need I say that nothing could have been better?

Halden is just arrived from my lord with a letter which has enabled me to write to Lady Mansfield his lordship's high approbation of all our proceedings, and that he intends some one early day in next week to pay to her and Miss Mansfield his personal compliments.

He has left to me the article of settlements, declaring that his regard for my future interest is all that he wishes may be attended to.

I have therefore written as from himself, that he proposes a jointure of £1200 a year, penny-rents, and 400 guineas a year for her private purse, and that his lordship desires that Miss Mansfield will make a present to her sister of whatever she may be entitled to in her own right. Something was mentioned to me at Mansfield House of a thousand pounds left to her by a godmother.

Halden being very desirous to see his future lady, I shall, at his request, send the letter I have written to Lady Mansfield by him early in the morning, with a line recommending him to the notice of that lady, as Lord W.'s principal steward.

Adieu, my dear Dr. Bartlett: I have joy in the joy of all these good people. If Providence graciously makes me instrumental to it, I look upon myself but as its instrument. I hope ostentation has no share in what draws on me more thanks and praises than I love to hear.

Lord W. has a right to be made happy by his next relation, if his next relation can make him so. Is he not my mother's brother? Would not her enlarged soul have rejoiced on the occasion, and blessed her son for an instance of duty to her, paid by his disinterested regard for her brother? Who, my dear Dr. Bartlett, is so happy, yet who, in some cases, so unhappy, as your

CHARLES GRANDISON?

LETTERS V. and VI. (Vol. iv.), *from Harriet to Lucy, recount a fresh attempt of the unwearied Lady D., but declare that "hers is a wedded heart" to Sir Charles, complain in a fashion not quite naïf, nor quite humorous enough to deserve quoting, of the fashion of sending young men abroad to travel, and to meet superfluous Clementinus, and commence a further tête-à-tête with the hero.*

## LETTER VII [iv]

MISS BYRON. IN CONTINUATION

O LUCY, I have such a conversation to relate to you! But let me lead to it.

Sir Charles met me at the opening of the door. He was all himself—such an unaffected modesty and politeness, yet such an ease and freedom!

I thought by his address that he would have taken my hand, and both hands were so emulatively passive. How does he manage it to be so free in a first address, yet so respectful that a princess could not blame him?

After breakfast, my cousins being sent for out to attend Sir John Allestree and his niece, Sir Charles and I were left alone; and then, with an air equally solemn and free, he addressed himself to me.

"The last time I had the honour of being alone with my good Miss Byron, I told her a very tender tale. I was sure it would raise in such a heart as hers generous compassion for the noblest lady on the Continent; and I presumed, as my difficulties were not owing either to rashness or indiscretion, that she would also pity the relater.

"The story did indeed affect you ; yet, for my own sake as well as yours, I referred you to Dr. Bartlett for the particulars of some parts of it upon which I could not expatiate.

"The doctor, madam, has let me know the particulars which he communicated to you. I remember with pain the pain I gave to your generous heart in Lord L.'s study. I am sure you must have suffered still more from the same compassionate goodness on the communications he made you. May I, madam, however, add a few particulars to the same subject which he then could not give you? Now you have been let into so considerable a part of my story, I am desirous to acquaint you, and that rather than any woman in the world, with all that I know myself of this arduous affair."

He ceased speaking. I was in tremors. "Sir, sir, the story, I must own, is a most affecting one. How much is the unhappy lady to be pitied! You will do me honour in acquainting me with further particulars of it."

"Dr. Bartlett has told you, madam, that the Bishop of Nocera, second brother to Lady Clementina, has very lately written to me, requesting that I will make one more visit to Bologna. I have the letter. You read Italian, madam. Shall I—or will you?" He held it to me.

I took it. These, Lucy, are the contents:

"The bishop acquaints him with the very melancholy way they are in—the father and mother declining in their healths; Signor Jeronymo worse than when Sir Charles left them. His sister also declining in her health, yet earnest still to see him.

"He says that she is at present at Urbino, but is soon to go to Naples to the general's. He urges him to make them one visit more, yet owns that his family are not unanimous in the request, but that he and Father Marescotti, and the marchioness, are extremely earnest that this indulgence should be granted to the wishes of his sister.

"He offers to meet him at his own appointment, and

conduct him to Bologna, where, he tells him, his presence will rejoice every heart, and procure an unanimous consent to the interview so much desired; and says that if this measure, which he is sorry he has so long withstood, answers not his hopes, he will advise the shutting up of their Clementina in a nunnery, or to consign her to private hands, where she shall be treated kindly, but as persons in her unhappy circumstances are accustomed to be treated."

Sir Charles then showed me a letter from Signor Jeronymo, in which he acquaints him with the dangerous way he is in. He tells him "that his life is a burden to him. He wishes it was brought to its period. He does not think himself in skilful hands. He complains most of the wound which is in his hip-joint, and which has hitherto baffled the art both of the Italian and French surgeons who have been consulted. He wishes that himself and Sir Charles had been of one country, since the greatest felicity he now has to wish for is to yield up his life to the Giver of it, in the arms of his Grandison."

He mentions not one word in this melancholy letter of his unhappy sister, which Sir Charles accounted for by supposing that she not being at Bologna, they kept from him, in his deplorable way, everything relating to her that was likely to disturb him.

He then read part of a letter, written in English, by the admired Mrs. Beaumont, some of the contents of which were, as you shall hear, extremely affecting.

"Mrs. Beaumont gives him in it an account of the situation of the unhappy young lady, and excuses herself for not having done it before, in answer to his request, because of an indisposition under which she had for some time laboured, which had hindered her from making the necessary inquiries.

"She mentions that the lady had received no benefit from her journeyings from place to place, and from her

voyage from Leghorn to Naples and back again, and blames her attendants, who, to quiet her, unknown to their principals, for some time kept her in expectation of seeing her chevalier at the end of each, for her more prudent Camilla, she says, had been hindered by illness from attending her in several of the excursions.

"They had a second time, at her own request, put her into a nunnery. She at first was so sedate in it as gave them hopes; but the novelty going off, and one of the sisters, to try her, having officiously asked her to go with her into the parlour, where, she said, she would be allowed to converse through the grate with a certain English gentleman, her impatience on her disappointment made her more ungovernable than they had ever known her, for she had been, for two hours before, meditating what she would say to him. -

"For a week together she was vehemently intent upon being allowed to visit England, and had engaged her cousins Sebastiano and Juliano to promise to escort her thither if she could obtain leave.

"Her mother brought her off this when nobody else could, only by entreating her for her sake never to think of it more.

"The marchioness then, encouraged by this instance of her obedience, took her under her own care; but the young lady going on from flight to flight, and the way she was in visibly affecting the health of her indulgent mother, a doctor was found who was absolutely of opinion that nothing but harsh methods would avail; and in this advice Lady Sforza, and her daughter Laurana, and the general concurring, she was told that she must prepare to go to Milan. She was so earnest to be excused from going thither, and to be permitted to go to Florence to Mrs. Beaumont, that they gave way to her entreaties; and the marquis himself, accompanying her to Florence, prevailed on Mrs. Beaumont to take her under her care.

"With her she stayed three weeks. She was tolerably



sedate in that space of time, but most so when she was talking of England and of the Chevalier Grandison and his sisters, with whom she wished to be acquainted. She delighted to speak English, and to talk of the tenderness and goodness of her tutor, and of what he said to her upon such and such a subject.

"At the three weeks' end the general made her a visit in company of Lady Sforza ; and her talk being all on this subject, they were both highly displeased, and hinted that she was too much indulged in it ; and, unhappily, she repeating some tender passages that passed in the interview her mother had permitted her to hold with the chevalier, the general would have it that Mr. Grandison had designedly from the first sought to give himself consequence with her, and expressed himself on the occasion with great violence against him.

"He carried his displeasure to extremity, and obliged her to go away with his aunt and him that very day, to her great regret, and as much to the regret of Mrs. Beaumont and of the ladies her friends, who tenderly loved the innocent visionary, as sometimes they called her. And Mrs. Beaumont is sure that the gentle treatment she met with from them would in time, though perhaps slowly, have greatly assisted her.

"Mrs. Beaumont then gives an account of the harsh treatment the poor young lady met with."

Sir Charles Grandison would have stopped reading here. He said he could not read it to me without such a change of voice as would add to my pain as well as to his own.

Tears often stole down my cheeks when I read the letters of the bishop and Signor Jeronymo, and as Sir Charles read a part of Mrs. Beaumont's letter, and I doubted not but what was to follow would make them flow, "Yet," I said, "be pleased, sir, to let me read on. I am not a stranger to distress. I can pity others, or I should not deserve pity myself."

He pointed to the place, and withdrew to the window.

Mrs. Beaumont says "that the poor mother was prevailed upon to resign her child wholly to the management of Lady Sforza and her daughter Laurana, who took her with them to their palace in Milan.

"The tender parent, however, besought them to spare all unnecessary severity, which they promised; but Laurana objected to Camilla's attendance. She was thought too indulgent; and her servant Laura, as a more manageable person, was taken in her place." And, oh! how cruelly, as you shall hear, did they treat her.

Father Marescotti, being obliged to visit a dying relation at Milan, was desired by the marchioness to inform himself of the way her beloved daughter was in, and of the methods taken with her, Lady Laurana having in her letters boasted of both. The good father acquainted Mrs. Beaumont with the following particulars:—

"He was surprised to find a difficulty made of his seeing the lady; but insisting on it, he found her to be wholly spiritless and in terror—afraid to speak, afraid to look before her cousin Laurana, yet seeming to want to complain to him. He took notice of this to Laurana. 'O father,' said she, 'we are in the right way, I assure you. When we had her first, her chevalier and an interview with him were ever in her mouth, but now she is in such order that she never speaks a word of him.'—'But what,' asked the compassionate father, 'must she have suffered to be brought to this?'—'Don't you, father, trouble yourself about that,' replied the cruel Laurana; 'the doctors have given their opinion that some severity was necessary. It is all for her good.'

"The poor lady expressed herself to him with earnestness after the veil, a subject on which, it seems, they indulged her, urging that the only way to secure her health of mind, if it could be restored, was to yield to her wishes. Lady Sforza said 'that it was not a point that she herself would

press, but it was her opinion that her family sinned in opposing a divine dedication, and perhaps their daughter's malady might be a judgment upon them for it.'

"The father, in his letter to Mrs. Beaumont, ascribes to Lady Sforza self-interested motives for her conduct; to Laurana, envy on account of Lady Clementina's superior qualities; but nobody, he says, till now doubted Laurana's love of her."

Father Marescotti then gives a shocking instance of the barbarous Laurana's treatment of the noble sufferer—all for her good. Wretch! how my heart rises against her. Her servant Laura, under pretence of confessing to her Bologna father, in tears acquainted him with it. It was perpetrated but the day before.

"When any severity was to be exercised upon the unhappy lady, Laura was always shut out of her apartment. Her lady had said something that she was to be chidden for. Lady Sforza, who was not altogether so severe as her daughter, was not at home. Laura listened in tears. She heard Laurana in great wrath with Lady Clementina, and threaten her, and her young lady break out to this effect, 'What have I done to you, Laurana, to be so used? You are not the cousin Laurana you used to be. You know I am not able to help myself. Why do you call me crazy and frantic, Laurana?' (Vile upbraider, Lucy!) 'If the Almighty has laid His hand upon me, should I not be pitied?'

"'It is all for your good; it is all for your good, Clementina. You could not always have spoken so sensibly, cousin.'

"'Cruel Laurana! You loved me once! I have no mother, as you have. My mother was a good mother, but she is gone—or I am gone—I know not which.'

"She threatened her then with the strait-waistcoat, a punishment at which the unhappy lady was always greatly terrified. Laura heard her beg and pray, but Laurana coming out, she was forced to retire.

"The poor young lady, apprehending her cruel cousin's return with the threatened waistcoat, and with the woman that used to be brought in when they were disposed to terrify her, went down and hid herself under a staircase, where she was soon discovered by her clothes, which she had not been careful to draw in after her."

O Lucy, how I wept! "How insupportable to me," said Sir Charles, "would have been my reflections, had my conscience told me that I had been the wilful cause of the noble Clementina's calamity."

After I had a little recovered, I read to myself the next paragraph, which related "that the cruel Laurana dragged the sweet sufferer by her gown from her hiding-place, inveighing against her, threatening her; she, all patient, resigned, her hands crossed on her bosom, praying for mercy, not by speech but by her eyes, which, however, wept not; and causing her to be carried up to her chamber, there punished her with the strait-waistcoat, as she had threatened.

"Father Marescotti was greatly affected with Laura's relation, as well as with what he had himself observed; but on his return to Bologna, dreading to acquaint her mother, for her own sake, with the treatment her Clementina met with, he only said he did not quite approve of it, and advised her not to oppose the young lady's being brought home if the bishop and the general came into it; but he laid the whole matter before the bishop, who wrote to the general to join with him immediately to release their sister from her present bondage; and the general meeting the bishop on a set day at Milan for that purpose, the lady was accordingly released.

"A breach ensued upon it with Lady Sforza and her daughter, who would have it that Clementina was much better for their management. They had by terror broken her spirit, and her passiveness was reckoned upon as an indication of amendment.

"The marchioness being much indisposed, the young



*The cruel Laurana dragged the sweet sufferer by her gown from her hiding-place.*

lady, attended by her Camilla, was carried to Naples, where it is supposed she now is. Poor young lady, how has she been hurried about! But who can think of her cousin Laurana without extreme indignation?

"Mrs. Beaumont writes that the bishop would fain have prevailed upon his brother the general to join with him in an invitation to Sir Charles Grandison to come over, as a last expedient, before they locked her up, either in a nunnery or in some private house, but the general would by no means come into it.

"He asked what was proposed to be the end of Sir Charles's visit, were all that was wished from it to follow in his sister's restored mind? He never, he said, would give his consent that she should be the wife of an English Protestant.

"The bishop declared that he was far from wishing her to be so, but he was for leaving that to after consideration. Could they but restore his sister to her reason, that reason, co-operating with her principles, might answer all their hopes.

"He might try his expedient, the general said, with all his heart; but he looked upon the Chevalier Grandison to be a man of art, and he was sure he must have entangled his sister by methods imperceptible to her and to them, but yet more efficacious to his ends than an open declaration. Had he not, he asked, found means to fascinate Olivia, and as many women as he came into company with? For his part, he loved not the chevalier. He had forced him by his intrepidity to be civil to him, but forced civility was but temporary. It was his way to judge of causes by the effects; and this he knew, that he had lost a sister who would have been a jewel in the crown of a prince, and would not be answerable for consequences if he and Sir Charles Grandison were once more to meet, be it where it would.

"Father Marescotti, however, joining, as the bishop writes, with him and the marchioness in a desire to try this expedient, and being sure that the marquis and Signor Jeronymo would

not be averse to it, he took a resolution to write over to him, as has been related."

This, Lucy, is the state of the unhappy case. as briefly and as clearly as my memory will serve to give it. And what a rememberer, if I may make a word, is the heart! Not a circumstance escapes it.

And now it remained for me to know of Sir Charles what answer he had returned.

Was not my situation critical, my dear? Had Sir Charles asked my opinion before he had taken his resolutions, I should have given it with my whole heart, that he should fly to the comfort of the poor lady. But then he would have shown a suspense unworthy of Clementina, and a compliment to me which a good man so circumstanced ought not to make.

My regard for him (yet what a poor, affected word is regard!) was nevertheless as strong as ever. Generosity, or rather justice to Clementina, and that so often to you avowed regard to him, pulled my heart two ways. I thought I wanted to consider with myself for a few moments, being desirous to clear to my own heart the conduct that I was to show on this trying occasion, as well of precipitation as of affectation; and my cousin Reeves just then coming in for something she wanted, I took the opportunity to walk to the other end of the room; and while a short complimentary discourse passed between them, "Harriet Byron," said I to myself, "be not mean. Hast thou not the example of a Clementina before thee? Her religion and her love, combating together, have overturned the noble creature's reason. Thou canst not be called to such a trial; but canst thou not show that if thou wert thou couldst have acted greatly, if not so greatly? Sir Charles Grandison is just; he ought to prefer to thee the excellent Clementina. Priority of claim, compassion for the noble sufferer, merits so superior! I love him for his merits; shall I not love merits nearly as great in one of my own sex?

The struggle will cost thee something ; but try to be above thyself. Banished to thy retirement, to thy pillow," thought I, "be all the girl. Often have I contended for the dignity of my sex ; let me now be an example to myself, and not unworthy in my own eyes (when I come to reflect) of an union, could it have been effected, with a man whom a Clementina looked up to with hope."

My cousin being withdrawn, and Sir Charles approaching me, I attempted to assume a dignity of aspect without pride ; and I spoke, while spirit was high in me, and to keep myself up to it. "My heart bleeds, sir, for the distresses of your Clementina" (Yes, Lucy, I said, "your Clementina"). "Beyond expression I admire the greatness of her character, and most sincerely lament her distresses. What that is in the power of man cannot Sir Charles Grandison do? You have honoured me, sir, with the title of sister ; in the tenderness of that relation permit me to say that I dread the effects of the general's violence. I feel next for you the pain that it must give to your humane heart to be once more personally present to the woes of the inimitable Clementina, but I am sure you did not hesitate a moment about leaving all your friends here in England, and resolving to hasten over to try at least what can be done for the noble sufferer."

Had he praised me highly for this my address to him, it would have looked—such was the situation on both sides—as if he had thought this disinterested behaviour in me an extraordinary piece of magnanimity and self-denial, and, of consequence, as if he had supposed I had views upon him which he wondered I could give up. His is the most delicate of human minds.

He led me to my seat, and taking his by me, still holding my passive hand—"Ever since I have had the honour of Miss Byron's acquaintance I have considered her as one of the most excellent of women. My heart demands alliance with hers, and hopes to be allowed its claim, though such



are the delicacies of situation that I scarcely dare to trust myself to speak upon the subject. From the first I called Miss Byron my sister ; but she is more to me than the dearest sister, and there is a more tender friendship that I aspire to hold with her, whatever may be the accidents on either side to bar a further wish ; and this I must hope that she will not deny me, so long as it shall be consistent with her other attachments."

He paused. I made an effort to speak, but speech was denied me. My face, as I felt, glowed like the fire before me.

"My heart," resumed he, "is ever on my lips. It is tortured when I cannot speak all that is in it. Professions I am not accustomed to make. As I am not conscious of being unworthy of your friendship, I will suppose it, and further talk to you of my affairs and engagements, as that tender friendship may warrant."

"Sir, you do me honour," was all I could say.

"I had a letter from the faithful Camilla. I hold not a correspondence with her, but the treatment that her young lady met with, of which she had got some general intimations, and some words that the bishop said to her, which expressed his wishes that I would make them one more visit at Bologna, urged her to write, begging of me, for Heaven's sake, to go over. But unless one of the family had written to me, and by consent of others of it, what hope had I of a welcome, after I had been as often refused ; as I had requested, while I was in Italy, to be admitted to the presence of the lady, who was so desirous of one interview more? especially as Mrs. Beaumont gave me no encouragement to go, but the contrary, from what she observed of the inclinations of the family.

"Mrs. Beaumont is still of opinion, as in the conclusion of the letter before you, that I should not go, unless the general and the marquis join their requests to those of the marchioness, the bishop, and Father Marescotti. But I had no sooner

perused the bishop's letter than I wrote that I would most cheerfully comply with his wishes, but that I should be glad that I might not be under any obligation to go further than Bologna, where I might have the happiness to attend my Jeronymo as well as his sister."

I had a little twitch at my heart, Lucy. I was sorry for it, but my judgment was entirely with him.

"And now, madam, you will wonder that you see not any preparations for my departure. All is prepared: I only wait for the company of one gentleman, who is settling his affairs with all expedition to go with me. He is an able, a skilful surgeon, who has had great practice abroad and in the armies, and having acquired an easy fortune, is come to settle in his native country. My Jeronymo expresses himself dissatisfied with his surgeons. If Mr. Lowther can be of service to him, how happy shall I think myself! And if my presence can be a means to restore the noble Clementina—but how dare I hope it? And yet I am persuaded that in her case, and with such a temper of mind (unused to hardship and opposition as she had been), the only way to recover her would have been by complying with her in everything that her heart or head was earnestly set upon; for what control was necessary to a young lady who never, even in the height of her malady, uttered a wish or thought that was contrary to her duty either to God, or her parents, nor yet to the honour of her name, and allow me, madam, to say, to the pride of her sex?

"I am under an obligation to go to Paris," proceeded he, "from the will of my late friend, Mr. Danby. I shall stop there for a day or two only, in order to put things in a way for my last hand on my return from Italy.

"When I am in Italy I shall perhaps be enabled to adjust two or three accounts that stand out in relation to the affairs of my ward.

"This day at dinner I shall see Mrs. Oldham and her

sons, and in the afternoon, at tea, Mrs. O'Hara and her husband, and Captain Salmonet.

"To-morrow I hope for the honour of your company, madam, and Mr. and Mrs. Reeves's at dinner; and be so good as to engage them for the rest of the day. You must not deny me, because I shall want your influence upon Charlotte to make her fix Lord G.'s happy day, that I may be able to see their hands united before I set out, as my return will be uncertain."

Ah, Lucy! more twitches just then!

"Thursday next is the day fixed for the triple marriage of the Danbys. I have promised to give Miss Danby to Mr. Galliard, and to dine with them and their friends at Enfield.

"If I can see my Lord W. and Charlotte happy before I go, I shall be highly gratified.

"It is another of my wishes to see my friend Beauchamp in England first, and to leave him in possession of his father's love, and of his mother-in-law's civility. Dr. Bartlett and he will be happy in each other. I shall correspond with the doctor. He greatly admires you, madam, and will communicate to you all you shall think worthy of your notice relating to the proceedings of a man who will always think himself honoured by your inquiries after him."

Ah, Lucy! Sir Charles Grandison then sighed. He seemed to look more than he spoke. I will not promise for my heart, if he treats me with more than the tenderness of friendship: if he gives me room to think that he wishes— But what can he wish? He ought to be, he must be Clementina's; and I will endeavour to make myself happy, if I can maintain the second place in his friendship; and when he offers me this, shall I, Lucy, be so little as to be displeased with the man who cannot be to me all that I had once hoped he could be? No! He shall be the same glorious creature in my eyes; I will admire his goodness of heart and greatness of

mind; and I will think him entitled to my utmost gratitude for the protection he gave me from a man of violence, and for the kindness he has already shown me. Is not friendship the basis of my love? And does he not tender me that?

Nevertheless at the time, do what I could, I found a tear ready to start. My heart was very untoward, Lucy, and I was guilty of a little female turn. When I found the twinkling of my eyes would not disperse the too ready drop, and felt it stealing down my cheek, I wiped it off. "The poor Emily," said I—"she will be grieved at parting with you. Emily loves her guardian."

"And I love my ward. I once had a thought, madam, of begging your protection of Emily; but as I have two sisters, I think she will be happy under their wings, and in the protection of my good Lord L., and the rather as I have no doubt of overcoming her unhappy mother by making her husband's interest a guaranty for her tolerable, if not good, behaviour to her child."

I was glad to carry my thoughts out of myself, as I may say, and from my own concerns. "We all, sir," said I, "look upon Mr. Beauchamp as a future——" "Husband for Emily, madam?" interrupted he. "It must not be at my motion. My friend shall be entitled to share with me my whole estate, but I will never seek to lead the choice of my ward. Let Emily, some time hence, find out the husband she can be happy with; Beauchamp the wife he can love. Emily, if I can help it, shall not be the wife of any man's convenience. Beauchamp is nice, and I will be as nice for my ward, and the more so as I hope she herself wants not delicacy. There is a cruelty in persuasion where the heart rejects the person proposed, whether the urger be parent or guardian."

"Lord bless me," thought I, "what a man is this!"

"Do you expect Mr. Beauchamp soon, sir?"

"Every day, madam."

"And is it possible, sir, that you can bring all these things to bear before you leave England, and go so soon?"

"I fear nothing but Charlotte's whimsies. Have you, madam, any reason to apprehend that she is averse to an alliance with Lord G.? His father and aunt are very importunate for an early celebration."

"None at all, sir."

"Then I shall depend much upon yours, and Lord and Lady L.'s influence over her."

He besought my excuse for detaining my attention so long. Upon his motion to go my two cousins came in. He took even a solemn leave of me, and a very respectful one of them.

I had kept up my spirits to their utmost stretch. I desired my cousins to excuse me for a few minutes—his departure from me was too solemn; and I hurried up to my closet, and after a few involuntary sobs a flood of tears relieved me. I besought, on my knees, peace to the disturbed mind of the excellent Clementina, calmness and resignation to my own, and safety to Sir Charles. And then, drying my eyes at the glass, I went downstairs to my cousins; and on their inquiries (with looks of deep concern) after the occasion of my red eyes, I said, "All is over! All is over, my dear cousins. I cannot blame him: he is all that is noble and good—I can say no more just now. The particulars you shall have from my pen."

I went upstairs to write, and except for one half-hour at dinner, and another at tea, I stopped not till I had done.

And here, quite tired, uneasy, vexed with myself, yet hardly knowing why, I lay down my pen. "Take what I have written, my dear cousin Reeves; if you can read it, do; and then despatch it to my Lucy."

But on second thoughts I will show it to the two ladies and Lord L. before it is sent away. They will be

curious to know what passed in a conversation where the critical circumstances both of us were in required a delicacy which I am not sure was so well observed on my side as on his.

I shall, I know, have their pity; but let nobody who pities not the noble Clementina, show any for

HARRIET BYRON.

END OF VOL. I.

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